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PHOTOPLAY

FEBRUARY 25¢

959 Pinup Calendar

**CAN HOLLYWOOD'S
HAPPIEST
MARRIAGES LAST?**



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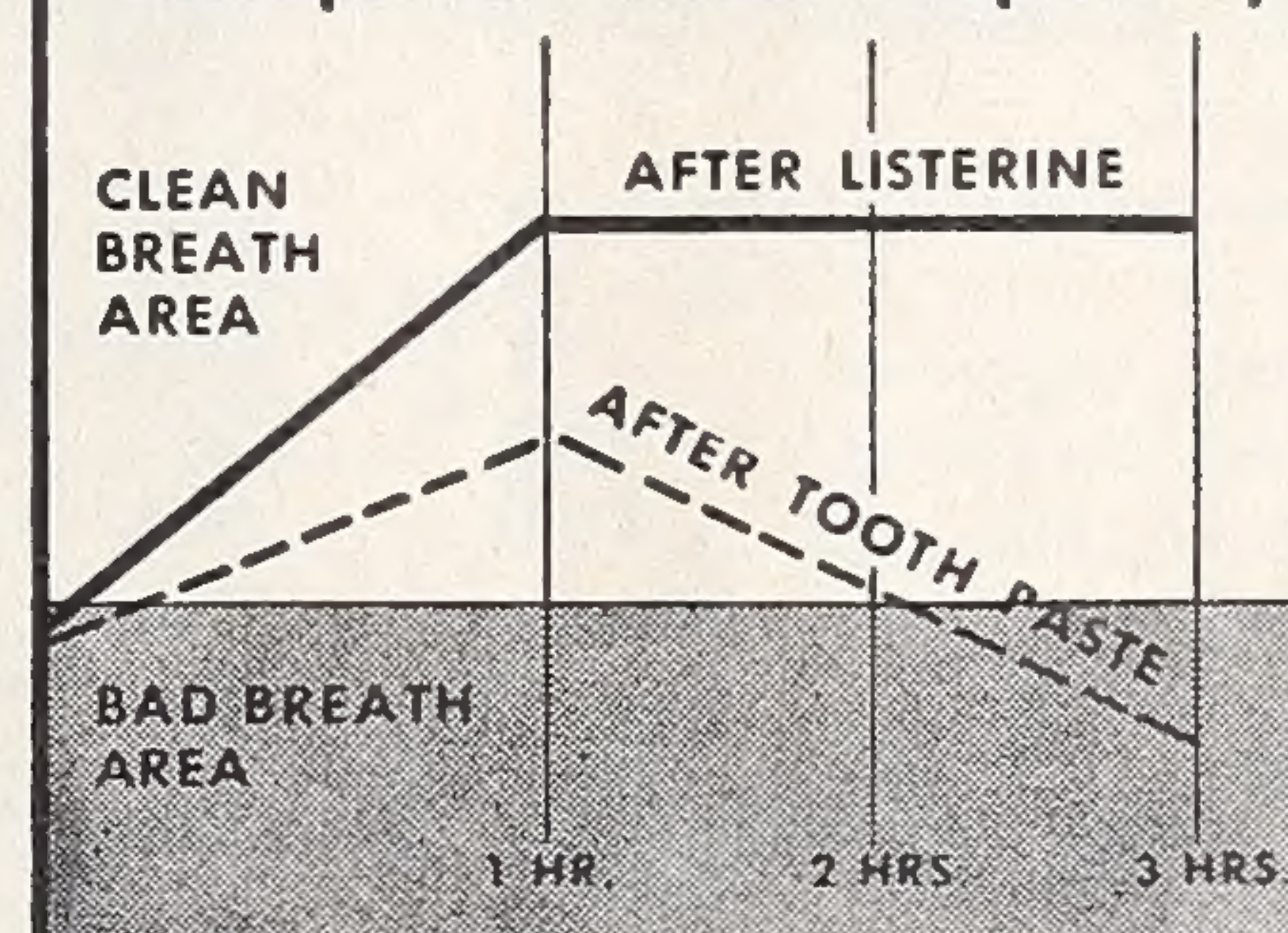
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BAD BREATH AWAY**
Chart proves Listerine's superiority



...Your No. 1 protection against bad breath

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FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Sharon Gregory

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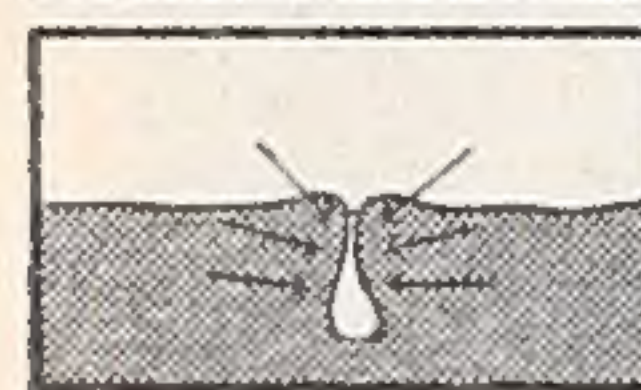
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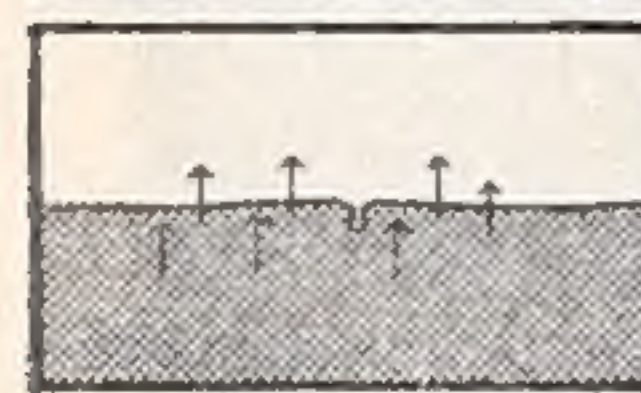
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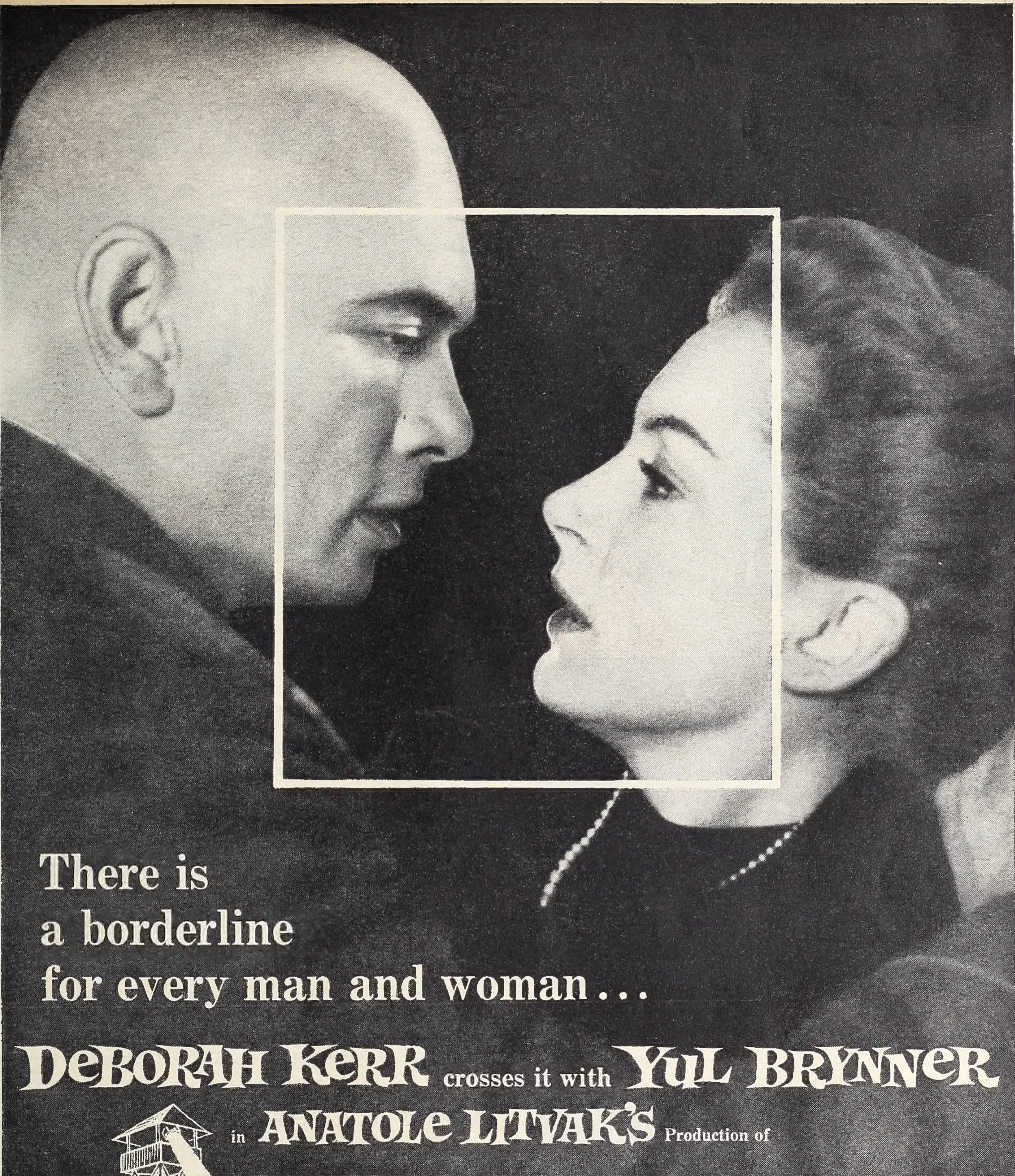
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I don't care what the song is. Anything Keely Smith warbles, I dig it.



Marilyn Monroe had two surprises for me when I went to see her.

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Yul Brynner wears hair for "The Sound and the Fury." Crazy!



I get the impression Joanne Woodward is amazed that she's a glamorous movie star. . . . Rick Nelson doesn't dig those coffee houses because too many people are pushing to be characters. . . . In his own quiet way, soldier boy Russ Tamblyn does as good with the girls as Presley. . . . Most frightening thing about the movie industry today is that if Greta Garbo were starting, she couldn't become a star! . . . When I visited Marilyn Monroe on the set of "Some Like It Hot," she surprised me by 1.) saying that few of the girls in the picture's all-girl orchestra were very good-looking—MM seldom comments about girls—and 2.) showing me the Photoplay plaque she won a few years ago and commenting: "I kept this award because I got it for my acting." . . . Have you noticed that the thinner Audrey Hepburn is, the better performance she gives?

Betsy Drake hypnotized Cary Grant in about everything except staying married. . . . I watched Gregory Peck at the movies. He gives a great performance crossing and uncrossing his long legs. . . . Shelley Winters said to Tony Franciosa: "There's no use arguing with you because you won't agree with me." . . . I like Rock Hudson because he became a movie star despite his name. . . . I think conserva- (Continued)

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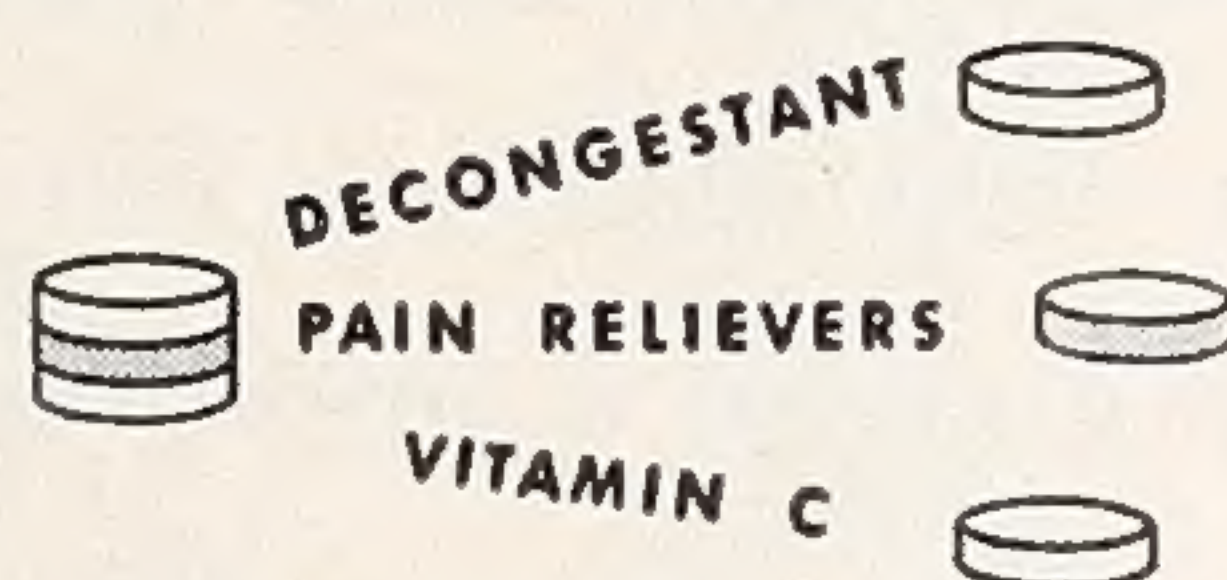
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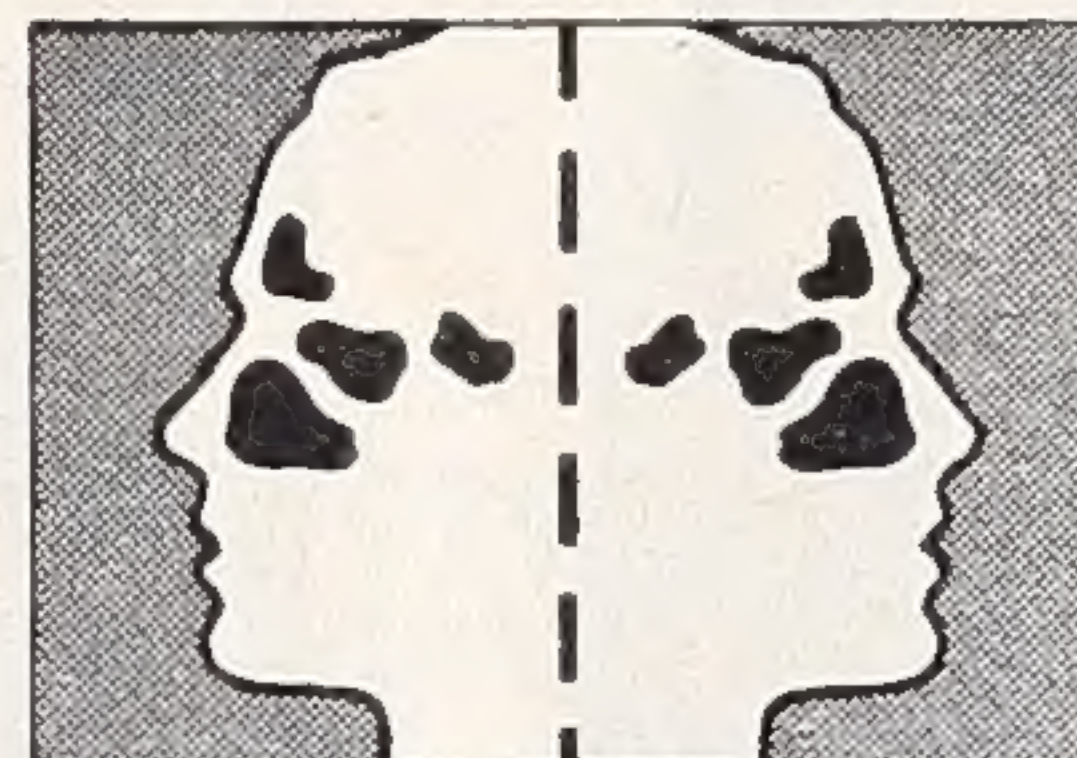
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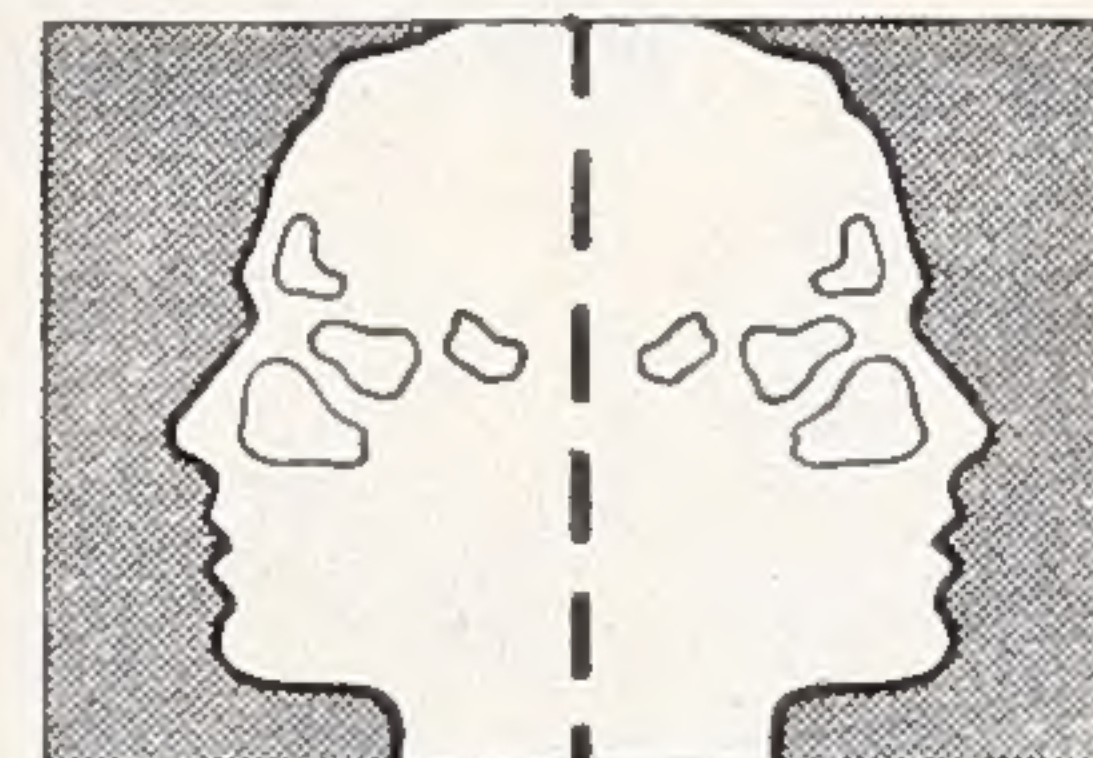
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Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



HOLLYWOOD

continued



Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell have good reason to look happy—they are!

tive Don Murray is the big non-conformist because he doesn't wear a T-shirt or a beard, doesn't shuffle along or mumble his words. . . . Description of Kim Novak: A lazy girl who likes to work. . . . Alex Guinness looks more like Oscar than any actor who ever won one. . . . I'm willing to bet that the Oscar for the best song goes to "Gigi." Any song in that movie could win it without a squawk from me. . . . Mickey Spillane's *Mike Hammer* is fortunate he is Darren McGavin. . . . Include me in as a member of the Keely Smith Fan club. I like her singing any song. . . . Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell very happy—and they look it. . . . Have you caught Yul Brynner with hair?

I'd say B.B. always looks as if she just finished playing spin the bottle. And is getting ready to play again. . . . A group of starlets look great to me until Lana Turner enters. Then even the starlets turn to case Lana. . . . Description of Burt Lancaster: The athlete who got lost in the library. . . . Tuesday Weld was born on a Thursday. . . . They can stop already with those jokes about Loretta Young's TV entrance. . . . I've been told that Zsa Zsa gets as dressed up when she goes to bed as when she goes to a premiere. . . . That's Hollywood For You.



Thursday's child, otherwise known as Tuesday Weld, dates Dennis Hopper.

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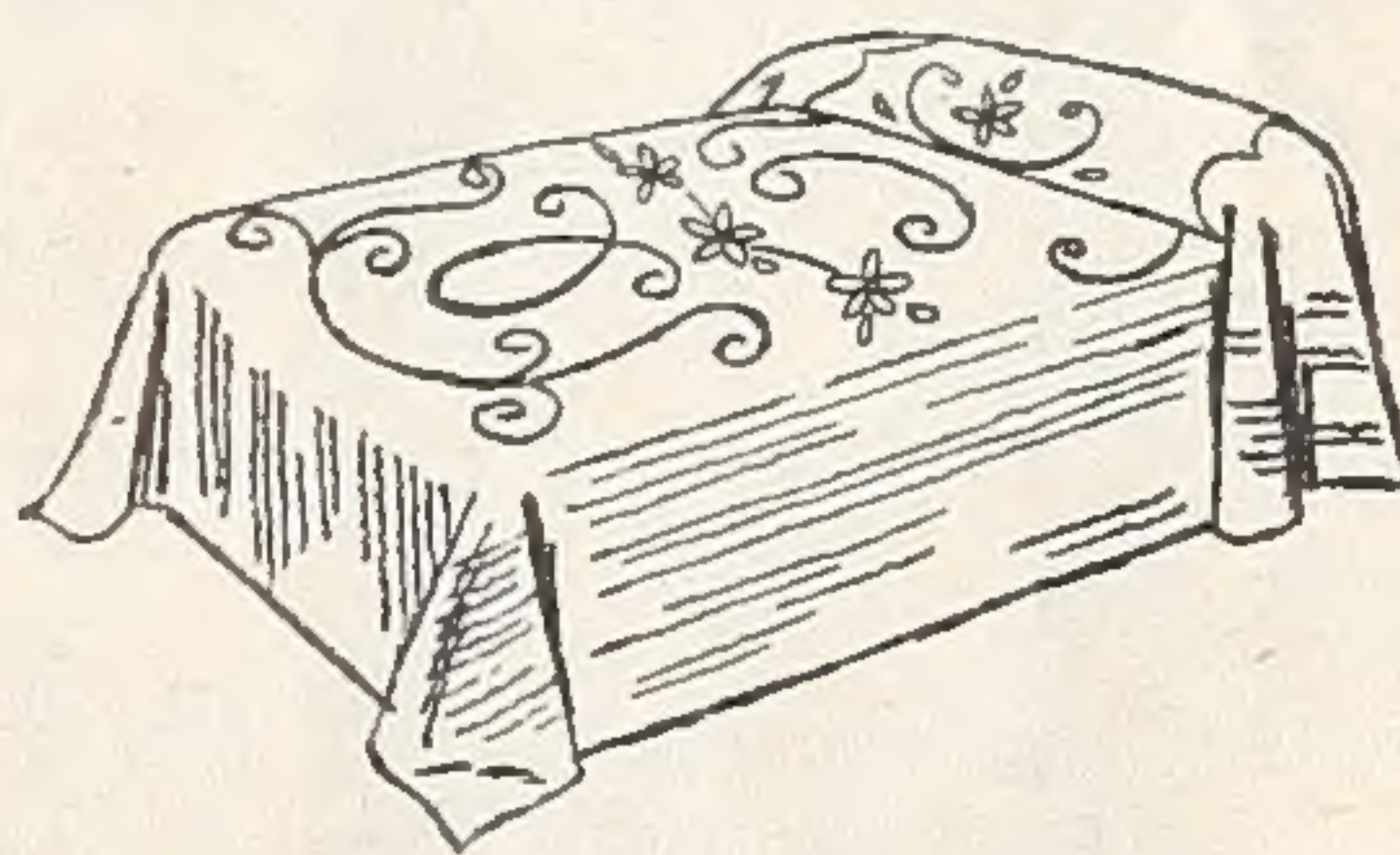
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ON THE RECORD

by TOMMY REYNOLDS

He sat hunched over at the edge of the bed, absent-mindedly tossing a ball up and down in his baseball-mitted hand. In a corner of the room stood his guitar. The radio was on but he hardly heard it. Conway Twitty, who was still known as Harold Jenkins then, was fresh out of the Army. "Which will it be," he wondered, "baseball or singing?"

Suddenly, the radio shattered his thoughts with the persistent, driving beat that was Elvis Presley singing, "Heart-break Hotel."

"Hmm," he thought, "I can do that." And he did.

Conway forgot about digging his spiked shoes in at home plate and wallowing away the home runs that had made the Philadelphia Phillies offer him a contract. Instead, he picked up the guitar his father, a pilot on a Mississippi ferry boat, had taught him to play when he was a young boy. He planted his two feet in front of microphones across the United States and Canada and sang away in that big voice of his.

As Harold Jenkins, he got to first base, all right, but he didn't come near to a singing home-run till his manager Don Seat renamed him Conway Twitty—Twitty because his manager liked it, and Conway after a town in Arkansas and because it went well with Twitty. Then, last February, during an intermission in Hamilton, Ontario, he wrote "It's Only Make Believe." He wrote it in seven minutes. "Sometimes you can sit around

Let's Preview

"Things Are Swinging" (Capitol 1049)—Peggy Lee, with orchestra conducted by Jack Marshall. This LP includes a dozen solid standards, given the Peggy Lee treatment, no gimmicks. Peggy projects all the way as things get swinging in a relaxed and interesting session.

"Frankie Laine's Greatest Hits" (Columbia CL 1231)—If you're a Frankie Laine fan, this LP makes it possible for you to have Frankie's big hit singles all on one well-produced package. A clever idea.

"Bobby Hackett at The Embers" (Capitol T1077)—Bobby Hackett's trumpet soloing, backed by a politely swinging rhythm section, makes this a good relaxed LP. As usual, Bobby's playing is warm, imaginative, neat and tasteful. All the ingredients for easy and enjoyable listening are here.

for days and nothing happens," he said. "And sometimes a song just spills out of you, like you had dreamed it."

Oddly enough, in these days of overnight record hits—or flops—Conway's M-G-M record took six months to really get started. When it did, it landed in the number-one spot on the hit parade and soft-spoken Conway Twitty could crinkle his hazel eyes in a big smile and know that he'd chosen right.

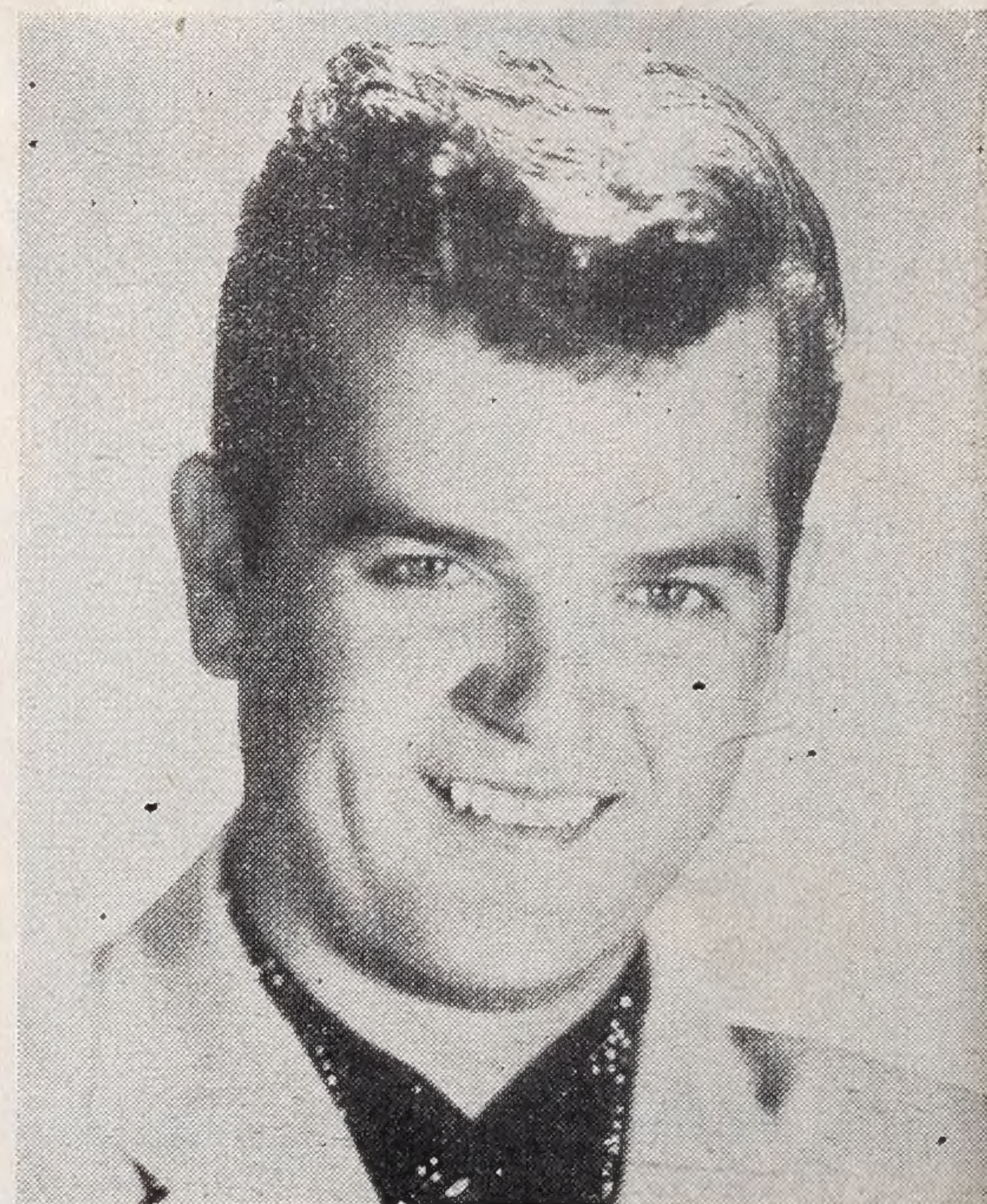
Born in Friar's Point, Mississippi, Conway grew up across the river in

Helena, Arkansas, then moved a few miles up river to Mariana, Arkansas, where he met his wife, a beautician. Mariana is still home for Conway, "Mike" and their four-year-old son, a going-on-two daughter and a brand-new baby girl. Conway's twenty-five now, and still keeps the strong religious feeling that once made him think earnestly of becoming a preacher. He takes his work and himself seriously. "You've gotta be yourself at all times," he says.

HAVE YOU HEARD . . .

1. "BIMBOMBAY"—*Jimmie Rodgers* (Roulette)
2. "PROBLEMS"—*Everly Brothers* (Cadence)
3. "WORLD OUTSIDE"—*Four Coins* (Epic)
4. "I WANT TO BE HAPPY CHA CHA"—*Enoch Light* (Grand Award)
5. "LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND," and "MANDOLINS IN THE MOONLIGHT"—*Perry Como* (RCA)
6. "PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A."—*Nu Tornos* (Carlton)
7. "SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES"—*The Platters* (Mercury)
8. "MY HAPPINESS"—*Connie Francis* (M-G-M)
9. "SEPARATE TABLES"—*Vic Damone* (Columbia)
10. "I GOT STUNG"—*Presley* (RCA)

continued



Conway thanks Elvis for his career.

^P Tommy Reynolds produces "Bandstand, U.S.A.," over Mutual Radio, Sat., 8:05 to 10 P.M. EST.

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COLOR HAIR RINSE



ON THE RECORD

continued

These happy tidings came the other morning. "Dear Tommy," read Patti Page's letter, "Why haven't I written to you before? *Busy, busy, busy!*

"First, there's my ABC-TV show (Wednesday at 9:30 p.m. EST). Conferences with Ted Mills (producer), Dave Geisel (director), Vic Schoen (conductor), the network (brass), the Oldsmobile people (bless them!), et cetera. And gown fittings and hair settings and song sessions, and more et ceteras! No time for coffee breaks. . . .

"Second, Tommy, I've been having just about the busiest recording schedule of my career and one of the most gratifying. I did singles and albums. It seemed that every time I turned around there was that Mr. Mercury man waiting for me. Out of all this wax work came 'Left Right Out of Your Heart' (that was a big one!), 'Fibbin' (my current single), and believe it or not, *four* albums. Only two of the albums have names so far—'Let's Get Away From It All' and 'East Side, West Side.'

"Lastly, Tommy, I vacationed! My husband and I relaxed it up as best we could before my return to New York and Charlie's to Hollywood. As you probably know, Charlie is one of film-dom's busiest dance directors. One thing, though—this love of my life better stop messing around with other singers! His last Hollywood chore was 'King Creole' starring that Army fellow—what's his name?—oh yes, *Presley!* . . . Warm regards, Patti Page."

And warm regards from us for the mostest of the bestest this new year!



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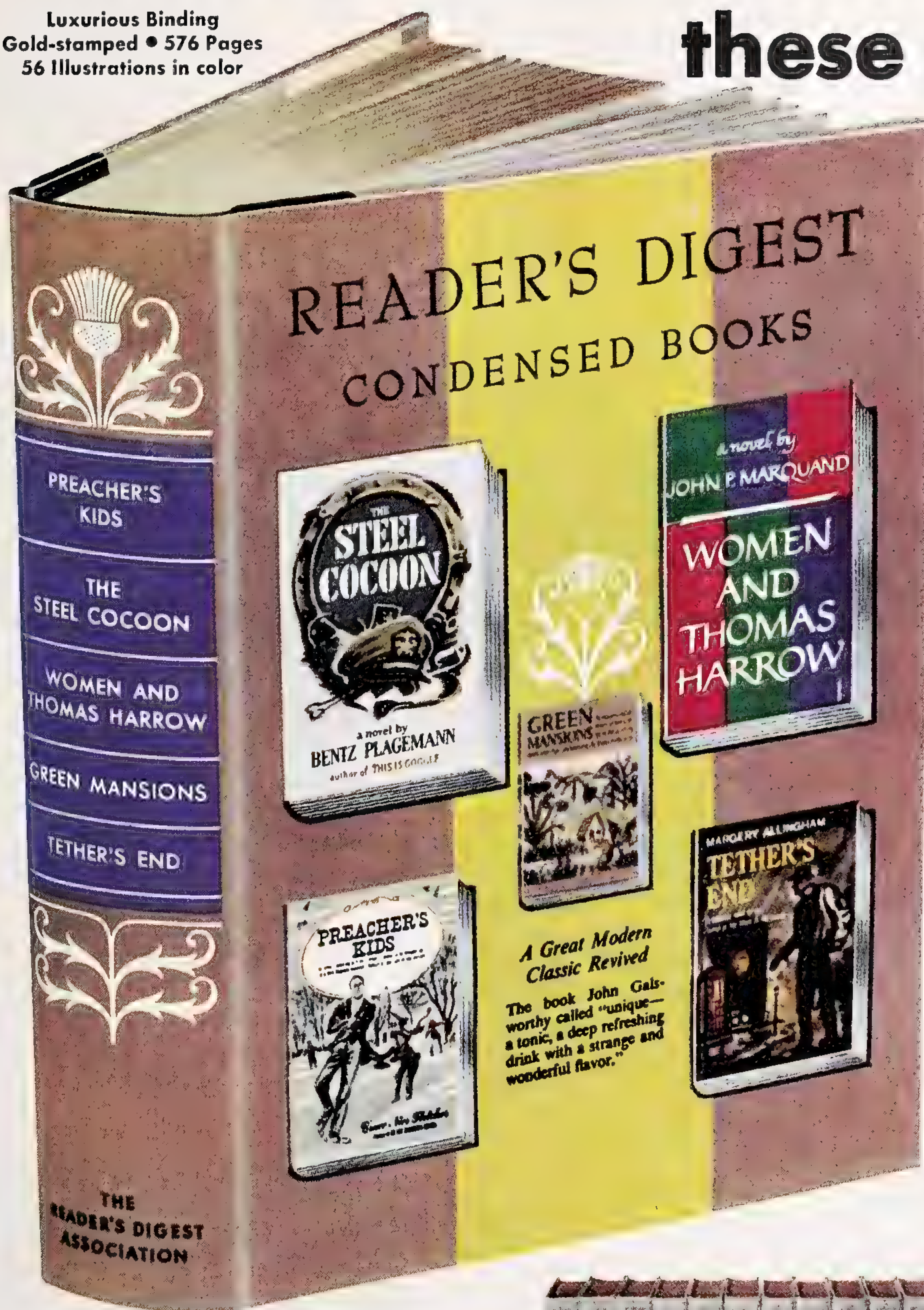
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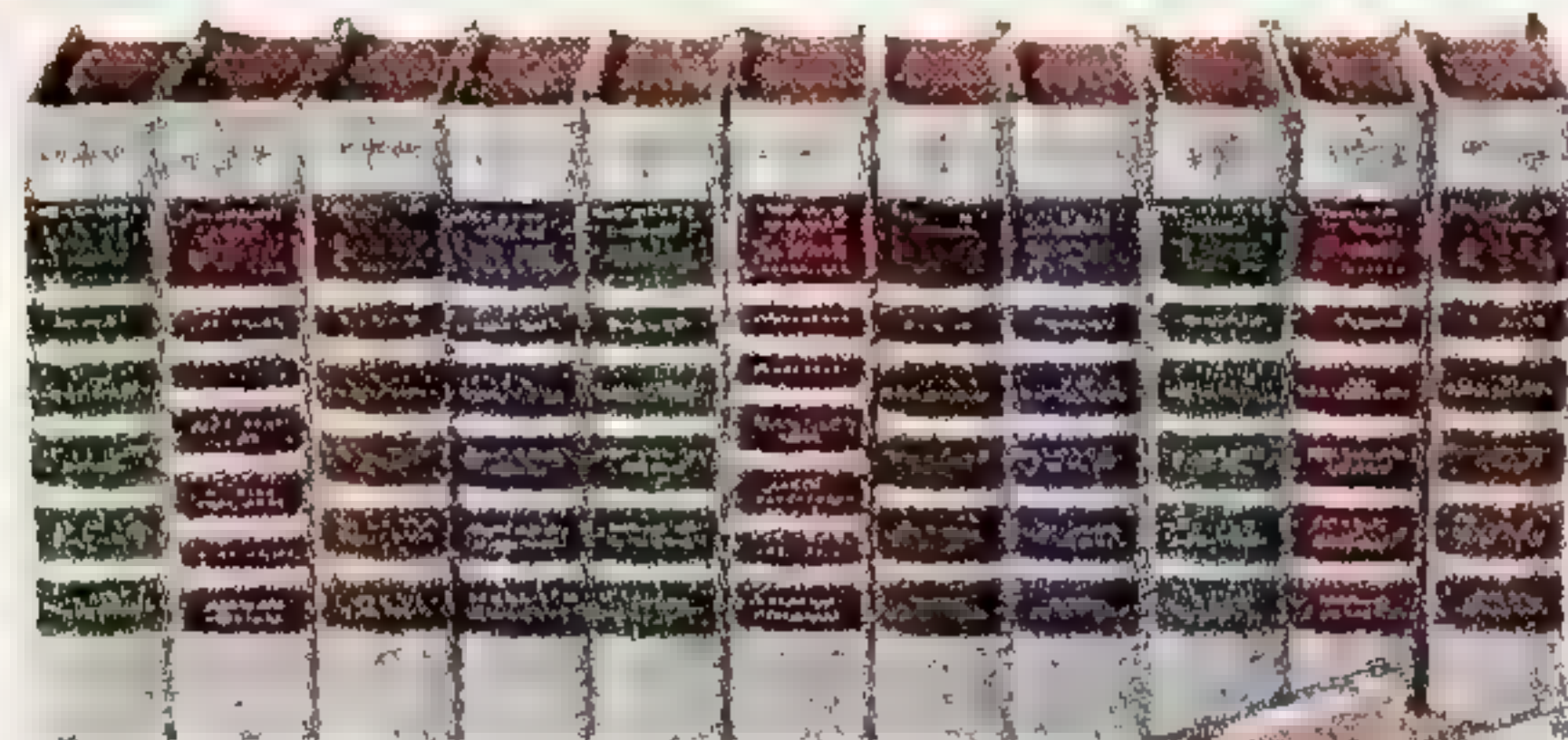
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Brief Encounter

Recently I went to New York and the main thing I wanted to do was see some movie stars.

Anyone who says movie stars are too busy to take time for young (teenage) fans doesn't know what he's talking about.

My aunt and I went to one TV studio to see the show and take pictures of the well-known panelists. We were standing outside talking when a taxi pulled up and Gordon MacRae stepped out. I ran over to get a picture while he was signing someone's autograph book, but it was so crowded I couldn't reach him. A man started to take him into the studio but he stopped him, smiled at me and said for me to take the picture if I wanted to. Well, today that picture is my prized possession.

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Tipp City, Ohio

Oscar for Entertainment

Here goes my first letter to my favorite movie magazine. Academy Award time is rolling around again and I hope, for once, the voters will not overlook the fine, care-free and brilliant performance of Mitzi Gaynor in "South Pacific." It's a shame that many think to be eligible for an Oscar nomination the role must be that of insanity, alcoholism or frustration. It's about time the movie industry recognized a performance that really *entertains* the moviegoer!

TOM PAUL

Palm Beach, Fla.

Circle this date, April 6, on your calendar. That's the night when you'll see whether your favorites win or not, when the Academy Awards are televised coast to coast over NBC-TV—Ed.

Open Letter to Rick Nelson

You don't remember me, Rick, I know, for we met only fleetingly in your dressing room at the Carter Barron Amphitheater in Washington, D.C., on your first night's performance there. I was with a party of six or seven girls led by a columnist, and as we approached your dressing room, my feelings were pretty well mixed. I was a little bit afraid and shy and very much excited. I was the last one to pass through the door and as you stood up to greet us, I received an impression I will never forget.

Maybe your face really was pale or maybe it was just the stage makeup but to me, Rick Nelson, you looked scared. Oh, not scared of those of us in the tiny dressing room, but of the howling, screaming, hysterical mob that awaited you outside. Scared, yes, and a little lonely, too.

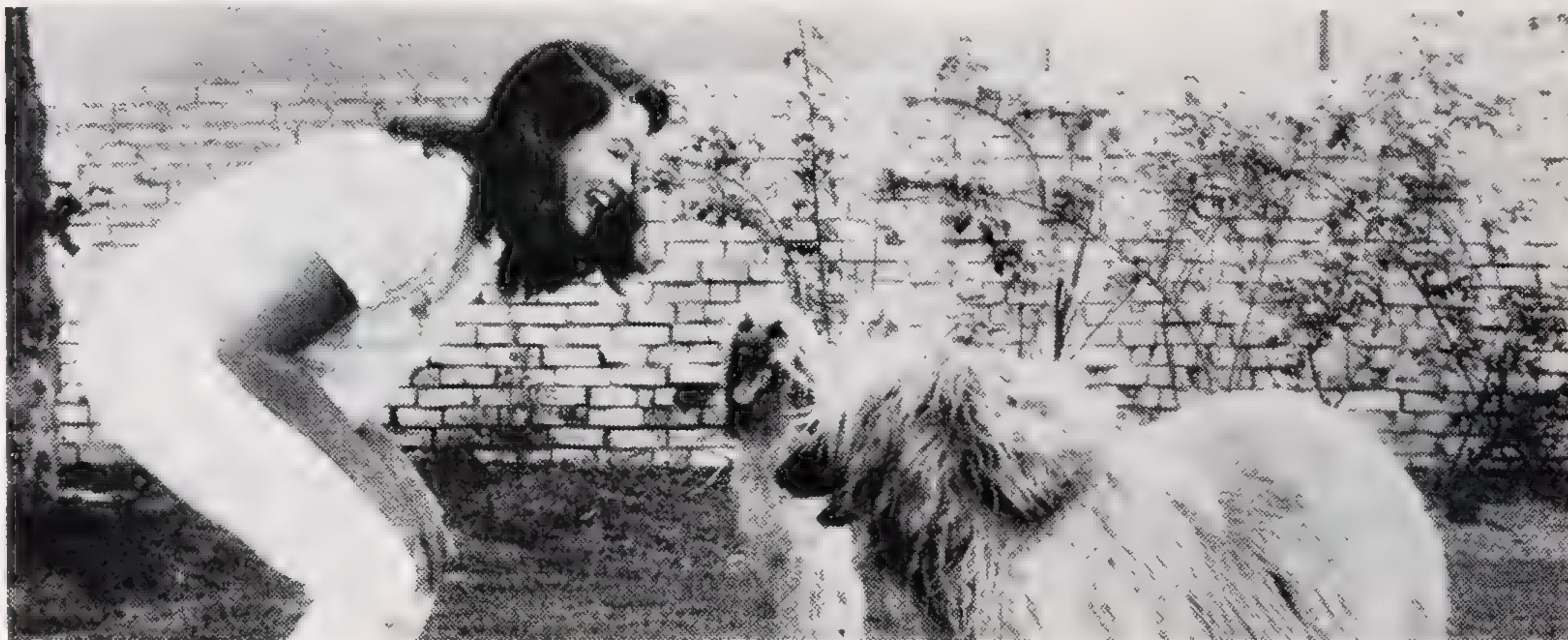
As we were introduced, you said, "Hi," to each of us and when someone mentioned autographs you said, "Sure," and sat down to sign as many as we wanted. I had heard rumors that Rick Nelson was a snob but that was straightened out right away. I don't think I've ever met a nicer boy than you, Rick, and my friends felt the same way. All too soon it was time to leave and return to our seats and as I stepped out into the cool night air, I almost felt like crying for you.

Oh, I'd read plenty of stories about stars who weren't happy with all their money and fame and who would sometimes wish to be like everyone else. I never honestly believed them, though, until I caught the most wistful look in your electrifying blue eyes. Were you wishing that you were just another teenager? Was it possible that you were envying us because all our friends were in the same town and our parents weren't hundreds of miles away? Was it envy that we didn't have a constant mob around us, never letting us alone, even in the privacy of a hotel room where guards were posted day and night?

Just as we got back to our seats you came on stage to sing your first number and immediately the screaming and shrieking began. You looked quite pleased and happy. The crowd loved you and you seemed to love the crowd. I began to wonder if I hadn't imagined how unhappy you looked backstage. I wondered if I had dreamed the expression in your eyes before you rose to meet us. And like I said, I guess I'll never know.

MARY BETH BOISSEREE
Arlington, Va.

That's where you're wrong. Rick will know now, when he reads it right here in Photoplay—Ed.



A reader suggests bright musical for usually serious Dorothy Malone. Why not?

Fat, Flabby, Sagging? ! !

I have certain views concerning the caliber of Hollywood leading men which I've been keeping to myself entirely too long. It takes courage to cite them, because a "lady" isn't supposed to have such thoughts—much less express them! I guess I'm not a lady then, so here goes:

Sometimes after seeing a motion picture, I get the feeling that the producers have only the male members of the audience in mind when casting their films. (This is a great mistake, for I'm sure women comprise a larger part of the theater-going public.) When selecting male leads, apparently their only thought is, "He's a good actor." Ah! but the *female* lead! That's another matter entirely! She must not only be a capable actress, she must have eye-appeal. Even our ageless cinema queens (many of whom will never see fifty again) can wear low-cut gowns or don swimming togs and in the process reveal figures that the average teenage girl might very well envy.

But not the man of the species! He can be fat, flabby, sagging and downright ancient-looking and still command leads opposite the finest female specimens in movie-land. Of course, the producers can truthfully say (in many cases) that they continue to use these actors because they still draw the crowds. I don't want to see them turned out to pasture—I simply want them to keep themselves in shape as do the actresses. If some actors can do it, so can the others. Among the few who have kept faith with the female public are Cary Grant and Gilbert Roland. I still remember a movie in which Roland and Bob Stack were co-starred. What a field day those two afforded the female who truly appreciates the handsome male physique!

EDITH RODGERS
Troutdale, Ore.

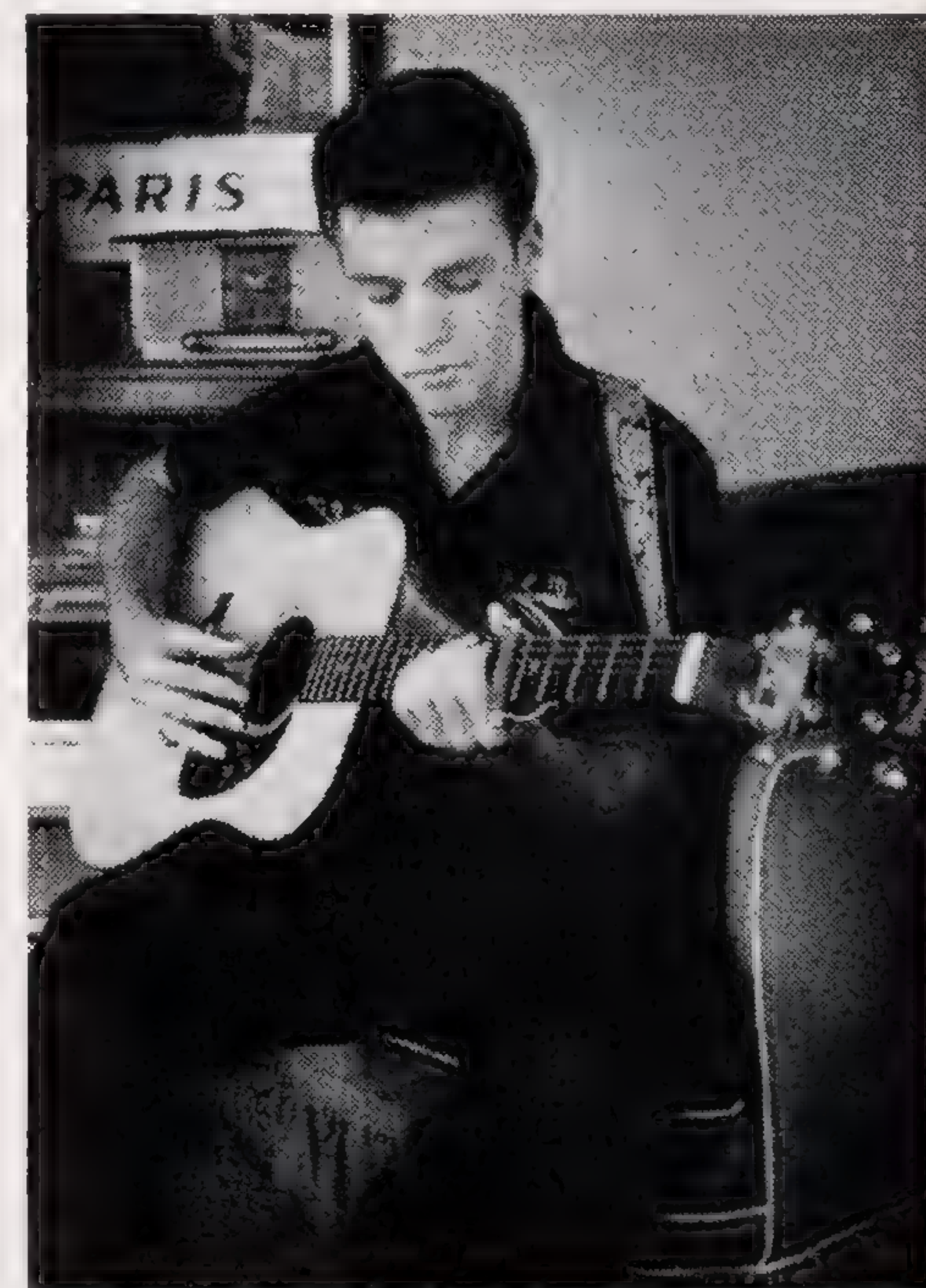
Set to Music

In my opinion, Miss Dorothy Malone is great in every part she's ever had in a movie.

In my opinion, that Academy Award that she won was one of the most deserved Oscars ever.

I do wish some studios would get on the ball and star her in a musical or musical comedy. Miss Malone has a lovely voice, can dance and is a top actress. What more would be needed to make it the hit of the year?

MRS. ALICE HUGGINS
Harlingen, Texas



A fan asks: Should teeners envy Rick?



Modess ... *because*



continued

Contest Winner

You may think this a queer letter to write, but it was my daughter Barbara who won the trip to Hollywood in connection with the John Gavin contest. She enjoyed it so much and was treated royally.

Now, my problem is this—being the proud mother, I told all of our friends about the trip in great detail, but, so far, no mention has been made in Photoplay of the event. Everytime I see any of my old friends or neighbors, they always ask when the picture of Barbara is going to appear. Soon, I hope?

MRS. HELEN E. BURNS
Denver, Colo.

Right now, Mrs. Burns!—Ed.

Heh, Heh, Heh ! ! !

Herein I make my bid
For movies to get rid
Of weird beasts on the screen,
Monsters are what I mean.
Those quite fantastic ghouls
That rise from murky pools,
Or, breathing fire on high,
Go soaring through the sky
With fang and scale and claw.
There ought to be a law
Against such hideous creatures
With their repulsive features.
Right now I'm telling you, man.
I want to see a human!

LOUISE DARCY
Biddeford, Maine



Contest winner Barbara Burns (center) and the John Gavins enjoy a get-together.

One of Tab's Fans

I was reading in the article, "How to Sew-Up a Date with Tab Hunter." It was the greatest, but I am a little too young to enter the contest.

The reason I am writing is I would like a signed photograph of Tab. After he gets the right girl, I would like a signed photograph of both of them.

SHARON NAIL
Indianapolis, Ind.

Tab wants to know how old are you. His signed picture is in the mail.—Ed.

The Movies: Perfect Gloom Chaser

Thanks to old Tom Edison for a swell invention—the motion pictures! It's a great thing when people can turn their eyes to the screen and forget their troubles.

What is the movies' appeal? I think, for a girl, it's that she can go to the movies Friday night and be a sultry temptress, Saturday night she can be a gracious lady, revered by all, and Sunday night she can be a poor waif in the north woods looking for her old pappy's lost map to the secret underground hidden passage to the fertile and rich valley (also secret) which was closed up many years ago along with the little boy who used to dip her hair in the ink well.

All kidding aside, it is the answer to our desire to see things and do things we'd never be able to experience without the aid of the screen and the transporting powers of our mind.

KAREL RAST
Grandview, Mo.

Those Russell Girls

Back in the days when father was young
And rose to a toast as flings were flung,
Who was the beauty whose fame was sung?
Lillian.

Along came the movies, with color and sound.

And up came a star who was gorgeously gowned.

In Hollywood, Broadway, queen she was crowned.

And who do you reckon this Venus was?
Roz.

Later, we went for a black-haired dish,
Shipwrecked on an isle with her was our wish:

When figures were figured she was ultra-cotish.

Can you guess the subject of this refrain?
Jane.

JULIAN D. CORRINGTON
Coral Gables, Fla.

Elvis and Liberty!

In a recent issue I read that a school threatened to expel some girl students because they wore Elvis dog tags. This is stupid! I wear mine to school and though my teachers tease me, if anybody threatened to expel me, I'd transfer—and fast! I bet a lot of Photoplay readers feel the same.

BONNIE NELSON
Omaha, Neb.

Do you?—Ed.



Ode to Roz (Auntie Mame) Russell.

A Housewife's Notes

Have room for a few random notes from a housewife? Hope so—here they are:

It's surprising how children, my own included, know instinctively which stars are people worth knowing. Unfailingly, they seem to recognize—even underneath a role—those we'd be proud to have living next door to us. My two girls, ages eight and six, were discussing Ward Bond of TV's "Wagon Train" the other day. The oldest asked, "Do you really want to marry Ward Bond?"

The youngest stopped for a moment, thought, then answered, "Sure, he's really nice—not at all mean like he wants people to believe. I'll bet I could get all the ice cream I wanted from him." Bet she could, too! . . .

I have nothing against Marilyn Monroe or Jayne Mansfield, but for the men in our house, Barbara Nichols can out-Monroe Marilyn and out-Mansfield Jayne. My husband, who usually groans about traipsing off to another movie, will even struggle into a tie for Barbara . . .

Comments heard over the backyard fence on Monday while hanging up the wash: "Who is this Sandra Dee? She's as cute as a button." . . . "Diane Varsi is much too tense in her acting. The feeling comes over to the audience that it's all acting." . . . The grand dame of our coffee-klatch set had this comment, "Did you ever see as nice a boy as Tony Curtis?" We think Janet and he are just about perfect and our fingers are crossed that the Curtises stay in love in matrimonially wild and rough Hollywood.

THIRD ON THE AISLE
Benton Harbor, Mich.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

“No other beauty soap quite so gentle”

says Anne Baxter



ANNE BAXTER starring in "SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL"
A Hecht-Hill-Lancaster Production. Released thru United Artists

That's the beauty of LUX

Gentle is the word for Lux. Its wonderful lather caresses your complexion . . . *softly* it cleanses . . . *lightly* its fragrance surrounds you . . . *delicately*, Lux pastels add a note of color to the bath. For Lux is all gentleness, day after day. And from this comes beauty . . . a "natural look" . . . a "radiant glow." 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars know it. You, too, should know the beauty of Lux. You'll love Lux—or Lever Brothers will return your money in full.



FARLEY GRANGER, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, TV



“You can always tell a HALO girl”
Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern
cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich
brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
 ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—
**go out to a
 movie**

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
 to see the best! Look for
 these new pictures
 at your favorite theater**



The Geisha Boy

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION,
 TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Never funnier than in this, Jerry Lewis (top left) vies for honors with his picture side-kick, a big white rabbit named Harry, and it's a toss-up as to who steals the picture from whom. As a butterfingered magician with a small brain and a heart as big as all outdoors, Jerry stumbles in and out of Japan and Korea on USO tour, demolishing Army press relations, playing second fiddle to Harry—the kind of little prima donna who, at times, ought to have his paws slapped—and bringing happiness to a Japanese orphan. The entire film is full of absolutely nutty ideas, as when Sessue Hayakawa is introduced to the strains of a now familiar marching song and we see him in full dress uniform supervising the building of a bridge, only this time it's over a goldfish pond—not that certain river. And then, of course, there's Harry whose sunburn sequence is one of the shortest and funniest on record. And it's mostly because of Jerry Lewis' slick counterpoint playing as the loving but slightly subservient master that Harry springs to life as such an enchantingly real character. They say he's only a rabbit, but . . . **FAMILY**

A Night to Remember

J. ARTHUR RANK

✓✓✓✓ You may well leave this movie with the chilling thought that there is such a thing as "fate"—a fate which no human agent can change. From the beginning of the Titanic disaster to its end there were dozens of chances to save the giant ship from sinking with a loss of over 1,500 passengers, yet each chance failed. Why? It took Walter Lord seven years to gather authentic information for his book, and no dramatic script was necessary here, for the true events of that cold April night were full enough of real drama. They're faithfully and excitingly translated to the screen in this fine film. Nothing has been spared to bring the story to full visual life and everything from Kenneth More's performance as *Lieut. Lightoller* (see page 18, bottom center) down to the last prop shows meticulous care. **ADULT**

The Horse's Mouth

U.A.; TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The wise oral cavity of the title belongs to Alec Guinness (bottom left). And the superb manner in which he delivers everything that comes out of it may well win him another Oscar. An eccentric painter thought by some to be a genius (and by others, a madman), Guinness strides joyfully through the film bellowing and badgering, ruining people's homes, battling with his ex-wife, pilfering and raising general havoc. He is aided by uniformly crack performances, notably by Kay Walsh, whose entire face is so arranged and photographed as to bespeak a lifetime spent in stopping clocks. The film's chief joy lies in the fact that not only are most of the characters off their trolley, but so is the whole picture. The point of view is always slightly askew, and there is enough of the nuttiness in human nature to fill a book. Color photography and the musical score are decided assets, as is the crackerjack script. By a promising new writer—named Alec Guinness. **FAMILY**

(continued)

MOVIES *continued*

The Perfect Furlough U-I; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Growing in stature as an actor with each movie, Tony Curtis now takes a fling at comedy, and Janet Leigh tags merrily along as his team-mate onscreen, too. To save the morale of GIs on vital Arctic duty, the Army offers to send one lucky man on a perfect furlough, which his buddies can share in spirit. The brass is horrified when Tony wins the drawing, because this lad's a notorious wolf, whose girl-chasing has kept him in constant jams. He chooses to go to Paris, with movie queen Linda Cristal as his companion. In terror of scandal, her studio assigns publicity gal Elaine Stritch to chaperone Linda, while Tony's steps are dogged by officers, MPs and a psychiatrist—a pretty but prissy WAC. That's Janet, and you can imagine what Paris and Tony do to her. The pace is fast; all the wacky proceedings have a winning air of gaiety; and Tony has himself a ball.

ADULT

Sheriff of Fractured Jaw 20TH, CINEMASCOPE DELUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ In his first American movie, British star Kenneth More comes in a winner. The only trouble is, the picture isn't as good as he is. Heir to an ancient gunsmithing firm (c. 1605), Kenneth decides to haul it out of the red by selling guns in the wild west to whoever will buy them. And that's just what he does, with wacky results that rock the pioneerland to its foundations. What's best in this is held together by Mr. More's sure comedy style. As the very civilized English tenderfoot who thinks it's rude for Indians to attack white men and sheer nonsense to have range wars, he's so deadly correct about it all and so completely innocent of the seething passions

surrounding him that, at times, he makes the picture uproariously funny. Unhappily, the times don't come often enough, and while his costar, Jayne Mansfield (pictured at bottom right, below), is much more natural and honestly charming than in some past pictures, her role as writ doesn't give her much help.

FAMILY

Anna Lucasta

U.A.

✓✓✓ An all-Negro cast headed by Eartha Kitt comes to grips with this one-time Broadway hit about a good-hearted bad girl who tries to live down her past despite the muddling interference of her family. It's an odd picture because it's so good and bad by fits and starts. *Anna's* father (Rex Ingram), for instance, obviously hates her and he projects this with energy, but his motives are never clear. The final effect is one of slowing down and diffusing the story. But sometimes there are striking moments, as when Sammy Davis Jr., a rejected lover, and a sort of latter-day Mephistopholes, pleads with *Anna* to go back to her old ways and we see *Anna's* resolve to lead a decent life drained, second by second, under the sheer power of his hammering, persuasive words. Even with its faults, this is a powerful picture, peopled with actors of vigor and talent. Fine assist. too, from Lucien Ballard's fluid, low-key photography.

ADULT

Pather Panchali

EDWARD HARRISON

✓✓✓ Hailed as the greatest masterpiece ever to come out of India, this is a truly absorbing and interesting film—but masterpiece, well, that's a mighty big word. Telling the story of a Brahmin family's every day joys and sorrows, it has a simplicity of acting and truth of theme that can't help but touch the heart. But the thought occurs that the "inside" dope on how the picture was created should

not sway the opinion of the finished product. Started as a source of Sunday amusement by an amateur Indian photographer, the leading characters are all portrayed by members of a non-acting Indian family. The film was finally financed by the government but, in the main, it's a non-professional venture. In view of this it's a truly amazing accomplishment which Hollywood and its mass-production thinking could well ponder on. And while it can easily take its place with many past movie milestones of earthy simplicity (especially French and Italian) its chief value seems to us to lie in its promise of even better things to come from the country of its making.

ADULT

The Silent Enemy

U-I

✓✓✓ Seven Englishmen and five Italians in a luxurious Spanish villa on the opposite shore battle for control of the narrow waterway which separates them—the Straits of Gibraltar. To the victor may very well go the winning of World War II. Into the fray comes young Navy Lieutenant Lionel (Buster) Crabb (played by Lawrence Harvey), a mines and explosives genius with a bad temper and holes in his socks. He and his hardy little band of seamen exude so much charm and efficiency it's hard to believe they won't win. This is a war picture, all right, but it hasn't a cliché in a carload and it can, besides, boast a highly polished and attractive performance by handsome newcomer Michael Craig as Lieutenant Crabb's assistant. There's never a dull moment here as interesting characters and humorous moments spice the heart-stopping action. Be sure and see it, even if you can't swim.

FAMILY

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker

20TH, CINEMASCOPE DELUXE COLOR

✓✓ And remarkable he is, for Victorian

Continued



BEWARE! The shiny film your cleanser leaves contains dirt
...invites clogged pores...and blackheads!

BE SURE to use the cleansing lotion that deep-cleans
...moisturizes...then rinses off completely!

That greasy film your facial cleanser leaves on your face after tissing off invites trouble! It contains dirt and make-up...collects more grime...breeds bacteria!

Facial Bath created by Max Factor deep cleanses your pores...then rinses off completely with water — leaves no greasy after-film! Your skin is clean...clean...tingling clean! Refreshed and young looking! Facial Bath is enriched with precious moisturizers to soften your skin!

NEW *facial bath*
by **MAX FACTOR**



Large size 69¢
Economy size \$1
(plus tax)



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CELEBRATE IVORY SOAP'S 80th ANNIVERSARY...

WIN THIS CAR LOADED WITH THIS CASH!



1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible

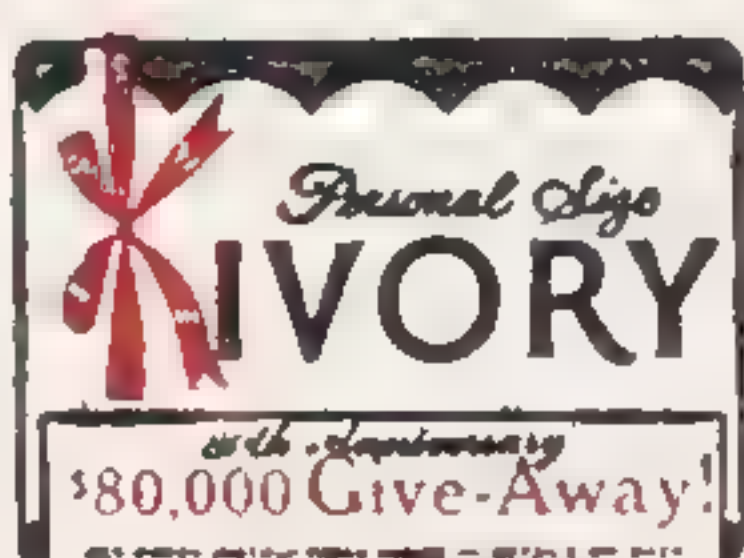
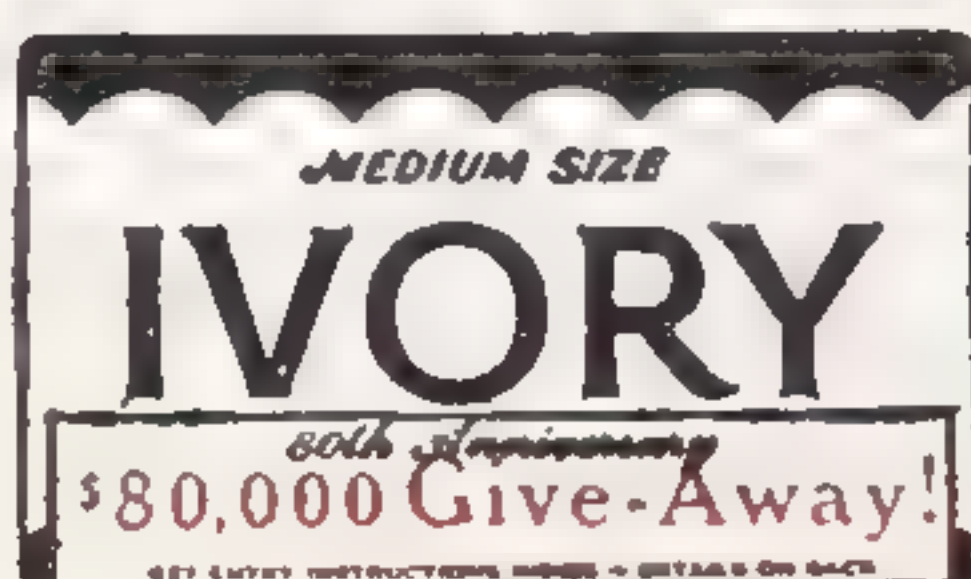


Actual photo of First Prize Silver Dollars

IVORY SOAP'S \$80,000 GIVE-AWAY!

JUST ESTIMATE THE AMOUNT OF MONEY IN THE PILE ABOVE!

Closest estimate wins all the cash PLUS the 1959 Plymouth Convertible



Look for Ivory in these special
Give-Away wrappers at your dealer's today.
99⁴⁴/100% pure®... It floats

IVORY \$80,000 GIVE-AWAY ENTRY BLANK

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

My estimate of the total number of silver dollars in the pile shown
in the picture is:

\$ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

DEALER'S NAME _____

I am enclosing 3 wrappers (or facsimiles of the face panel copied
from any source) from any size of Ivory Soap.

☐ \$5,000 Bonus Prize. Check (✓) here if your 3 Ivory Soap
wrappers (or facsimiles)—include one from each size—Large,
Medium and Personal—to be eligible for the \$5,000 bonus prize.

Mail to: Ivory Give-Away, Dept. A, P.O. Box 243, Cincinnati 99,
Ohio. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 1,
1959, and received no later than midnight, May 15, 1959.

Plus \$5,000 Bonus

for 1st Prize Winner! (See Rules)

2nd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible
plus half the amount of money in the pile

3rd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible
plus one-third the money

4th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible
plus one-fourth the money

5th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible

**This \$80,000 GIVE-AWAY Celebrates
Ivory Soap's 80th Anniversary!**

What a wonderful way to celebrate the 80th year of
wonderful Ivory Soap. For over 3 generations Ameri-
ca's favorite for bath and complexion care. White,
floating, pure... today, as always, more doctors recom-
mend gentle Ivory than any other soap for adult and
baby's delicate skin.



IVORY "\$80,000 GIVE-AWAY"

ENTRY INSTRUCTIONS

1. Estimate the total number of silver dollars in the pile shown in the picture. Write your estimate on either a printed entry blank or a plain sheet of paper. Print your name and address plainly. The estimate closest to the actual amount of money in the pile shown in the picture will win first prize, the next closest will win second prize, etc. The first five prizes are as follows:

1st PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus the amount of money in the pile.

2nd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus half of the amount of money in the pile.

3rd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus a third of the amount of money in the pile.

4th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus a fourth of the amount of money in the pile.

5th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible.

Each bag shown in the picture is packed full of silver dollars, as obtained from a Federal Reserve Bank.

2. Mail your completed entry, together with three wrappers (or facsimiles of the face panel copied from any source) from any size of Ivory Soap, to: Ivory Give-Away, P.O. Box 243, Cincinnati 99, Ohio.

SPECIAL \$5,000 BONUS

If your three Ivory Soap wrappers include one from each size—Large, Medium, and Personal (or facsimiles copied from any source), you will receive a \$5,000 bonus if you are the 1st prize winner.

3. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must comply with all the rules and be mailed in a separate envelope. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 1, 1959, and received no later than midnight, May 15, 1959.

4. In addition to the five major prizes, there will be 75 other prizes as follows: 6th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole, plus a sixth of the amount of money in the pile. 7th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole, plus a seventh of the amount of money in the pile. 8th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole. 9th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set, plus a ninth of the amount of money in the pile. 10th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set, plus a tenth of the amount of money in the pile. 11th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set, plus an eleventh of the amount of money in the pile. 12th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set. The next 68 Prizes will be a matching set of a man's and a woman's Bulova Wrist Watch. All money prizes will be awarded in silver dollars or check, whichever is preferred.

5. In case of ties, which are quite possible, tying contestants will be required to complete a statement about Ivory Soap. The most apt of the tie-breaking statements, written in the contestants' own words and expressing the contestants' own thoughts, will be selected and rated for prizes. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties in statements judged. Only one prize will be awarded to any winner or family.

6. Entries are limited to residents of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii, except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies and their families. Government regulations apply.

7. Judges' decisions will be final. Mechanically reproduced facsimiles will be disqualified. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Procter & Gamble for any and all purposes. The winners or tying entrants will be notified by mail about 8 weeks after close of contest. A list of winners will be available upon request approximately 3 months after close of contest.

1959...IVORY SOAP'S
80th ANNIVERSARY

MOVIES *continued*

Mr. Pennypacker (Clifton Webb, pictured bottom left, page 18) has a lot of advanced ideas, especially about marriage and children, that are still awfully illegal, even in wicked old 1958. The acting is uniformly good, what with Mr. Webb being just as suave, nasty and lovable as ever, and it seems quite believable that he could oversee sixteen kids without turning a hair. Dorothy McGuire is warm and winning as *Mrs. P.* and Dave Nelson puts a lot of personality into the part of one of the elder *Pennypacker* children. Visually, too, the film's a pleasant excursion back to the dear, dead '90's of ladies' parasols and lazy afternoons. So what's so wrong? The plot, that's what. It wavers between the comic and serious and finally loses its balance in the sentimental. You might say, the recipe sounded yummy but the cake sank.

FAMILY

The 7th Voyage of Sinbad

COLUMBIA;
TECHNICOLOR,
IN DYNAMATION

✓✓ Who could ask for anything more—a beautiful princess, an evil magician, a handsome, stalwart hero and such horrors of gigantic proportion as a one-eyed giant and a snarling green dragon who snorts flames. The latter non-human stars are through the courtesy of dynamation, a new technical process so realistic it somewhat overshadows the live performers. On the whole, though, this is a most enjoyable film which tells the story of *Sinbad's* (Kerwin Matthews) trials and tribulations as he tries to obtain materials for the magic formula which will restore his beloved (Kathy Grant) to her original state. (No fair telling the dire spell under which Torin Thatcher as the magician cast her.) It's all good, clean, frightening fun—a real treat for the kids and fast-paced enough to grab the old folks' interest.

FAMILY

Inspector Maigret

LOPERT

✓✓ *Inspector Maigret*, for those unacquainted with him, is a middle-aged French flatfoot who lives in a modest apartment, sighs occasionally over his childless marriage, and is always making plans for a vacation. He never gets it because the Paris police always need him to solve their toughest cases, like this one, about a fiend with a sharp knife who crouches in dark alleys waiting for shapely blondes to pass by. He calls the police each time—even sends them notes about it. *Maigret* must trap this maniac, and the clues and suspects keep piling right up to a very tricky ending. Jean Gabin and the capable cast will make many a viewer sigh for something Hollywood used to make before teenage tarantulas got to be all the rage—that is, the good old-fashioned murder mystery. In French; English titles.

ADULT

Senior Prom

COLUMBIA

✓ There's going to be a Senior Prom, see, and the campus VIP, *Carter Breed III* (Tom Laughlin), big wind-bag if there ever was one, just about louses up the whole thing, as well as the tender romance between Jill Corey and Paul Hampton before he's through. Justice finally triumphs all over the place, and while this may not be the greatest musical ever produced (the multitude of songs has a strange way of all sounding alike—only in different tempos), Paul Hampton as the singing hero bears watching. He's a rock 'n' roller who looks like an Ivy Leaguer. Make of that what you will—and we certainly would if we were you.

FAMILY

A Question of Adultery

NTA

✓ This just goes to show how rocky the course of true love can run or, at least, how stubborn two people can be—even to hauling their lovers' quarrel into court for a precedent-setting trial. It seems that *Mary Loring* (Julie London) is going to have a baby but her husband *Mark* (Anthony Steel) views the idea with alarm. He's so upset, in fact, he runs his car (with both of them in it) over a cliff. Well, things go from bad to worse, much worse, at which point the picture starts dealing in earnest with its very touchy theme, artificial insemination. The end result is the court trial we spoke of, instituted by husband *Mark* who is still mad as anything. Somehow, out of all this chaos comes a better understanding between the couple and they walk off together with wife *Mary* tactfully soft-pedaling all that baby business.

ADULT

A Stranger in My Arms

U-I,
CINEMASCOPE

✓ Everybody in town worships the memory of *Donald Beasley* (Peter Graves) who is reported having died nobly at sea after his Army plane crashed. His mother (Mary Astor) adores her dead son and uses all her money, power and influence to see that everybody else does, too. Enmeshed in this situation are her daughter-in-law, June Allyson, her son's Army buddy, Jeff Chandler, and various other unfortunates. It's pretty soap-opera throughout and sheds not a gleam of new light on either love, war or human frailties—the subjects it meanders through. Miss Allyson and Mr. Chandler look bored—with justification. Mary Astor makes the most of a few good moments and Sandra Dee adds a springlike note.

FAMILY

COMING ATTRACTIONS

6 Valentines in Search

of Your Heart

in March PHOTOPLAY

on sale February 5

New medicated acne stick nips pimples in the "bud"



Acts fast to stop pimples from
"blooming" and spreading...conceals and
helps heal pimples in all stages

Never again need you watch helplessly while a small blemish grows into a big, ugly pimple. For now there's a new kind of medication that acts *fast* to heal and dry blemishes in their *bud* stage—or *any* stage. It's Sentor—the new, skin-toned acne stick that soothes and helps *heal* as it conceals.

Today's most effective treatment for pimples. From the very first time you dab it on, Sentor does *more* to help heal pimples than any other product you could buy before. For only Sentor contains

this new combination of four ingredients that skin specialists prescribe for their patients. Sentor Stick works so well—so *fast*—pimples just seem to melt away.

Easy, convenient to use. Just a quick dab with Sentor Stick is all you need—nothing to get under your nails. No tell-tale medicinal odor.

Ask your own doctor. He knows this new *greaseless* formula is so effective and so *safe*. Try Sentor Medicated Acne Stick—you'll be so glad you did.

HOW SENTOR ACTS FOUR WAYS TO HELP HEAL PIMPLES... TO PREVENT BLOOMING, SPREADING...EVEN SCARRING

1. **Melts blemishes away**—penetrates to dissolve "sick" pimple tissue.
2. **Dries up pustules**—absorbs the oil that pimples thrive on.
3. **Helps prevent scarring**—helps heal tissue *a safe new way*—before

- permanent scarring or pitting begins.
4. **Combats re-infection**—combats the bacteria that make pimples grow and spread.

SKIN-TONED—CONCEALS WHILE
IT HELPS HEAL!



ONLY
\$1.50
NO FED. TAX

Also available in Canada

Dunbar Laboratories, Wayne, N. J.

becoming attractions

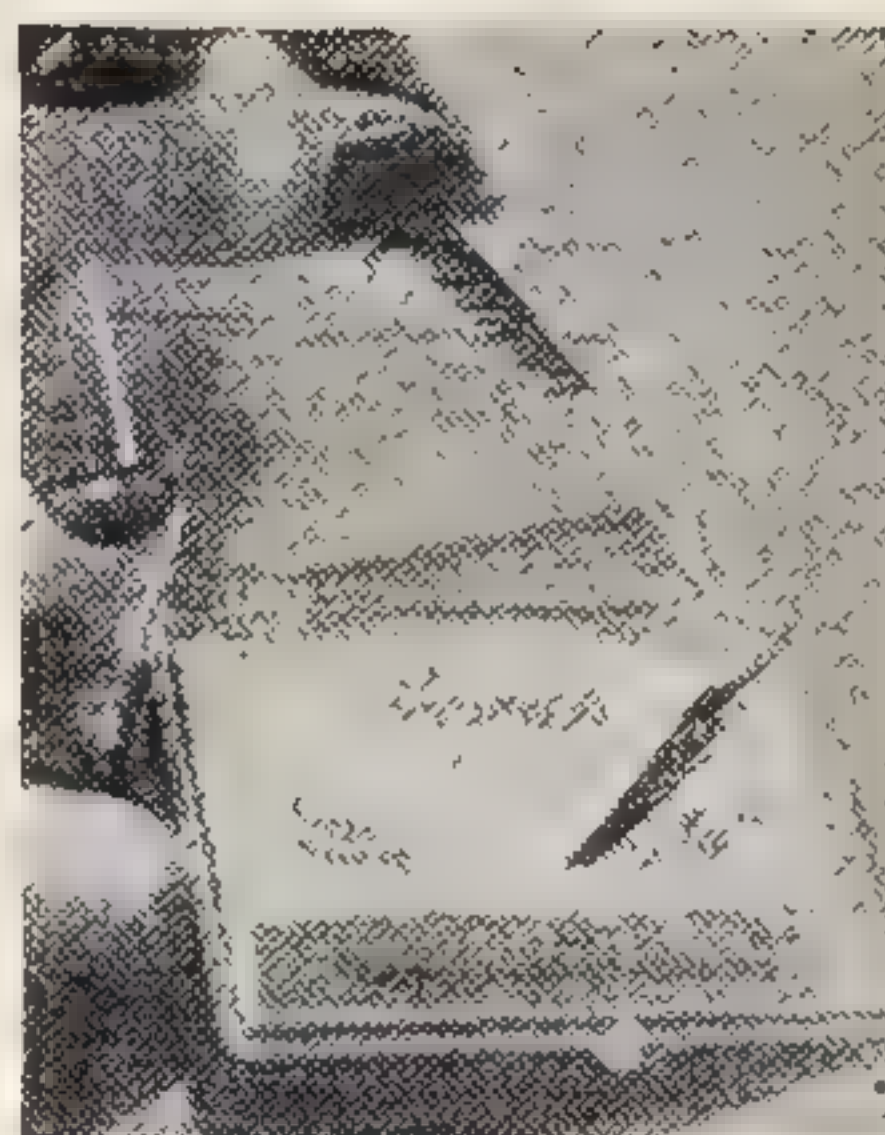


A

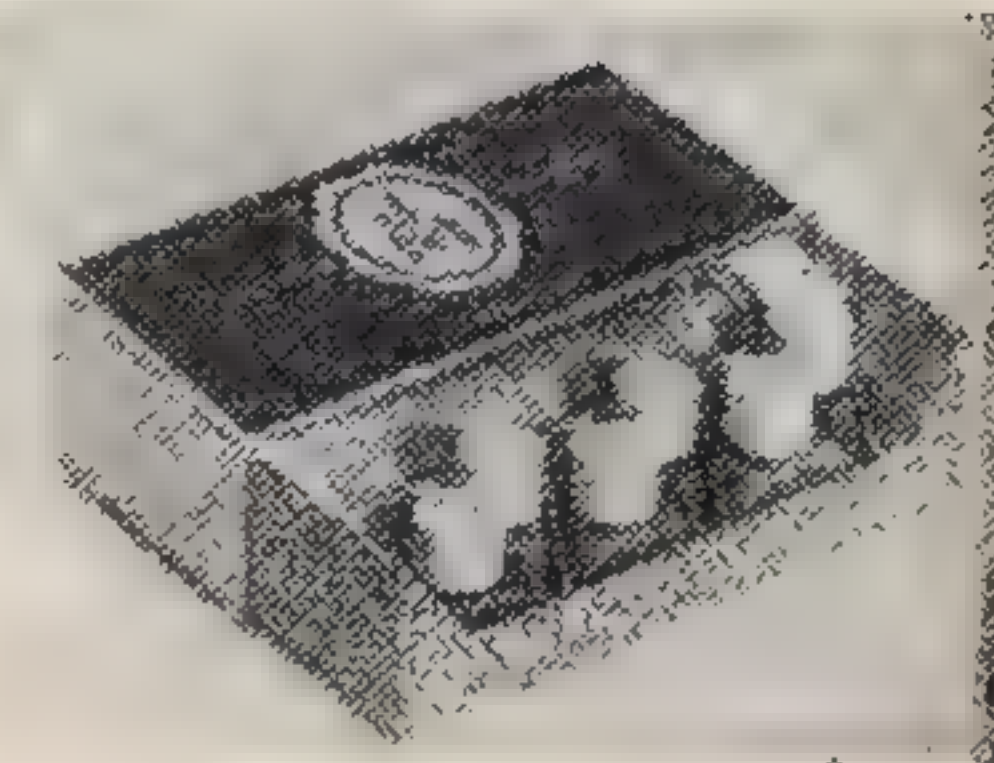
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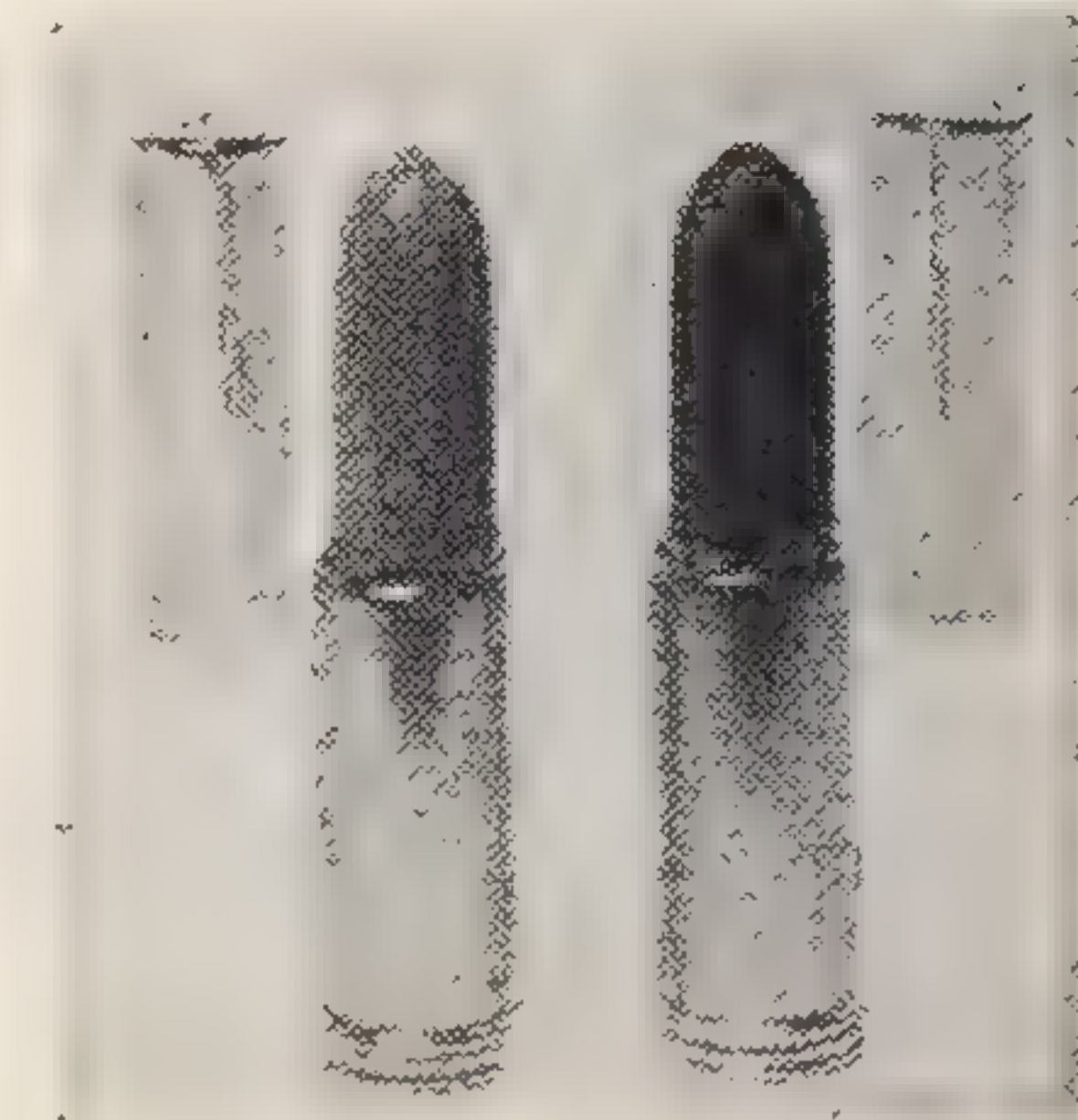
C



D



E



A. Gleam team: Ogilvie Sisters Highlights shampoos, three types for dry, normal or oily hair. Lather and rinse easily in hard or soft water. \$1.00.

B. Cherry Ice, a delicate new version of Avon's popular Ripe Cherry lipstick, is a soft, rosy shade, lightly touched with blue. In Top-Style case, \$1.50.*

C. Beautifully fake: Chimes eyelashes on eye-shadow colored plastic strips. Easy to press on, peel off, re-use. Light weight, washable. Kit, \$2.00.*

D. Artists' colors at your finger tips: Nail Glacé Kit by Juliette Marglen with six travel-size bottles of nail polish plus full-size tube of remover. \$3.75.*

E. Sensitive to ingredients in regular lipstick? Ar-Ex hypo-allergenic lipstick now comes in two new fashion colors: Pink Velvet, Fancy Red. \$1.25.*

*plus tax

\$100,000.00 CASH

"GOLD RUSH" GAME

KIT, WHAT A PRETTY DAY!

LET'S GO FOR A DRIVE IN OUR CAR!



PUZZLE NO. ONE

The Correct Answer is ONE Of These Gold Rush Names!

☐ Billy Sunday ☐ Robert Fulton ☐ Kit Carson ☐ Cotton Mather

--	--	--	--	--	--	--

HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

Write Your Answer In Coupon Below • Mail It NOW!

letter

PLUS 145 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Prize Rank	Cash Prize Amount
1st Prize	\$50,000
2nd Prize	\$15,000
3rd Prize	\$10,000
4th Prize	\$5,000
5th Prize	\$2,500

In just 4 years, National Book Club contests have awarded \$223,000.00 in prizes! That's a whale of a lot of money! But this new National Book Club game, with its additional \$100,000.00 in prizes, will boost that grand total to an amazing \$323,000.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U. S., Canada, or a U. S. Possession, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the National Book Club, Inc. All judging will be conducted in an impartial, impersonal manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest . . . including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full, IN CASH!

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

FEMININE FRESHNESS IS YOURS

anytime—
anywhere



Because you use "Lysol" you're assured of personal cleanliness. Positive you won't offend!

Because "Lysol" ends odor at its source by killing odor-causing germs—it's far more effective than any home-style douche, including vinegar!

Because "Lysol" is so mild it can't harm delicate insides. "Lysol" cleanses gently, leaves you wonderfully fresh and clean! Try it.

Use "Lysol" brand disinfectant regularly. With "Lysol" you're always sure of feminine freshness!

Now available—
Pine-Scented "Lysol"
as well as Regular.

For free booklet
(mailed in plain envelope) on doctor-approved methods of douching, write to:
"Lysol," Bloomfield,
N.J., Dept. TSP-259



Lysol

BRAND DISINFECTANT

A Lehn & Fink Product

Also available in Canada

EXCELLENT
GOOD FAIR
VERY GOOD
A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—M-G-M; Metrocolor: Tennessee Williams' explosive tale of a squabbling Southern family makes an absorbing session as Elizabeth Taylor takes her final step to full film maturity, with an invaluable assist from Paul Newman. (A) October

✓✓✓✓ HOME BEFORE DARK—Warners: Jean Simmons takes full advantage of her first really superior acting opportunity since *Ophelia* in "Hamlet." As a discharged mental patient returning home to the very family atmosphere that destroyed her balance in the first place, she gives a beautifully shaded performance that ranks this picture high. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ HOUSEBOAT—Paramount; Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Cary Grant, Sophia Loren, three children and some friendly termites set up housekeeping on the Potomac in the year's most charmingly unlikely story. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS, THE—20th; CinemaScope, DeLuxe Color: A vivid dramatic experience and an inspiring testament of faith, Ingrid Bergman's performance as an English missionary to China

is a crowning achievement. In the last performance before his death, Robert Donat is magnificent and touching as the elderly mandarin. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ I WANT TO LIVE!—U.A. The true story of Barbara Graham, California murderess who goes to the gas chamber, may be sordid, shocking and awfully hard to take during the stark execution sequence but it's well worth seeing for Susan Hayward's brilliant full-length portrait of moral abandon and human heart-break. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ MARDI GRAS—20th; CinemaScope. Deluxe Color: Pat Boone, Gary Crosby, Tommy Sands and a couple of hundred VMI cadets in a raffle—with Christine Carere as the prize. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ MY UNCLE, MR. HULOT—Continental; Eastman-color: A sequel to "Mr. Hulot's Holiday," but even better than the original—and that's going some. Hysterical French satire on modern architecture, liberally mixed with screwball antics by writer-producer-director-star Jacques Tati spells plenty of laughs in any language. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ RESTLESS YEARS, THE—U-I; CinemaScope: Burdened with problems of growing up. Sandra Dee and John Saxon also have to deal with their problem parents. The fact that the teenagers represented are neither giddy nor delinquent makes this a refreshing film. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ SEPARATE TABLES—U.A.: Deborah Kerr's performance as the repressed and timid spinster is a revelation. Every word and action rings true. In this story of an oddly assorted group living in a seaside resort hotel. Miss Kerr is surrounded by an immensely able cast including David Niven, Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth and Wendy Hiller. (A) January.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

ANNA LUCASTA—U.A. Directed by Arnold Laven: Anna Lucasta, Eartha Kitt; Danny Johnson, Sammy Davis, Jr.; Frank, Frederick O'Neal; Rudolph Slocum, Henry Scott; Joe Lucasta, Rex Ingram; Theresa, Georgia Burke; Eddie, James Edwards; Stella, Rosetta Lenoire; Katie, Isabelle Cooley; Noah, Alvin Childress; Blanche, Claire Leyba; Stanley, John Proctor; Lester, Charles Swain; Cop, Isaac Jones; Secretary, Wally Earl.

GEISHA BOY, THE—Paramount. Directed by Frank Tashlin: Gilbert Wooley, Jerry Lewis; Lola Livingston, Marie McDonald; Mr. Sikita, Sessue Hayakawa; Major Ridgley, Barton MacLane; Pvt. Betty Pearson, Suzanne Pleshette; Kimi Sikita, Nobu McCarthy; Mitsuo Watanabe, Robert Hirano; Ichiyama, Ryuzo Demura; Guest stars, The Los Angeles Dodgers; Harry Hare, Himself.

HORSE'S MOUTH, THE—U.A. Directed by Ronald Neame: Gulley Jimson, Alec Guinness; Coker, Kay Walsh; Sarah, Renee Houston; Nosey, Mike Morgan; Sir William Becder, Robert Coote.

INSPECTOR MAIGRET—Lopert. Directed by Jean Delannoy: Maigret, Jean Gabin; Yvonne Maurin, Annie Girardot; Inspector Lagrume, Olivier Hussenot; Mrs. Maigret, Jeanne Boitel; Mrs. Maurin, Lucienne Bogaert; Marcel Maurin, Jean Desailly; Guimart, Jean Debucourt; Police Decoy, Guy Decomble; Maurice, Paulette Dubost; Jo Jo, Gerard Sety; The Butcher, Jacques Hilling.

PATHER PANCHALI—Edward Harrison. Directed by Satyajit Roy: The father, Kanu Banerji; The mother, Karuna Banerji; Apu, Subir Banerji; Durga, as a child, Runki Banerji; Durga, as a young girl, Uma Das Gupta; Old aunt, Chunibala Devi; Mrs. Mookerji, Reva Devi; Ranu Mookerji, her daughter, Rama Gangopadhyaya; Schoolmaster, Tulshi Chakraborty; Doctor, Harimoran Nag.

PERFECT FURLOUGH, THE—U-I. Directed by Blake Edwards: Paul Hodges, Tony Curtis; Vicki Loren, Janet Leigh; Harvey Franklin, Keenan Wynn; Sandra Roca, Linda Cristal; Liz Baker, Elaine Stritch; Henri, Marcel Dalio.

QUESTION OF ADULTERY, A—NTA. Directed by Don Chaffey: Mary, Julie London; Mark, Anthony Steel; Sir John Loring, Basil Sydney; Mr. Jacobus, Donald Houston; Carl Dieter, Anton Diffring; Dr. Cameron, Andrew Cruickshank; Mario, Conrad Phillips; Judge, Yynaston Reeves; Mr. Stanley, Frank Thring; Nurse Parsons, Mary MacKenzie; Mrs. Duncan, Georgina Cookson; Mr. Duncan, Richard Caldicot; Dr. Martinez, Arthur Gomez; Clerk of the Court, Philip Holles; Foreman of the Jury, John Rae; 1st Barrister, John Fabian; 2nd Barrister, Rodney Burke.

REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER, THE—20th. Directed by Henry Levin: Pa Penny-packer, Clifton Webb; Ma Penny-packer, Dorothy McGuire; Grampa, Charles Coburn; Kate Penny-packer, Jill St. John; Wilbur Fielding, Ron Ely; Horace Penny-packer, III, Ray Stricklyn; Henry Penny-packer, David Nelson; Aunt Jane, Dorothy Stickney; Rev. Dr. Fielding, Larry Gates; Sheriff, Richard Deacon; Laurie Penny-packer, Mary Jayne Saunders; Elizabeth Penny-packer, Mimi Gibson.

7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD, THE—Columbia. Directed by Nathan Juran: Sinbad, Kerwin Mathews; Parisa, Kathryn Grant; The Genie, Richard Eyer; Sokurah, Torin Thatcher; Caliph, Alec Mango; Karim, Danny Green; Sultan, Harold Kasket; Harufa, Alfred Brown; Sadi, Nana de Herrera; Gaunt Sailor, Nino Falanga; Crewman #1, Luis Guedes; Ali, Virgilio Teixeira.

SHERIFF OF FRACTURED JAW—20th. Directed by Raoul Walsh: Jonathan Tibbs, Kenneth More; Kate, Jayne Mansfield; Masters, Henry Hull; Keeno, William Campbell; Jack, Bruce Cabot; Uncle Lucius, Robert Morley; Toynbee (his Solicitor), Donald Squire.

SILENT ENEMY, THE—U-I. Directed by William Fairchild: Lieutenant Crabb, R.N.V.R., Laurence Harvey; Third Officer Jill Masters, W.R.N.S., Dawn Addams; Leading Seaman Knowles, Michael Craig; The Admiral, John Clements; Petty Officer Thorpe, Sidney James.

STRANGER IN MY ARMS, A—U-I. Directed by Helmut Kautner: Christina Beasley, June Allyson; Pike Yarnell, Jeff Chandler; Pat Beasley, Sandra Dee; Harley Beasley, Conrad Nagel; Virgily Beasley, Mary Astor; Vance Beasley, Charles Coburn; Donald Beasley, Peter Graves; Marcus Beasley, Hayden Rorke.

FOR HAIR THAT STAYS PUT—YET LOOKS AND FEELS BRUSHED AND BRUSHED AND BRUSHED!

Sets soft springy curls to stay. No lacquer in it...

no hard surface...hair stays pliant, shines naturally!

No midweek patchwork...sets last from wash to wash!

No wet-weather straightening...a brushing or combing
brings back lively waves! It's Sheer Velvet! 5 oz. \$1.35; 11 oz. \$2

OGILVIE SPRAY SET

BY DOROTHY GRAY



WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR THE NEW YEAR?

Would you like an autographed picture of your favorite star? Would you like to help select the personalities we'll feature in each issue, help choose the all-time greats we'll do stories on, and help suggest the topics Dick Clark should write about? You would! Fine. Here's all you have to do. Please fill out the ballot on this page and mail it immediately to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If yours is among the first hundred answers received, we'll send you—as a token of our thanks—that signed photograph!

WHAT CURRENT FAVORITES DO YOU LIKE?

I want to read stories about (please check names):

ACTOR

- | | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| (1) Elvis Presley | (15) Everly Brothers | (29) Jerry Lewis |
| (2) Rick Nelson | (16) Frankie Avalon | (30) Jimmie Rodgers |
| (3) Rock Hudson | (17) Richard Egan | (31) Cary Grant |
| (4) Tommy Sands | (18) Marlon Brando | (32) Monty Clift |
| (5) Pat Boone | (19) Pat Wayne | (33) Clint Walker |
| (6) John Saxon | (20) James MacArthur | (34) Dale Robertson |
| (7) Tony Curtis | (21) John Gavin | (35) George Nader |
| (8) Tab Hunter | (22) Hugh O'Brian | (36) Eddie Fisher |
| (9) James Garner | (23) Perry Como | (37) Bob Horton |
| (10) Paul Newman | (24) Tony Perkins | (38) Mark Damon |
| (11) Nick Adams | (25) James Arness | (39) Pat Conway |
| (12) Dick Clark | (26) Robert Wagner | (40) Russ Tamblyn |
| (13) Peter Brown | (27) Will Hutchins | (41) Jack Kelly |
| (14) Sal Mineo | (28) Jeff Chandler | (42) Others you like |

ACTRESS

- | | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| (1) Debbie Reynolds | (14) Brigitte Bardot | (27) Kathy Nolan |
| (2) Liz Taylor | (15) Lana Turner | (28) Ann Blyth |
| (3) Carol Lynley | (16) Marilyn Monroe | (29) Patti Page |
| (4) Natalie Wood | (17) Dorothy Malone | (30) Connie Francis |
| (5) Dolores Hart | (18) Jane Powell | (31) Hope Lange |
| (6) Doris Day | (19) Jean Simmons | (32) Lennon Sisters |
| (7) Kim Novak | (20) Diane Varsi | (33) Dinah Shore |
| (8) Janet Leigh | (21) Deborah Kerr | (34) Audrey Hepburn |
| (9) Sandra Dee | (22) Sophia Loren | (35) Rosemary Clooney |
| (10) Joanne Woodward | (23) Molly Bee | (36) Shirley Jones |
| (11) Jayne Mansfield | (24) Annette Funicello | (37) Joan Collins |
| (12) Gale Storm | (25) Ingrid Bergman | (38) Others you like |
| (13) Carolyn Jones | (26) Diane Jergens | |

Others.....

WHICH SUPER-STARS DO YOU LIKE BEST?

I want PHOTOPLAY to tell me all about (check names of stars below):

ACTOR

- | | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| (1) Robert Montgomery | (11) Kirk Douglas | (21) Donald O'Connor |
| (2) Fred MacMurray | (12) Henry Fonda | (22) John Payne |
| (3) Joel MacRae | (13) Farley Granger | (23) Ronald Reagan |
| (4) Gene Autry | (14) Robert Mitchum | (24) Roy Rogers |
| (5) Paul Muni | (15) Charlton Heston | (25) Mickey Rooney |
| (6) Glenn Ford | (16) William Holden | (26) Frank Sinatra |
| (7) John Garfield | (17) Peter Lawford | (27) James Stewart |
| (8) Humphrey Bogart | (18) Van Johnson | (28) Robert Taylor |
| (9) Clark Gable | (19) Alan Ladd | (29) John Wayne |
| (10) Gary Cooper | (20) David Niven | |

ACTRESS

- | | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| (1) Norma Shearer | (9) Jean Harlow | (17) Jane Russell |
| (2) Jean Arthur | (10) Carole Lombard | (18) Gene Tierney |
| (3) Irene Dunne | (11) June Allyson | (19) Esther Williams |
| (4) Greta Garbo | (12) Claudette Colbert | (20) Jane Wyman |
| (5) Ann Sheridan | (13) Ava Gardner | (21) Loretta Young |
| (6) Dorothy Lamour | (14) Betty Grable | (22) Shirley Temple |
| (7) Hedy Lamarr | (15) Rita Hayworth | (23) Others you like |
| (8) Grace Kelly | (16) Ginger Rogers | |

Others.....

If mine is one of the first 100 answers,

I'D LIKE AN AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO OF:

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

What did you like in this issue?

- (1)
- (2)
- (3)
- (4)

WHAT ARE YOU LIKE?

- Age:
- Three Favorite Magazines:
- Three Favorite Hobbies:
- How many records do you buy a month?
- What type of records do you like: (popular, album, classical?)
- How often do you go to the movies?
- What helps you decide in choosing a movie?.....

WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE IN PHOTOPLAY?

- More stories on TV personalities?
- More on Recording Personalities?
- More beauty and fashion articles?
- More picture stories: candid
portraits
pinups

What is your favorite column: On the Record
Readers Inc.
Inside Stuff
That's Hollywood For You
This Page is Yours
Dick Clark

Would you like the articles to run shorter?
Yes No

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE DICK CLARK TO WRITE ABOUT?

- ... 1. Records and hit songs
- ... 2. Musical Personalities
- ... 3. Fads and fancies
- ... 4. New dance steps
- ... 5. Dating problems—with answers from Dick
- ... 6. Careers in music, television, films
- ... 7. Personality traits
- ... 8. Help wanted forum: Dick's points of view on meeting new problems, making friends, getting along with parents, etc.
- ... 9. Party Ideas
- ... 10. Jokes
- ... 11. Others

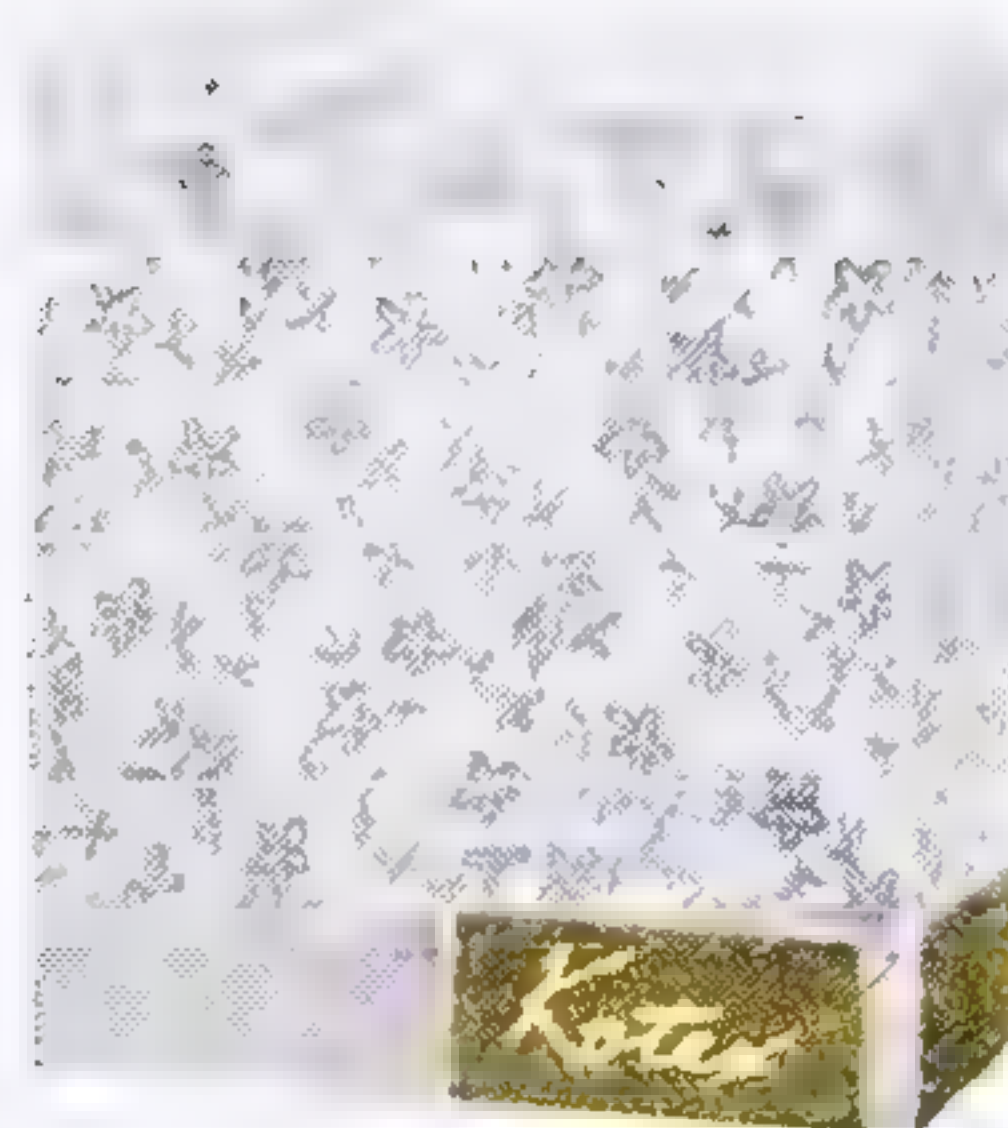
Enter the Shopping Spree Sweepstakes



MISS BERGDORF SALON, BERGDORF GOODMAN, NEW YORK CITY

Wherever you are, whatever you do, new Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center protect better, protect longer. Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.

KOTEX and KIMLON are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corporation



Nothing to buy,
nothing to write!

15 GRAND PRIZES

\$1,500.00

WARDROBE

by Estévez

and a New York
shopping trip for two

200 SECOND PRIZES

**ADMIRAL TRANSISTOR
RADIOS**

FREE from Kotex napkins

RULES

So Simple

1 There's nothing to buy, nothing to do but fill in the entry blank below. Entry blanks are also available wherever Kotex products are sold. Please, one entry per envelope.

But hurry

2 Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 31, 1959.

Designer originals, no less

3 Each of the 15 grand prizes consists of a \$1,500.00 Estévez wardrobe with accessories and a five day, all-expense paid trip for two to New York City. Winners will select their wardrobes from a special showing of the internationally famous Estévez line. Any winner who prefers may substitute \$1,000.00 cash award for grand prize.

Cross your fingers

4 The 15 grand prizes and the 200 second prizes of an Admiral Pocket Transistor Radio will be awarded on the basis of a blindfolded drawing by name, under the direction of the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, whose selections are final. All winners will be notified by mail.

Everybody's eligible

5 Any resident of the Continental United States may enter except, of course, employees of Kimberly-Clark Corporation, their advertising agencies and their immediate families, residents of New Jersey, Nebraska, and other areas where prohibited.

Shopping Spree Sweepstakes Entry

Fill out and mail to Shopping Spree Sweepstakes, Box 8106, Chicago 77, Ill.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____



Is it
true...
blondes
have more
fun?

One sure way to find out is to be a blonde . . . and the wonderfully sure, *new* way to becoming blonde is with Instant Whip Lady Clairol! It's the great new creme-conditioning hair lightener that turns each treatment into a treat! Feels deliciously cool and gentle going on, works fast as magic, transforms

mousey brown or dullest blonde into lively, silky irresistible blonde—in *minutes*! So if you're a blonde at heart, be a blonde in fact! Act! Get Lady Clairol, new Instant Whip* or regular Whipped Creme. It's the happy new way to brighten your locks, your looks, your life!



Your hairdresser will tell you
a blonde's best friend is

Lady Clairol NEW INSTANT WHIP Creme Hair Lightener

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unless its deferred char-
acter is indicated by the
proper symbol.

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The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

SYMBOLS
DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LT = International
Letter Telegram

EUN 250 16 NL PD= EU NEWYORK NY 7=

TO PHOTOPLAY READERS ANY STREET EVERYWHERE STOP HAPPY
NEW YEAR STOP HERES PHOTOPLAYS 1959 MAKE IT YOURSELF
PINUP CALENDAR TO DATE THE STARS ALL YEAR LONG STOP
CALENDARS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES AND SAL MINEO AND
HIS SISTER SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE IT UP STOP HOPE YOU
ENJOY IT AND DONT STOP WARMEST GREETINGS FROM=
ALL OF US AT PHOTOPLAY.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

TURN THE PAGE FOR YOUR PINUP CALENDAR

Rock Hudson



JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Kim Novak



JULY

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19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

Debbie Reynolds



FEBRUARY

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AUGUST

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30	31					



Pat Boone

Rick Nelson



MARCH

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29	30	31				

SEPTEMBER

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6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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27	28	29	30			



Sandra Dee

Janet Leigh



APRIL

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5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

Elvis Presley



OCTOBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

SAL: Gee, Sis, how
do we make the calendar?

SARINA: Easy, Sal.
Follow the dotted lines



First we cut out each page
along the dotted line here at
the edge. Then we follow the
other dots and cut in half.

SAL: Say, do you think it'd be
a good idea to make the calen-
dar more permanent? For
backing, paste each half-page
to stiff paper or cardboard.

SARINA: Good idea. Then the
next thing to do is to crease
each half-page sharply down
the middle, between the months.

SAL: Ready for the ribbon
yet? Here, you take it and
sandwich it between each half-
page. I'll get the glue and then
we can glue each of the sides
to the ribbon and to each other.

SARINA: I told you it was
easy. Let's be sure to get the
year straight, though—the first
six months all on one side.

SAL: Gee, hope the year's as
good as it looks!

MAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						



Dick Clark

Tab Hunter



NOVEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

Doris Day



JUNE

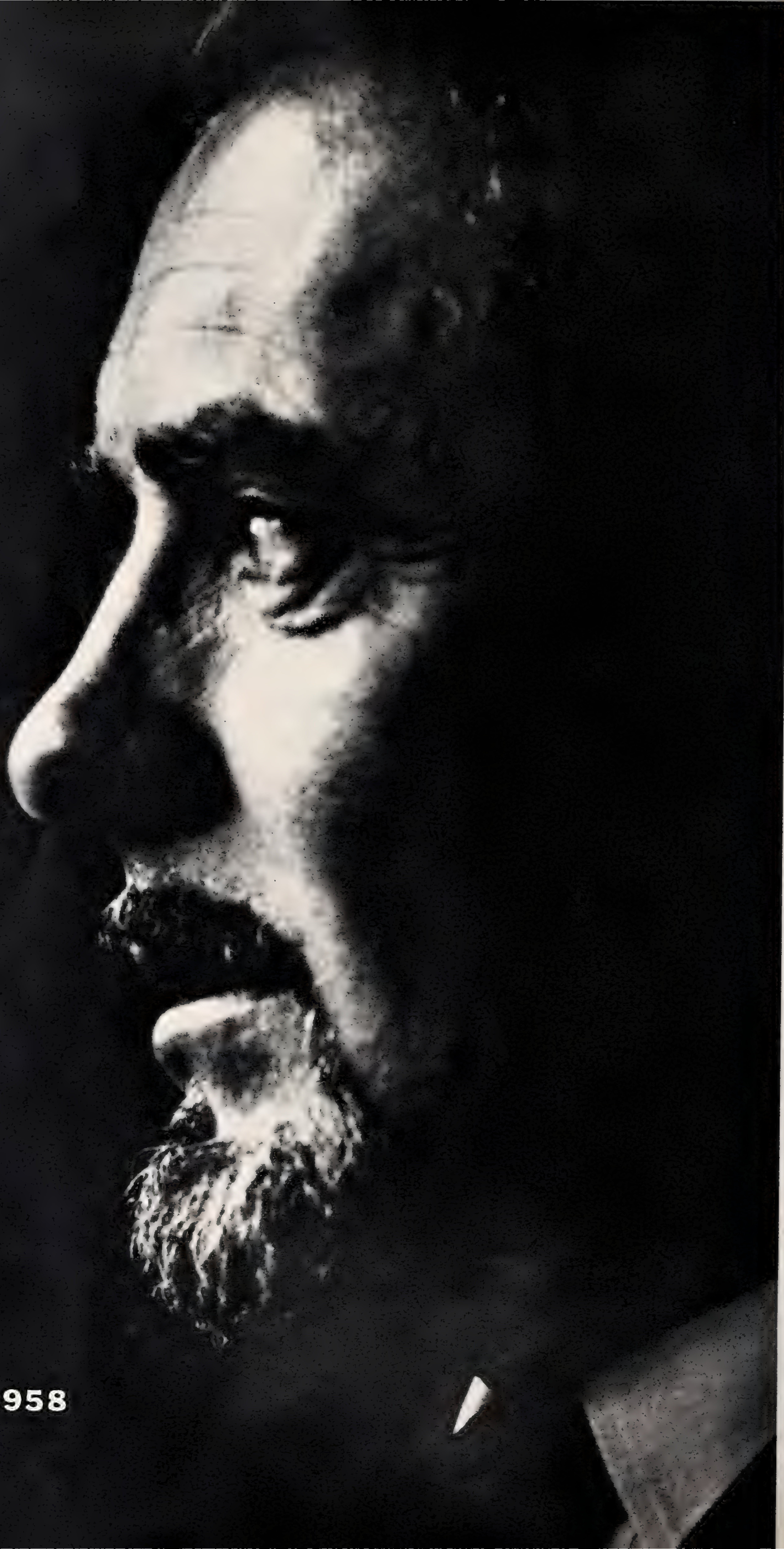
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

DECEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		



Sal Mineo



1914 - 1958

by CHARLOTTE DINTER

WILL TYRONE POWER'S LAST PRAYER BE ANSWERED?



Steel clattered against steel as the actors lunged, shouting at each other, their swords and shields reflecting the hot, late afternoon sun of Spain. Then the director yelled, "Okay, take five." The duelling scene of "Solomon and Sheba" hung in mid-air for a shimmering moment and then relaxed.

Tyrone Power brushed his arm across his forehead to push back the hair, wiping away the perspiration that stood out in beads on his forehead. He searched the crowd of people standing along the edge of the scene, and suddenly smiling, he spotted his young wife Deborah. Then he grinned, waved and began to walk over.

He didn't look like a man who knew his heart was bad. He looked tired, yes. But he had a right to be tired. The rehearsals for the duelling scene were strenuous and there was more to go. His makeup was streaked with perspiration and his voice was a little breathless, but the words were excited, vital, young. "I suppose you know what's happening to us . . ." he said, putting his arm around his wife.

"Ty, you tell everyone," Deborah laughed. "How could she possibly help knowing about it?" (Continued on page 98)

He'd said it so proudly, "We're going to have a son." The words echoed in her mind as Deborah left the hospital.



what's in the stars for the stars and you?

(Find your sign of the zodiac
and peek into the future)

The party's over—but do you remember that moment when the beat of the dance music seemed to fade, and suddenly you asked yourself, "Wonder where I'll be this time next year? Wonder what I'll be doing? What'll have happened to me by next New Year's Eve?" Well, let your imagination be our guest. Photoplay cordially invites you to our own dream of a mad party in Hollywood. Who else is coming? See opposite page. Can you guess? If not, then turn to page 73. If you can't believe your eyes, neither can we! Elvis whisked in from Germany? Jayne and Rick splitting a cookie? Debbie and Liz dipping into the same punch bowl? Wow!

The guests—that means you and all the stars—have at least one thing in common, wherever they were on New Year's Eve. They all wonder what 1959 will bring them. New friends? New fun? New romances? Dangers to be wary of? Good luck or bad ahead? For a peek at the answers, noted astrologer Ruth Hale Oliver (mother of actress Susan Oliver) has done some amazing star-gazing. The sign of the zodiac tells all—including the birthdays of your favorites. Why not clip these pages, so you can send them cards? Address studios, or c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



MARCH 21
APRIL 19

Forecast for Stars: Debbie Reynolds (April 1) will spend the year concentrating on her career and trying to forget the heartbreak of her marriage to Eddie Fisher, for a reconciliation looks unlikely. She will hide much of her unhappiness within her, because she has too much spunk to make a parade of her feelings. . . . Doris Day and Marlon Brando (both born April 3) will be a little confused as to what they really want from life. Despite this, 1959 should bring Marlon more emotional steadiness; a real love seems to be forthcoming. Both he (*Continued on page 70*)

HOLLYWOOD AFTER DARK

It's impossible to keep up with Kim Novak these days. She's breaking hearts all over the place. For a while, a famous actor (recently divorced) was Number One on the Lavender Girl's heart-parade. Then she was spotted at different out-of-the-way dine-and-dance places with two different movie executives, each of them married. Kim's current flame is a famous director who's having marital troubles, and Kim's certainly not helping this fellow and his wife to patch up their difficulties. In fact, every time the director's wife sees the color lavender (or even hears the word) she sees red.

Kim Novak says:

I was all alone—
looking at the newspaper—
when I read the item above.
And suddenly I felt...

everybody's laughing at me

Kim Novak walked swiftly into my Hollywood apartment, nearly slamming the front door behind her. She tossed her tailored camel's hair coat onto a chair, sat down on the couch, slipped her shoes off and then leaned back against the large beige cushions. She didn't speak for a moment, then slowly her drawn, tense expression faded and her face began to relax.

"I'm so tired I could just about die," she began suddenly. "I haven't been sleeping well. Last night

I woke up crying and..." she hesitated, "... that's the way it's been so many nights ever since those rumors about me started. You know, I so much want people to know the truth about me but I don't know how to get it through to them." And then, in a tone strange to her, she said, "I'm up to here with all this! I'm just fed up."

In public, Kim seems to weather distorted headline, gossip item, rumor, and untruth very well indeed. But out of the spot- (Continued on page 88)

by MAXINE ARNOLD



we spend the day with DEBBIE



and get this exclusive interview

*“W*hen someone

you trust disappoints you . . .

I guess all you can do

is start building all over again”

From the pretty, brown-eyed blond receptionist at the M-G-M administration building next to the studio lot in Culver City, we picked up our gate pass to see Debbie Reynolds.

Ever since last September, when Eddie Fisher walked out of her life, Debbie has done the most natural, most instinctive thing she could do. She threw herself into her work.

It seemed ironic, I thought, as I walked toward the Publicity building, past Casting, Production, Costumes, Properties, that her work was playing a lightheaded, gay story of love, romance, dating, courtship—and marriage.

I met Mary Mayer, a distinguished-looking, gray-haired woman who has been with the studio since the early 1930's. Greeting me in her office in Publicity, she said, “We’ll go right over to Debbie’s dressing room.” As we threaded our way along the crowded streets, she told me:

“I’ve seen many stars come and go over the years,” Mary said. “But seldom have I met one as unusual as Debbie. It’s not simply that she’s cute, and lively and vivacious. She has a courage, a strength and a drive that make her unusual.

“I may sound old-fashioned, but I find these qualities very appealing. In many ways she reminds me of the young Carole Lombard.”

Debbie’s dressing room, a stucco cottage set well back on the lot, was beautifully landscaped with lawns and shrubs. Beds of nasturtiums, zinnias and marigolds flanked the doorway.

Mary knocked at the door. There was no answer.

“She’s probably still on the set,” she said. “She does that. If the take hasn’t been just right she insists that they do it over and over again. She never spares herself. She only works to satisfy the director, (continued)

by EARLE HAWLEY

DEBBIE

continued

to give him exactly what he wants."

We walked into the dressing room. A rose beige wall-to-wall carpet contrasted with the pale grey walls. A twenty-foot long sectional ran along two walls of the room, curved at the corner. It was covered with a flower patterned quilted chintz.

A French provincial desk was at another wall, and two chairs, covered with saffron colored upholstery, were in the room.

A red leather engagement book with "Debbie" printed in gold letters on its cover lay atop the desk.

In the center of the room was a small, low table, glass topped. It was scarcely eight inches high.

Mary and I talked for several minutes about the stars of yesteryear, about their triumphs and tragedies. We spoke of Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard.

Suddenly the dressing room door was pushed open, and a white toy French poodle bounded in.

"Rocky!" a girlish voice called. And Debbie rushed in.

"Rocky, come back here," she commanded. But the dog had (*continued*)



Waiting for the next take on "The Mating Game," Debbie seems to be relaxed. She's intent on director George Marshall's briefing as Ann Kirk checks her hair-do. But nobody knows what she's feeling.

Whatever her worries, they're not allowed to cast a shadow on little Todd Fisher. As a daily visitor on the lot, the baby loves the set and director Marshall's visored cap.



For Debbie, work has been a welcome refuge. She can even find heart to clown with her director between takes. About his young star, Marshall says: "She's a trouper, a receptive actress. And her sense of comedy timing is wonderful."



"Are those dancing shoes?" Debbie asks. "Yes!" says Carrie Frances Fisher, who watched her mom's impromptu routine.

DEBBIE *continued*

scampered under the sofa, his leash trailing behind. Debbie got down on her hands and knees, reached under the sofa, grabbed the leash.

She turned her head, looked over at me.

"Hi," she said. "I'm Debbie Reynolds. Rocky, you come out of there." And she dragged the dog back.

She sat on the floor, cuddled Rocky happily, and let him nuzzle her cheek. Then she unhooked his leash, and stood up.

"Excuse me a minute," she said, "I have to make a call to the house." And she picked up the white telephone on an end table near the sofa.

"How's Carrie?" was the first thing she asked when a maid apparently answered at home. "And Todd?" she asked.

As Debbie talked to the maid, a white coated waiter entered, laid silver and condiments on the low table. Debbie held her hand over the mouthpiece of the phone, called to him: "Milk to drink for me."

Debbie had the maid put Carrie on the phone.

"Hello, Carrie," she said. And then she listened, a serious expression on her face, as Carrie must have spoken a child's halting message.

Debbie smiled happily, then threw back her head and laughed. "All right, love. You be a good girl; I'll see you soon. Put Christine back on, will you?"

Debbie talked to the maid for a few minutes (*continued*)



Easy to see this girl has a double heritage of rhythm. Eddie visits his children daily while Debbie's off at work.



"My chief concern is my two children," Debbie says softly. "They are the new life, the thing I pin all my hopes on."



DEBBIE

continued

longer, then she hung up the phone.

"What did Carrie say?" I asked.

Debbie smiled, shook her head.

"Uh, uh. Secret." Then she kicked off her shoes, and sat down on the floor

at the side of the glass-topped table.

"I have to get up at six a.m. even though we don't start shooting until nine. It's a long way from Holmby Hills to (Continued on page 100)



can Hollywood's



3 happiest

marriages last?

Ever since Debbie and Eddie broke up, fans everywhere—and you may have written to us yourself — have asked: “Aren’t any marriages happy in Hollywood? Doesn’t anyone work hard at them?” Well,



we don’t have the answer, but we will take you, in the following pages, into the very hearts of three successful Hollywood marriages: Janet and Tony, Jean and Stewart, Natalie and Bob. Read them for your own answer to: Can a Hollywood Marriage Last?



#1

Janet Leigh—

"SCOUT'S HONOR, TONY,
I WON'T BREAK THESE

I resolve:

not to forget
all the wonderful ways
God has blessed us.

I resolve:

not to laugh when you buy me a
trapeze gown, thinking it's a maternity dress.

I resolve:

not to cry when Kelly gives the baby
a "doughnut cake" with a candle,
as a birthday present.



NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS"

Janet was just humming now. The soft glow of the night light caught the misty, tender look in her eyes—and the green glare in the eyes of the frowzy-maned yellow lion that snuggled in the bed beside Kelly Lee. The little girl's own eyes were closed, her arms curved around her favorite toy. And the last note of the lullaby trailed away. Janet looked up at Tony and nodded.

As he started across the dimly lighted room, the silence was smashed by a metallic clatter and a thud.

Janet said, "Shh!"

"Fine thing!" Tony whispered. "I almost break a leg, and . . ." He got up, holding in one hand a shiny 1959 model car, in the other the doll that had been "driving" it.

But Kelly slept and her parents tiptoed out of her bedroom into the adjoining playroom, also decorated in pink and red, like a strawberry soda garnished with whole strawberries. Gently, Janet closed the door and turned to her husband. "It's your own fault. Who bought all this stuff?"

With a convincing Spirit of '76 limp, Tony was circling the room, searching for a place to put the offending toys. He finally found an empty spot, between a beautifully dressed bride doll and a two-humped camel.

"Now that you've got two children to shop for, we'll have to build an extra wing on the house—for storage space."

"Can't help it," Tony shrugged. "Something just comes over me . . ."

"Well then, you'd better make a resolution: Stay out of stores in 1959."

"Not me. I'm going to make a resolution not to make any resolutions."

"Okay," he said resignedly, after seeing Janet's (Continued on page 80)

#2

JEAN SIMMONS and STEWART GRANGER

they said we had

NOTHING IN COMMON

but they forgot about love



Tracy's ponytail bobbed as she squatted down to pick a blue lupine. In the grass nearby, something moved sinuously, but neither Tracy nor her mother noticed it. Watching her fat and sassy two-year-old, Jean Simmons Granger enjoyed the warmth of the Arizona sun blazing in the deep blue overhead. In the winter, she tended to forget about the summer months, when the same sun might shoot the thermometer up to a merciless, bone-dry 105°. Now it sparkled benevolently on the lake and on the dazzling white Charolais herd that grazed along the margins.

These were cattle of a French breed, rare in the American West, and rancher Stewart Granger (once British gentleman James Stewart) was proud of them. With one of his cowhands, he was inspecting an unconcerned-looking cow.

Jean heard the murmur of the men's voices, then the reassuring slap of Stewart's hand against the creature's flank, as he straightened, grinning proudly at his helper.

She heard another sound, a faint rustling in the grass, and saw the snake. Lunging to catch up her child, she shrieked, "Jimmy! Jimmy!" He came on the run, but, after his eyes had followed her speechless pointing, he began to laugh. "That's only a blacksnake. It's perfectly harmless. They keep down the varmint population but they don't attack people."

More startled than scared, Tracy was crying. Jean patted the wet, sunburned cheek. "There, there. Daddy says it won't hurt you." Tracy had no idea of what it was that wouldn't hurt her; she hadn't even seen the snake; and the soothing note in *(Continued on page 74)*



#3

by LANA LISA WOOD

(Natalie's kid sister)

Gee, she's been married a whole year, yet . . .

"ALL NAT TALKS ABOUT IS POTS AND PANS AND BOB"

It doesn't seem as though a whole year has gone by, but here it is, Natalie's first wedding anniversary. I'll never forget Nat's wedding. It was the most beautiful day of my life, that December 28, 1957. Nat looked so beautiful standing at the altar and RJ looked so handsome and I felt all warm inside. Mother told me to try not to cry during the ceremony and I said I wouldn't. I couldn't understand why people would want to cry anyway. But when I saw Nat standing there and I heard some other people sniffing, including Mother, I couldn't help it. The tears started streaming down my cheeks. I don't know why, it was such a funny feeling. After the ceremony, when Nat and RJ walked down the aisle. I tried not to let her see me crying, but she did. Nat let go of RJ's hand and she came over and kissed me and hugged me and we just looked at each other. I saw she had tears, too, so I didn't feel so bad crying myself.

At the reception I had my first sip of champagne. I didn't really like it because the bubbles made me sneeze. But I tried to act grownup so I took two sips and then ditched the almost full glass in back of the wedding cake.

Afterwards, I went up with Natalie when she changed from her wedding dress to her going-away suit. I wasn't going to go into her room because I thought I might bother her. She had so many things on her mind, packing and stuff. But she asked me to come with her. I sat on the edge of the bed while she changed.

Then she walked over to me and she combed my hair because it was kind of tangled up in my wedding hat. It wasn't really too messed up but I think Nat was trying to say something when she came over and started combing my hair. It was as if she was saying, "Don't worry, Lana, I'm still your big sister. Nothing's changed." Right before they left Nat and RJ gave all the bridal party gifts. They'd already given me a makeup case and now they gave me a gold angel medallion engraved, "To Lana-December 28-'57. Love Nat and RJ." I always wear it everyplace, even in the bathtub!

A lot of people ask me if I think Nat's changed much since she married RJ. I honestly don't think so; not much anyway. It's true that when she lived at home she was mainly interested in her career, going out to



parties, clothes, things like that. Now most of her conversation is about her husband and her home. Nat and RJ only live about a mile from us and we see them all the time. They come over to our house or we go to theirs and in between we talk on the phone, sometimes five times a day. So you see it's not like Nat moved far away or anything. We still go shopping and have lunch and talk and she and RJ take me lots of places with them. About the only thing I miss is having Nat home every evening so she can help me with homework. She's a real brain and if she were living home I'd pile my work on her. But I guess that really wouldn't be fair even if she were available!

RJ has brought a lot more laughs into our family. The day that Nat told us she and RJ were in love we were all so thrilled because we'd never seen her look quite so beaming. The next night RJ came over to our house and formally asked for permission to marry Nat. I can't tell you how pleased the folks were. My mother says boys don't do this very often nowadays. I sure hope when I fall in love the boy will ask my father, like RJ did.

It's a standing joke in our family that Natalie can't even boil water but really we just say that to tease her. She didn't do much around the house before she got married and although she still doesn't go into the kitchen very often, she's a great cook when she wants to be. When Nat and RJ first got back from their honeymoon she gave a small dinner party. We were all curious to see how she would be as a hostess. Even Mother was surprised. When we got there the apartment was so neat and there were flowers all over—the first few months they lived in RJ's bachelor apartment until they moved into their home, but the apartment was quite large and Nat had everything under control. Before dinner the grownups had cocktails and Natalie made delicious hors d' oeuvres; they tasted great with my Coke! Then we sat at the table and she helped serve the dinner. It was prime ribs of beef and some plain vegetables, like stringbeans, but Nat had fixed them so fancy that they tasted real exotic! And we had a gooey dessert—I don't think she made that—and everyone really stuffed themselves. She was so at ease, all dressed up pretty and yet we knew *(Continued on page 69)*

this page is yours

by Doris Cameron
Winter Park, Florida

We toasted the New Year with glasses of cold milk and it didn't matter that it was noon instead of midnight or that it was three weeks too early. It didn't matter because Tony Perkins was my date

No matter how hard I try, I can't remember what I said to him that first night! The one thing that *does* come back though is wishing I'd combed the curl back into the end of my ponytail or tucked in my blouse before I answered that knock. Inside, to myself, I might even have said something like "Wow!" But not to him. One look at him—and I don't think I was capable of saying anything.

Mother was still picking up in the kitchen, and I had just started some pretty impossible-looking geometry problems, when there was a knock at the door. "Doris," Mother called, "would you mind getting that? I can't imagine who it is—one of the students maybe." (My mother was the librarian at Rawlins College, in Winter Park, Florida, and we had been living in a little house right on the campus since my father died two years before.)

"Okay," I answered, not even bothering to put my loafers back on. I went into the living room and opened the front door.

And there he was—on the other side of the screen door—the tallest boy I ever saw! He was wearing khakis and a cotton shirt with the sleeves rolled up. Under the straight, brown hair that hung over his forehead, I saw his eyes—warm and lively and kind of laughing even though it was easy to see, from the way he was standing, how shy he was.

"Is this where Mrs. Cameron lives?" he finally asked. Then, before I even had a chance to answer, "Is she your mother? My name is Tony Perkins."

"Yes, she is," I said, turning around to call her.

He came in and sat down in the living room on kind of a low chair. His knees seemed to come up almost to his chin. He began cracking his knuckles, one after another. I noticed that his hands

were large, with long and sensitive-looking fingers.

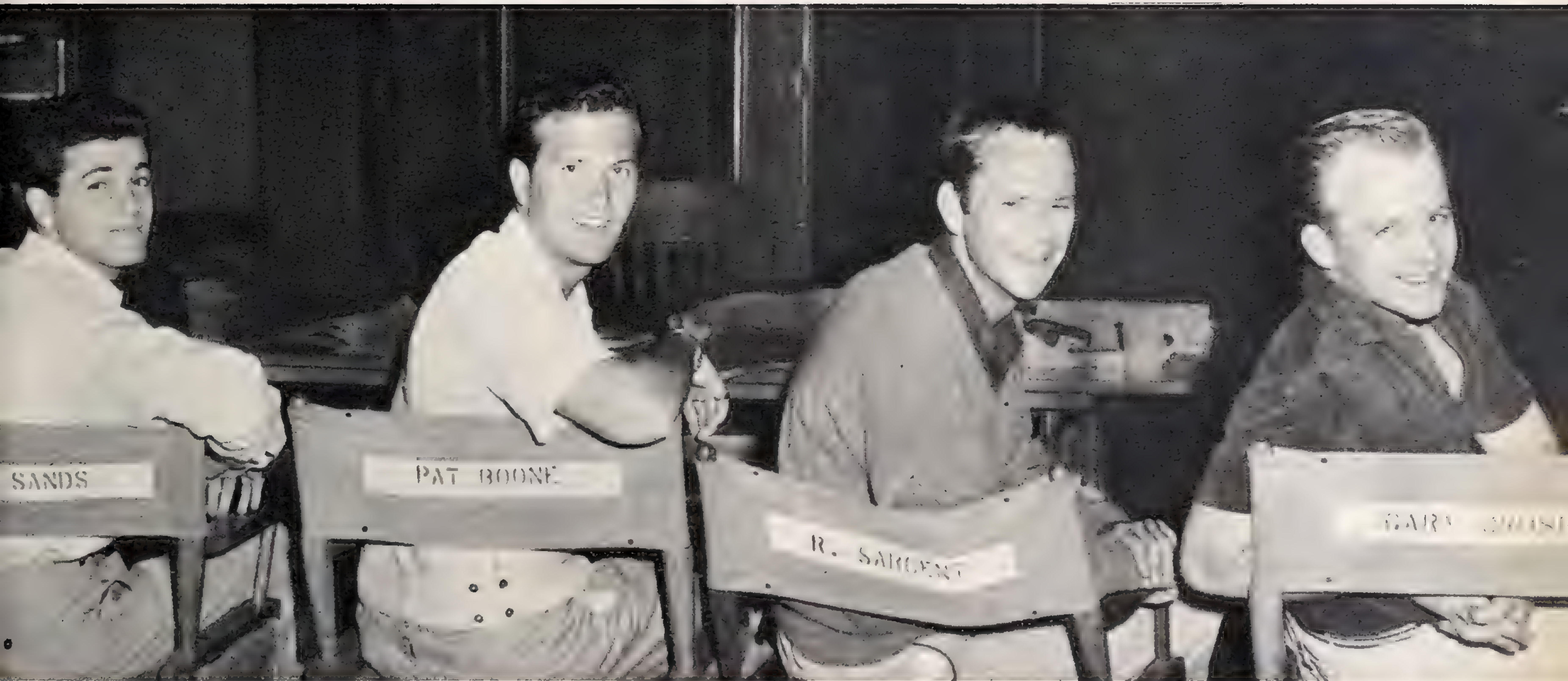
"Gee, Mrs. Cameron—I'm sorry. I mean, it seems terrible bothering you in the evening like this. But I'm in a real jam. You see—I wouldn't ever cause you so much trouble unless it was for something really important. But there was a required book for Music 1. Well, the exam's tomorrow! You must be thinking I should have gotten that book a couple of weeks ago at least. I guess you're right. I should have, but I was pretty busy and one thing led to another and then, the first thing I knew, the exam was here! And I still hadn't gotten that book." Once he started talking, he didn't seem to be able to stop. Words kind (Continued on page 96)



We'd biked out to the beach, the day this picture was taken. Then Tony asked me out for New Year's.

SPRING FASHION IDEAS

from the boys in MARDI GRAS



YOU: *"Boys don't know a thing about fashion"*

BOYS: *"Just give us half a chance!"*

All four of the "Mardi Gras" heartthrobs hollered out together. "What do you mean? Don't you think guys should have a say-so about the way you gals look?" Tommy Sands' voice was heard above the rest. "After all," Gary Crosby added, looking around at the other guys for support, "don't girls dress up for guys?" "Or do they think the way they dress makes no impression on a fellow?" Dick Sargeant said. "Supposing each guy gets a turn at sounding off," suggested Pat Boone. After another round of shouts, Dolores Hart modeled the gay, party-spirited fashions we'd chosen for the fellows. Before you knew it, the guys were lighting into a mighty important subject: how boys like a girl to look.

TURN THE PAGE FOR THEIR COMMENTS—

SPRING FASHION IDEAS

continued



Ship 'N' Shore midddy, \$2.98.
Collegetown pleated skirt, \$9.95.



Empire coat, \$55.00, by PRL.

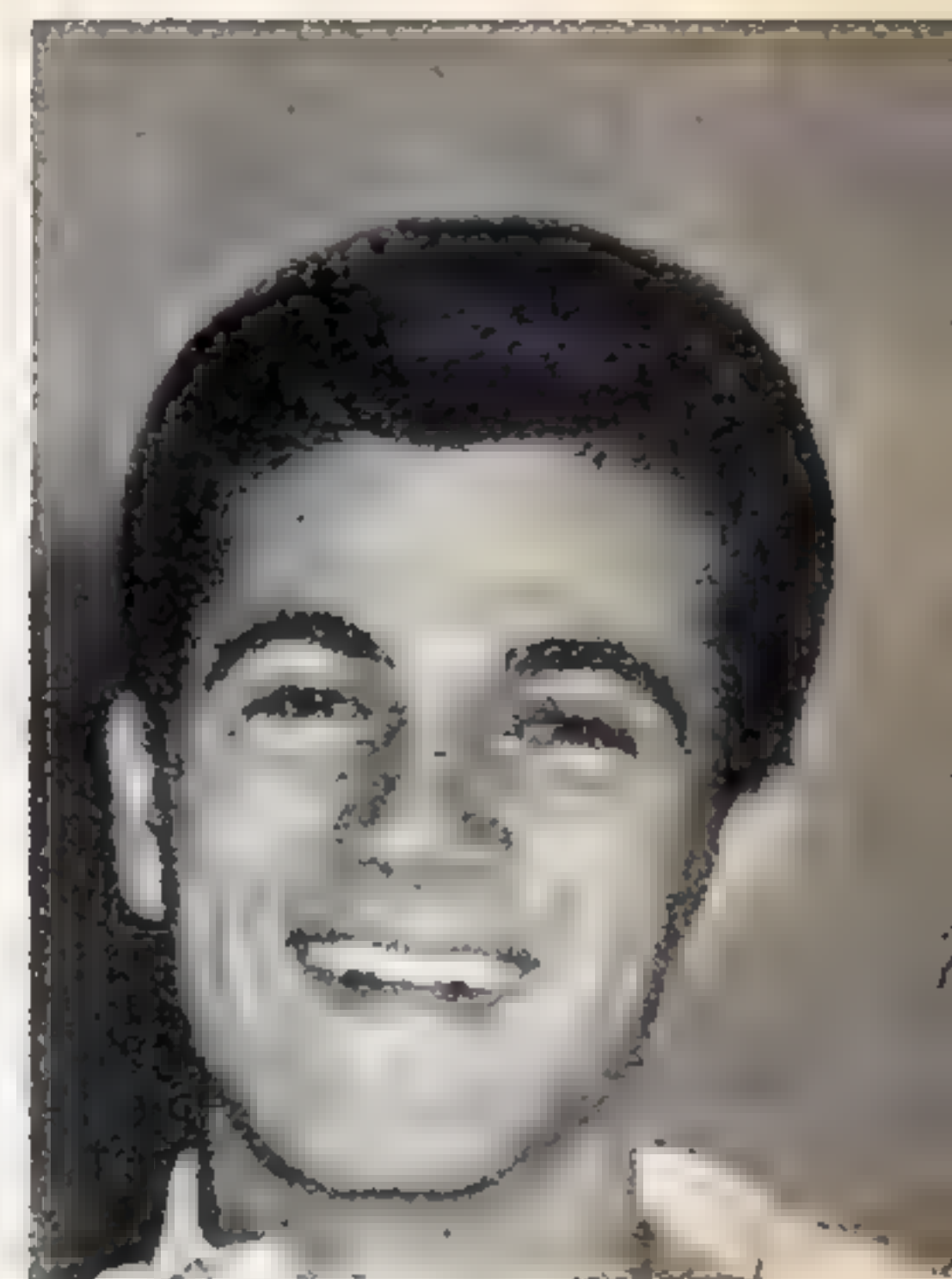


Flowered hopsacking blazer, \$12.95; matching skirt, \$7.95; solid overblouse, \$5.95. Personal Sportswear.

Dick Sargeant: Mardi Gras is one thing and for a girl to have fun-type outfits is great, but when my date looks like a Christmas tree, decked out in everything from tiaras to slave chains — then I cringe! Don't misunderstand me; I love a little jewelry in taste and moderation, but, for my money, you should go easy on the trimmings and concentrate more on the main dish!



Tommy Sands: I like a girl to look her age. I mean, I hate dating a young girl who looks like a vamp in a slinky black dress and spike heel shoes. Another thing I like is neatness. A girl doesn't have to be pretty if she's got a neat appearance and likes to have fun; then the fellow's bound to have fun with her. I guess it all adds up to keeping natural. That's the most important thing.



Gary Crosby: Copycats! They're my gripe! Does a girl have to wear something just because everybody else is wearing it? Especially if it's terrible on her? Take the sack! I've seen some gals look swell in them, but others look sad and droopy. I don't mind a girl trying out new styles, but she should try them on her close friends or family first, to see if she's picked a winner.

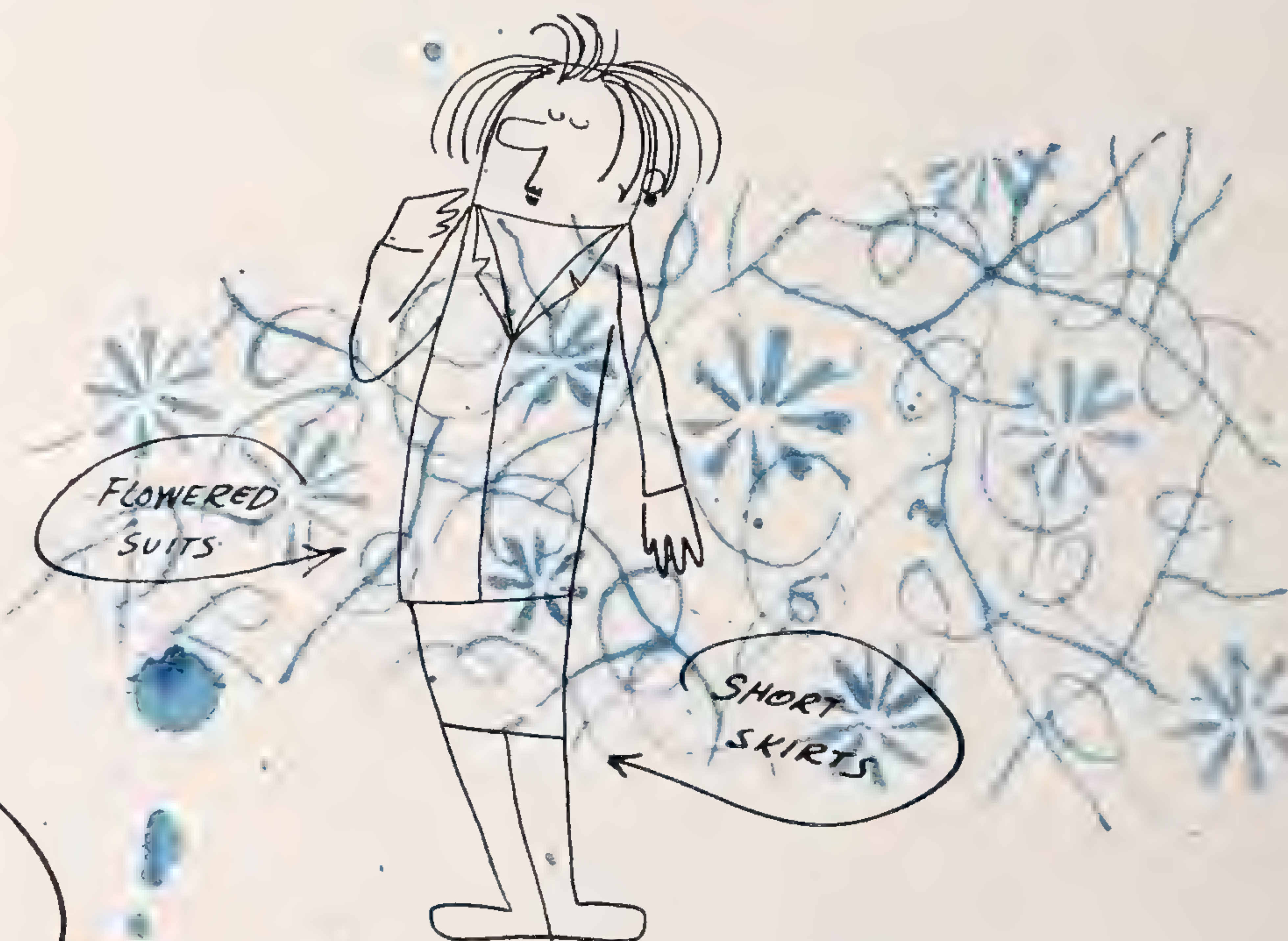
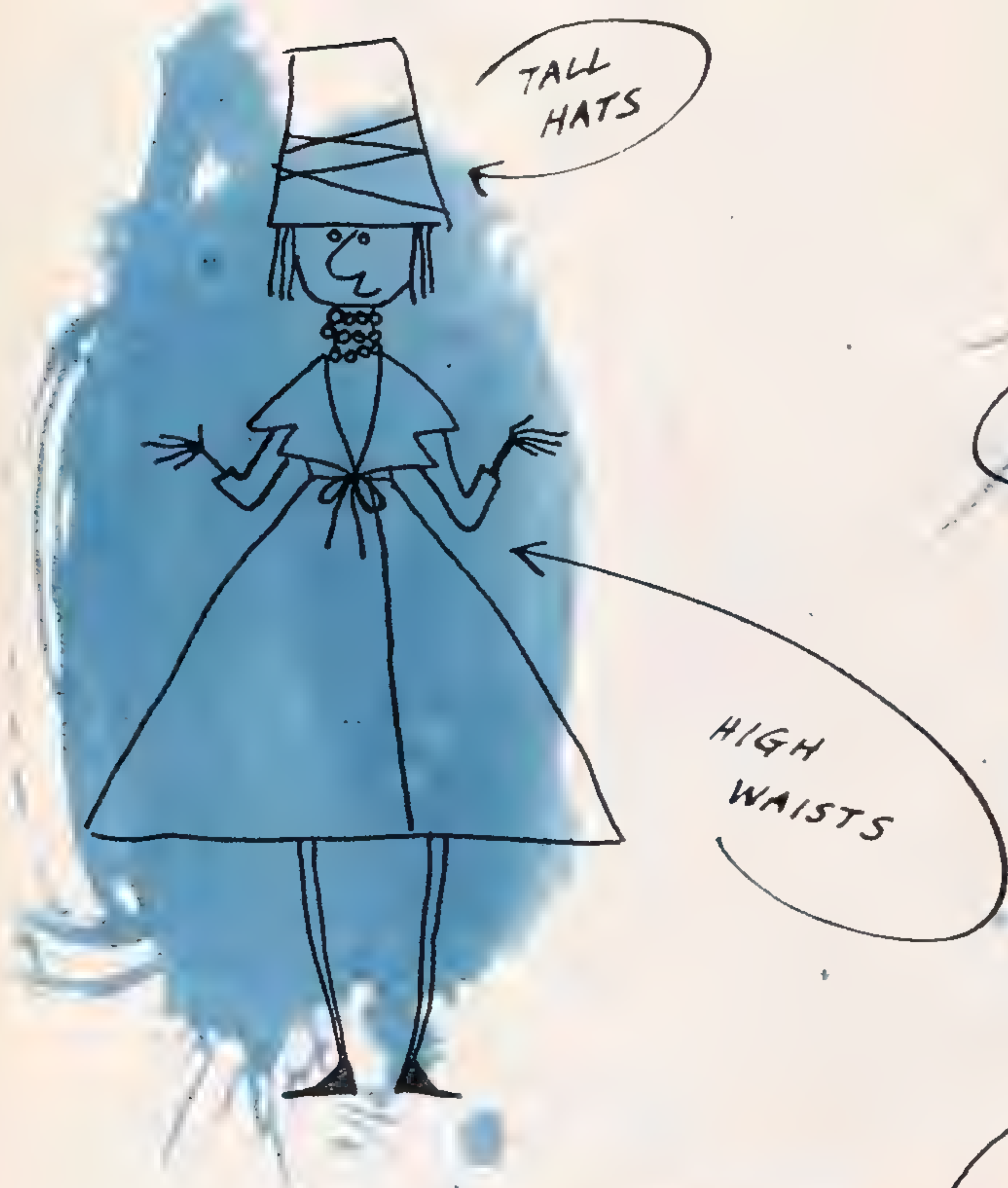
continued



For where to buy Photoplay fashions, turn to page 78



After Dolores modeled four spring outfits, the boys made notes on the things they thought you should watch for spring. Sketches below give their tips on the new trends.



Pat Boone: First thing I notice are colors, and, like music, I like them to harmonize. Girls shouldn't be afraid of colors in new arrangements. As I tell my wife Shirley, it's a nice surprise for a man to see his wife wearing something different as long as it's in good taste. After all, clothes should say something about a person's personality—like Dolores' sweater that I sketched (left); red and yellow suit her so it seems to me.

The other thing I'm conscious of is whether clothes fit. Shirley spends as much time making sure her clothes fit as she does shopping. I guess it's like anything else—the more attention you pay to details, the better the results you're sure to get.

Striped pullover, \$7.95; cotton knit Capri pants, \$8.95. By Smartee.





who filed the alligator under "R"?

Dick Clark's away—and we, his ever-loving staff, wanted to know: Who *did* file the alligator under "R"? We found it the first day of Dick's brief vacation, but we were sure he couldn't have done it. Our boss is very meticulous about his filing. If he'd put it (*Continued on page 36*)





Left, Chris. I'm Joann.



That's me, Franny Gomel.



Here I am Teti-Babe,
in an aloof mood.



Having mad time. Wish Dick were here!



FRAMED!

“Girls should never pursue men,” says Dana Wynter. Then how did she win the most



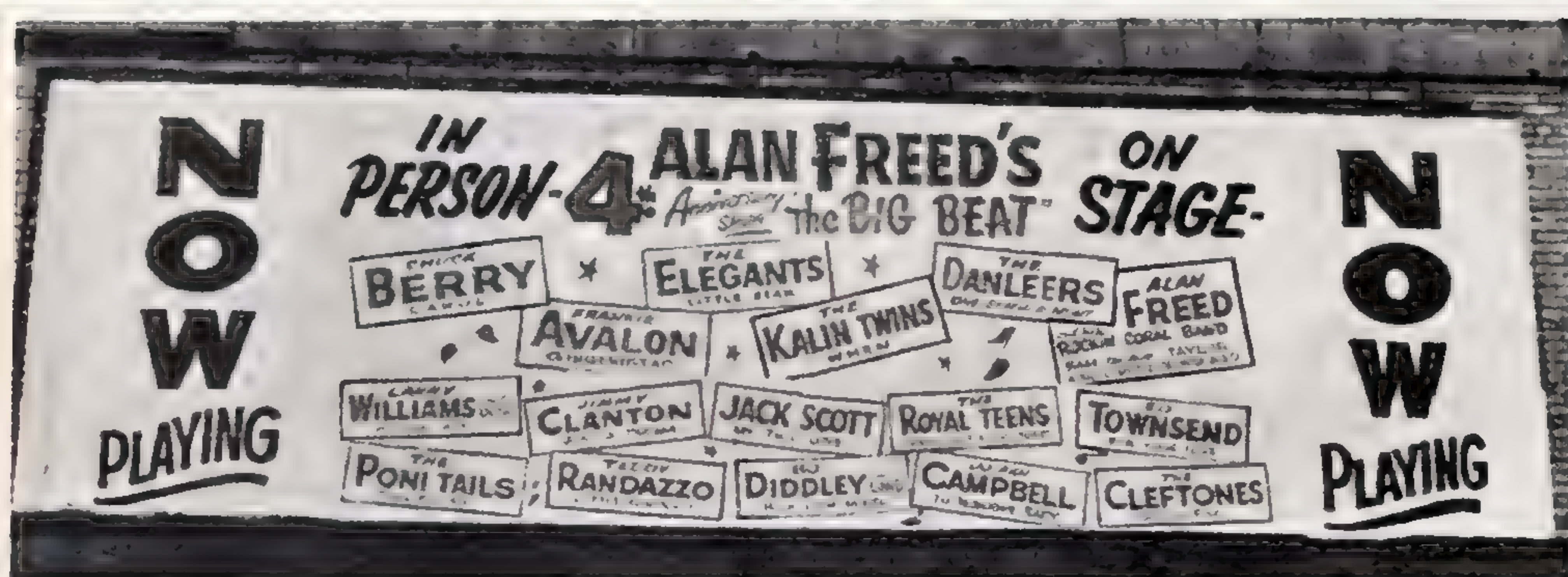
sought-after bachelor in Hollywood?



“I have never once discussed my courtship,” Dana answered. But, then—to prove a point about American men, she did! (Turn to page 94)



BACKSTAGE AT THE BIG BEAT



with ALAN FREED

I knocked at the big backstage door of the Brooklyn Fox Theater. Alan Freed, the big daddy of rock 'n' roll, had invited us to a Big Beat session and then asked us if we'd like to go backstage to meet his singing stars.

"No visitors," a voice shouted back.

"I have an appointment," I said. I identified myself and the door opened.

Quicker than a whirr of bird-wings, three teenage girls ducked in behind me.

"Hey," a gruff voice shouted at them. "You can't come in here." The girls looked downcast, as if Elvis had left for Germany all over again—and Rick Nelson along with him.

"Oh, that's all right," I chimed in. "They're with me."

The man went back to guarding the door and the girls clustered around me.

"Gee, thanks, Mister . . ."

"Christy," I said, "George Christy. And don't mention it. I'm here to do a story for Photoplay. Why don't you tag along?"

The tallest one's ponytail was bouncing with excitement as she gave me her hand. "Golly, we'd love to," she breathed. "I'm Kathy and that's Debbie." She pointed to her blue-eyed friend, who was busy craning her neck up at the backstage maze of wires and pulleys, the beams of silvery light and midnight-blue velour drapes.

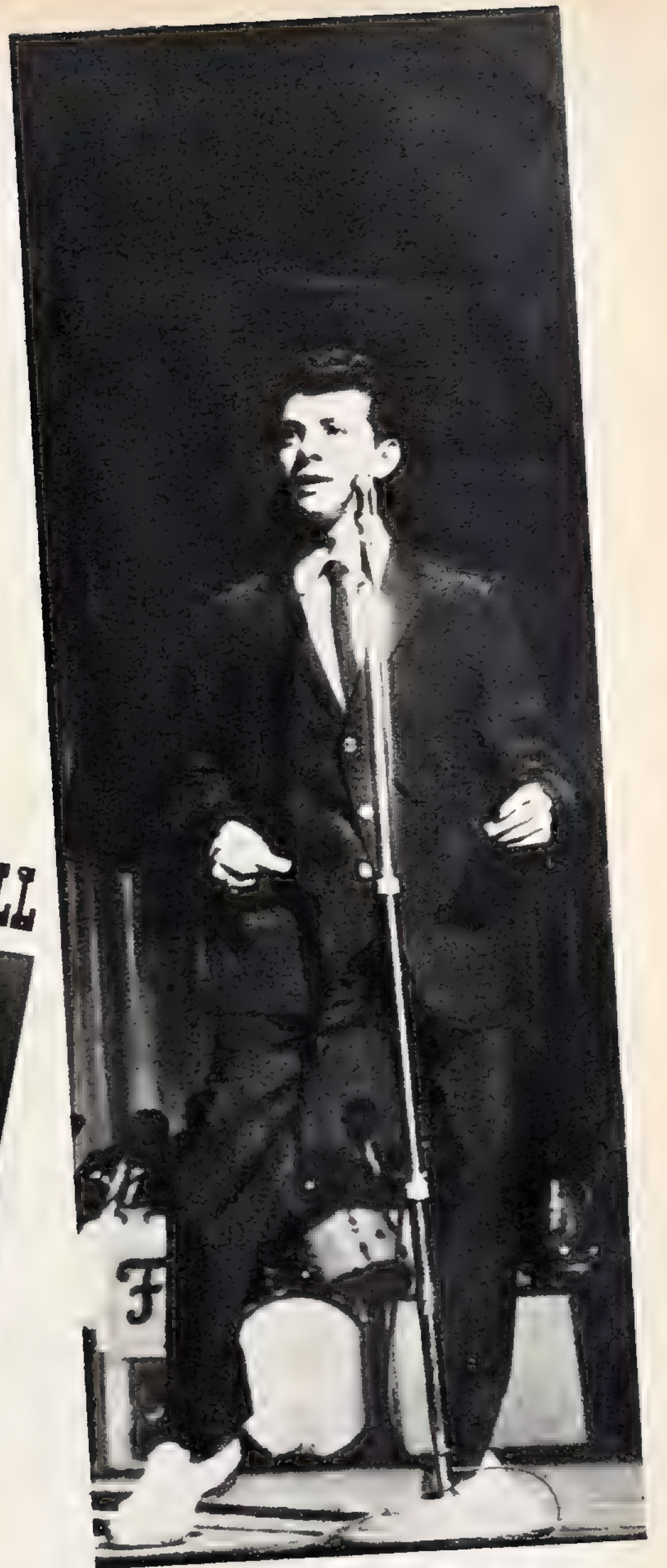
"I'm Sue," piped up (Continued)

by GEORGE CHRISTY



THE KALEN TWINS

JO ANN CAMPBELL



FRANKIE AVALON



BOBBY FREEMAN

JIMMY CLANTON



THE BIG BEAT

continued

the third girl. She was just about five-feet tall, with grey eyes and cropped honey-blond hair. I could hardly hear her above the waves of applause that had just started.

Out front, every possible seat, including those on rafters, was taken for Alan Freed's "The Big Beat" show. Alan Freed himself was emceeing, introducing such sputniks as the "Ginger Bread" Kid, Frankie Avalon; "Bird Dogs" Phil and Don Everly; "Just a Dream" Jimmy Clanton; the "When" Twins, Hal and Herbie Kalin; the Elegants flying high with "Little Star"; the "Born Too Late" Poni Tails.

"Girls, look!" Debbie cried. They looked and leaped—right at the Everly Brothers, coming off-stage with their mahogany (Continued on page 91)



Frankie Avalon teased us about sneaking in backstage, then the "Ginger Bread" kid played guide.



Don and Phil Everly were the first Big Beat stars we met. Singing had made Don hungry. As to Phil, he was bushed!



That backstage jam session with the Kalin Twins, Jimmy Clanton and the Poni Tails was a thrill.

S-t-r-r-r-u-mmm! Imagine Phil Everly on guitar, Poni Tails—Toni, LaVerne, Patti—singing!



A teen pal joins Gina, of Gino and Gina, and Jo Ann Campbell to give a listen to Bo Diddley.

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ENID BOULTING, glamorous, chic . . . and on-the-go every minute. The mother of 3 lively boys, she is also a talented dress designer, a serious painter and a noted hostess for her famous film-producer

husband. . . "I often have frantic days but my face never shows it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse—to moisturize and ease away tension lines . . . "My skin stays beautifully soft and smooth."

*She's busy yet she's beautiful...
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- Pond's Cold Cream beautifies as it cleanses, moisturizes *below* the surface
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Use Pond's to deep-cleanse at night—to moisturize under make-up all day.

WITH POND'S COLD CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL

EVERYBODY AT HOME WAS PICKING ON ME...

My father asked me what was bothering me. I had a room of my own in a big beautiful house in a good neighborhood. I had a car, six sports jackets and a generous allowance. I was going to a good school. My brother was a regular guy and my sister a nice kid. I had plenty of friends and one particular girlfriend I was especially fond of. There was nothing more I could ask.

Yet all this wasn't enough.

I remember getting home from high school one afternoon, around three o'clock, soon after my sixteenth birthday. It was a Thursday and I was especially angry at the world. I didn't notice that the sun was shining and that it was a beautiful spring day. The house seemed like a prison, a place to stew in, and I just wanted to get away from it.

As I walked through the front hall I knew exactly what I was going to do. I had it all planned, carefully planned. I bounded upstairs, threw my schoolbooks on my bed and shouted to our maid, Roberta, "I'm leaving. And you can tell father I'm not coming back."

Roberta just stood there with a horrified gape on her face and her mouth forming a large "O" as I brushed past her, feeling very manly and grown-up, and marched out of the house and towards the turquoise-green Ford which was standing out in the driveway of the house. (Continued on page 83)

by ROBERT HORTON



ALL NAT TALKS ABOUT

Continued from page 53

Nat had spent most of the day preparing things. RJ sat at the head of the table.

Nat entertains just as well informally, too. A while back she and RJ invited RJ's parents and all of us to spend the day on their boat, which is named *My Other Lady*. Mother asked if she could bring anything and Nat said no, that we should all come and have fun and she was doing all the preparing. There were ten of us on the boat. It's not so easy cooking there because there isn't a very big kitchen to work in. Nat didn't seem to notice. She has a few little portable hibachi ovens that she uses to cook meat on.

She made a very good salad and then served hamburgers and vegetables, warm rolls, and cookies and ice cream. She wouldn't let anybody do anything, except RJ, who was in charge of seeing that the hamburgers didn't burn. They were the most delicious burgers I've ever tasted. Nat says it's a secret recipe she dreamed up with some special seasoning. She wouldn't even give Mommy the recipe. I don't blame her; anyone that can make a plain hamburger taste like that should keep it a secret!

I don't know exactly what to write about RJ. There is so much to say about him. Since we never had any boys in our family I didn't know what it was like to have a brother until Nat married RJ. Of course, our oldest sister, Olga, is married and her husband is a wonderful brother, too, but I don't have a chance to be with him as much as I do with RJ, since they live in San Francisco. I'm trying to think of ways to tell you about RJ but I guess it's easier just to say he has everything.

He has a way of getting a point across without getting angry. Like Nat's being late when he used to come and pick her up. He never came right out and said anything, but one night he was supposed to pick her up at eight and he didn't come until quarter of nine. When he finally arrived Nat was dressed and waiting and I think she was a little upset that RJ was so late. When he came into the living room he acted very cool, as if he weren't late. Nat frowned and he just grinned and said, "Are you ready so soon, honey? Take your time, we've only missed the *first half* of the movie." Nat started to say something and then she realized the message that RJ was trying to get across. She started to laugh. After they left the house, Mother told me RJ knew just exactly how to handle Natalie. She was so right; after that night, Nat was never more than five minutes late when RJ came over and that, believe me, was a real record for my sister!

He's very understanding, too. Last Christmas, as a surprise, Nat knitted an afghan for RJ's boat. She isn't a very fast knitter and it took her days and days to finish it. She made it in black and red, only by the time it was finished those colors didn't match the interior because RJ had traded in his boat and gotten a different one. But when he saw the work and time she'd put into making the afghan he had the whole boat redecorated on the inside just so it would match Nat's knitting. He said it was the most expensive gift he'd ever received but he was just teasing Nat. Still, there aren't many husbands who would go to all that trouble just so their wives wouldn't be upset about their knitting!

RJ's got about the best sense of humor of anyone I've ever known. He's always playing some practical joke—never anything to hurt anyone but just something funny enough so everyone gets a kick out of it. One of his pet tricks is disguising his voice or doing imitations of movie stars like Jimmy Cagney and Clark Gable. He's a panic.

I remember one night when RJ and Nat were going to a premiere; they'd stopped by the house on their way out and had dinner with us. About fifteen minutes after they left the phone rang. Mother answered it and the man on the other end said he was a reporter for a New York paper and that he'd flown three thousand miles to do a story on Nat and RJ. He said he didn't have too much time and would Mother mind giving him some information over the phone.

Then for the next thirty minutes he asked her all sorts of questions about Natalie, just like a regular interviewer. All of a sudden he lowered his voice and sort of whispered, "Now tell me, Mrs. Wood, what's Robert Wagner *really* like? You can tell me and of course I'll only print what's flattering." At first mother was shocked and then she started laughing and she said, "RJ stop teasing me, I know it's you." He was a little sheepish over the phone and he said, "How come you finally recognized me." Mother said, "Because no *real* reporter would come out and ask me point blank what Robert Wagner was like; a real reporter would beat around the bush and be much more subtle." That cured him, for the moment. A week later he called again, used another voice and this time it took Mother only fifteen minutes to find out she was giving an interview to her own son-in-law.

I think the thing about RJ that's so great is he knows when to be funny and when to be serious. He's someone you can talk to. You can ask him anything and he'll always know the right thing to do and say.

And I'm especially grateful for the way he treats my girlfriends. Whenever Nat and RJ come over, my friends immediately get either shy or very silly. Nat treats them swell and RJ does imitations for them

and before long my friends don't feel embarrassed any more. You know how some young couples can act so, so superior that it makes people my age feel like dropping into the nearest hole in the ground? Nat and RJ understand this and it makes life a whole lot easier for me. You see, a lot of kids, when they first meet me, automatically think I'll be stuck-up because Nat's my sister and she's married to Bob Wagner. Then when they get to know me and meet Nat and RJ, they realize it's foolish to think I'd be stuck-up. What would I have to be putting on airs about when Nat and RJ act so darn nice! *They're* the celebrities in the family.

Incidentally, I forgot to tell you one sort of funny experience Nat and I had together. It happened back in 1955, way before she and RJ were married. I guess it isn't good to suddenly go backwards when you're writing a story, but I'm not really a professional writer so I hope you won't mind. You see, I want to be an actress and right now I'm doing some TV shows and also pictures when there are parts for me. I never wanted to act when I was little. I wanted to be a writer. That's funny because now I'm an actress and here I am writing a story. My first picture role was playing Natalie as a child, in a movie called "The Searchers." It was very exciting since we went away to Arizona on location. Nat and I shared a room which was over a real authentic Indian trading post.

Nat is always so much fun to be with. That time she made up a whole story about how the Indians were raiding the village, and every night after work we'd get into our pajamas and pretend we were being raided. Since Natalie made up the story it was only natural she cast herself in the role of the heroine who rescued me and the rest of the town from being scalped.

One afternoon, we were having lunch at the cafe where the cast and crew ate all their meals. It was about a block from our rooms at the trading post. Suddenly, a dust storm blew up and we were marooned in the restaurant for nearly two hours. There were a few other kids there and Nat was about the oldest. She could see that we were all scared so she took charge. She explained our Indian game to everyone and we all got organized and pretended we were being raided by Indians. Before we knew it the storm blew over and we were able to walk home. I was so proud of Nat for helping all of us not to worry. When we got to our room I looked at her and she was green and she got sick. I guess she really wasn't so brave after all, but at least she pretended to be until it was safe for her to act scared.

When Natalie lived at home, before she got married, she always found time to play with me, take me shopping, fix my hair and give me advice. Nat loved to sleep late when she wasn't working but she was never too sleepy to roll out of bed and fix my hair before I went to school. Of course, when I was really little, Mother used to comb my hair, but when Nat started changing her own hair styles every week I decided I wanted her to fix my hair like hers, and she always obliged. One time she'd braid it; then she'd cut it into bangs like hers; once, she even made me a French knot in the back. That really looked a little too grownup for the fifth grade, but it came out when I played at recess, anyway.

When Natalie first started dating I used to think to myself that soon she'd get married and move away. It made me sad, because she's such fun to have around all the time that I worried about what it would be like when she got married and went away from home. That was sort of silly of

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Wish upon your birthday star, then just see what the

Continued from page 37

and Doris are in a rising cycle and will gain extra stature in the roles they play on the screen. . . . Tony Perkins (April 4), too, will continue to climb. However, with his Saturn (the planet of limitations) blocking Mars (energy), Tony may find it difficult to express himself; he may not be able to get the kind of roles he wants to play. This frustration will clear up in November or December. . . . Jayne Mansfield (April 19) should be successful in her business venture into health salons with husband Mickey Hargitay. But Pluto passing over Mars will bring a big change in her life some time in April or May. . . . James Garner (April 17) will feel a new creative urge this year. He'll want to reach out for fuller self-expression as an individual—but he'd better step carefully.

Characteristics: If you also were born under the sign of Aries, you are ardent, spontaneous and have an infectious enthusiasm for life. You like to pioneer, to be the first to do something new; you are often the leader of your crowd. The Aries girl is alert, friendly and full of fire. The Aries man is active physically and mentally. He makes quick decisions and acts on them right away. In love, he's the dashing he-man and likes his women feminine.

Forecast for You: Love holds a big place in your life this year, especially if you were born during the first two weeks of April. This can be romantic, heart-stopping love, but it will have some ups and downs. You may be able to gain an honor or reach a position of leadership in 1959, but only if you truly earn it. Don't defy authority. If you do, or if you become too self-willed, parents or teachers will crack down on you. If you are able to handle responsibility and work in cooperation with others, this should be a year to gladden your ardent Aries heart and give you scope for your talent in leadership.

Other Aries Stars: Diane Jergens, March 31; Alec Guinness, April 2; Spencer Tracy, April 5; William Holden, April 17.



April 20 to May 20

Forecast for Stars: Rick Nelson (May 8) may be re-nicknamed "Reliable Rick" this year. He has broken through obstacles that stood in his way last year and will continue to emerge in his own right in 1959. His strong Earth sign indicates that he has long staying power in addition to dramatic fire. However, like other Taureans, he should make changes slowly all through the year, never being too hasty about them. This year he will give great consideration to the idea of going out on his own, but he should think twice about breaking family ties. . . . For Mark Damon (April 22), the month of April or May will see a

sudden development that will change the course of his life. . . . Of all the newcomers in Hollywood, Al Hedison (May 20) is the guy to keep an eye on, says the zodiac. With Neptune (the ruler of the movies) in the mid-heaven (which governs career), Al should make the big time, given a year or two. He'll move ahead in 1959, though he has some delays to cope with until his next birthday.

Characteristics: If Taurus is your sign, you have patience and persistence. You are unswerving in your aims and faithful to those you love. Usually serene and easygoing, you have a fierce temper when aroused. Your ruler is Venus, the planet of love and beauty. You like the good things of life. Taurus girls often cook and sew beautifully and have musical talent. You have a poised but voluptuous charm. Taurus men give the impression of masculine strength and imperturbability.

Forecast for You: This is a year of changing relationships; you will be taken out of the old routine and brought into contact with expansive, very probably glamorous people. You shouldn't fight this change, for it can move you into a new and wonderful world. But, if you're going to make the most of the possibilities, you're going to have to use a little caution. Don't cut yourself off from the past or familiar ties too abruptly. Some of them may be more valuable than you realize. Don't be blinded by the stardust in your eyes. Some of your new friends could deceive you, if you're too gullible and trusting. Try to stand off from time to time and look at others objectively. Your down-to-earth Taurus common sense is your best ally all year. Let it guide you, and you can make inspiring friends, perhaps meet the love of your life.

Other Taurus Stars: Sandra Dee, April 23; Shirley MacLaine, April 24; Glenn Ford, May 1; Bing Crosby, May 2; Audrey Hepburn, May 4; Stewart Granger, May 6; Gary Cooper, May 7; James Stewart, May 20.



May 21 to June 20

Forecast for Stars: Typical of this sign is Pat Boone (June 1), with his serious interests, his many talents, quick friendliness and high standards. But even he should feel a lightening of his spirits in 1959. . . . Marilyn Monroe (also June 1) will be much in the limelight, full of bubbling, overflowing joy that will enchant her fans. In the autumn there may be a conflict between home and work, so that she'll feel obliged to choose between the two. Since her home and marriage mean everything to her, she may give up her career temporarily. But MM's astrological

chart is so gloriously actressy that she won't stay out of the public eye too long.

Characteristics: You are versatile, quick-witted and sociable, interested in everyone and everything. You can be light-hearted and serious in rapid succession. The humdrum and routine are your bugbears. You're beguiling, hard to pin down, but never boring to the opposite sex, since you can be two or three people in one.

Forecast for You: You should get a big bang out of friends, neighbors, short trips, studies and group activities. You can meet stimulating people through these and learn a great deal that will help you in later life. You shouldn't overlook the possibility of taking a part-time job, for you could find much happiness through it (and put away a few pennies besides). The spring and late autumn should bring you generous, optimistic friends and add to your popularity. Even while you enjoy yourself, this is a good time for practical interests, for thinking seriously about your future and taking the first career steps.

Other Gemini Stars: John Wayne, May 26; Andy Griffith, June 1; Tony Curtis, June 2; Rosalind Russell, June 4; Dean Martin, June 7; James Darren, Dana Wynter, June 8; Audie Murphy, June 20.



June 21 to July 21

Forecast for Stars: The horoscope of Robert Evans (June 29) shows him to be very ambitious, and this characteristic will be strong all year. Bob is also a very sensitive individual, whose sensitivity is not always obvious to other people. This combination makes him vulnerable to criticism, which often hurts him deeply. His defense mechanism is a quick temper that can easily get him into unnecessary scrapes. He should be careful of it this year. Career-wise, Bob's glamour sign will rise, and he will have continued good fortune. . . . Natalie Wood (July 20) faces a career year that can be very fruitful, after the recent lull—but it also looks very chancy. The important news in her chart is a serious emotional upset toward the end of the year. Set this against the forecast for Bob Wagner (noted under his sign, Libra), and it appears that the Wagners may be heading toward their first real quarrel.

Characteristics: Your ruling planet (using the word in the astrological sense) is the Moon, so you are moody and emotional. Home and family mean a great deal to you. Cancer men have a way with a woman, for they are understanding of her moods, thoughtful and cherishing toward her. Usually, they are good providers. Cancer girls have a gentle and feminine enchantment, like Janet Leigh (July 6). They

future has in store for you and your favorite stars . . .

have a natural talent for flattering and comforting their men.

Forecast for You: This could be a magical year for love and artistic expression, especially if you were born in June or early July. If you haven't already met your one and only, you may do so now. Parties and social gatherings, club activities and sports should bring you joy. But you will have to use discretion if you are going to keep your position with the gang on a solid footing. You may feel that you're being asked to do more than your share when it comes to handling group activities or shouldering responsibility. If you let yourself get hurt, you'll wind up lonely and misunderstood. If you are generous and give of your time and interest freely, you can build lasting friendships and add to popularity. Be practical with money, which may come in or go out unexpectedly.

Other Cancer Stars: Judy Holliday, Jane Russell, June 21; Susan Hayward, June 30; Leslie Caron, July 1; Bob Hope, July 9; Tab Hunter, July 11; Pat Wayne, July 15.



July 22 to August 22

Forecast for Stars: John Saxon (August 5) got off to the start of a twelve-year Jupiter opportunity cycle at the end of last year. His magnetic appeal will be at a height in 1959, but he must be careful of quarrels and scrappiness that could set him back. . . . Eddie Fisher (August 10) also should be cautious of carrying a chip on his shoulder. He should, as well, be careful of seeming too unpredictable, for he will be restless, dissatisfied and not quite sure of what he wants. According to his chart and Liz Taylor's (see her sign, Pisces), the attraction between Liz and Eddie is far more serious than Hollywood suspects. But near the end of the year he will face a situation that poses a threat.

Characteristics: You are magnetic and warm-hearted. You have an instinctive feeling for drama and you like to be the center of the stage. You need praise to bring out the best in you. When it is given sincerely, you show your gratitude with generosity and devotion. You like to be boss. You have a quick temper, but don't hold grudges. Your manner is frank and friendly. You are ruled by the heart. When you let love guide you, you're wonderful, but if you push it aside—alas!

Forecast for You: 1959 will be a dynamic year. Particularly if you were born during the first half of August, your life is undergoing vital changes. You are no longer content with the old goals and are reaching out for fresh ones. You're discovering that you have capabilities, talents and de-

sires you never dreamed of before. At times you may be too restless and independent, because of your eagerness for new experience and a break with what seems monotonous. You should be cautious of this, for you could trip yourself up or destroy relationships that mean more to you than you realize. Don't rush changes. Let them develop naturally if you want them to bring the greatest benefit. Daily duties may seem boring, but you will gain by giving them attention.

Other Leo Stars: Richard Egan, July 29; Don Murray, July 31; Robert Taylor, August 5; Robert Mitchum, August 6; Esther Williams, August 8; James Cagney, August 17; Molly Bee, Shelley Winters, August 18.



August 23 to September 22

Forecast for Stars: Three or four months from now will be a crucial period in the life of Tommy Sands (August 27), though his general outlook will be optimistic. According to the stars, he should be able to take real strides toward his goal. . . . This will be a wonderful year for Ingrid Bergman. She will have happiness in her love and expanding good fortune. She should have even greater appeal for her fans than in the past.

Characteristics: You people of Virgo are the perfectionists of the zodiac. No detail is too small for your attention; you polish and rearrange things until you get them just right. Because of this thoroughness, you often come out 'way ahead of more flamboyant types, who've been making a lot of noise and getting very little accomplished. You have a quiet charm and unassuming manner, with a kind of sex appeal that sneaks up on people and lasts. Sometimes you are over-critical; you should be careful you don't seem to nag.

Forecast for You: In 1959, the delays and obstacles of recent years should fall behind you. Inspiration and outgoing happiness may be found with neighbors and close friends and through short trips or studies. You are maturing emotionally, either through a serious love that brings responsibility as well as pleasure, or through learning more consideration for the faults and foibles of those you care for. Listen to your hunches, for some of them could hit the mark. The spring and autumn should find your home a center for entertainment, happiness and love. Your own popularity should be at its height in late summer and autumn.

Other Virgo Stars: Mel Ferrer, August 25; Earl Holliman, September 11.



September 23 to October 22

Forecast for Stars: George Nader (October 19) is emerging from a period during which he felt lowdown and blue, but 1959 will be a challenging year for him. He will find opportunities galore to forge ahead in his career, though he may lose out if he becomes too exuberant and careless. The more realistic and practical his approach, the better his chances for present and future success. . . . This should also be a fine year for Charlton Heston, if he can sort out the confusing influences on his career. He should stay a free lance and avoid signing long-term contracts, because these may not work out the way he expects them to. Otherwise, his spirits remain light, and he will be surrounded by love and popularity.

Characteristics: You have real tact and social charm, both springing out of your desire to please. You have instinctive good taste, a love of beauty and proportion. Because your sense of fair play is so strong, people often come to you to ask help in settling their differences. Many Libra women are genuine beauties, like Deborah Kerr (September 30).

Forecast for You: The year will bring you stimulating friends, some of whom will help to broaden your horizons and give you a better goal to aim for. But use discrimination, for Bohemians, crackpots and eccentrics are likely to cross your path as well. You are in an important cycle, especially if you were born in September or early October; the choices you make this year are going to have a lasting effect on your future. You are being asked to take responsibilities and make decisions and should do so wisely. Look far ahead and see where you go, and then take the first steps in that direction. This is an expanding year financially. You could find a profitable part-time job.

Other Libra Stars: Aldo Ray, September 25; Julie London, September 26; June Allyson, October 7; Montgomery Clift, Rita Hayworth, October 17; Inger Stevens, October 18; Dolores Hart, October 20.



October 23 to November 21

Forecast for Stars: Rock Hudson (November 17) will find the emotional wounds of his divorce gradually healing. He will start a twelve-year opportunity cycle in

1960, but until then he should be flexible and ready to accept changing career conditions. For him, 1959 will be an up-and-down year—he must be very careful. . . . Anthony Franciosa (October 25) also must learn to play the waiting game, since 1959 is a mixed-up year for him, too. However, he's due for wonderful opportunities, in both his career and his personal life. First, he has to get past difficulties, which show up particularly strong in the spring. At that time, he should keep his temper down and have patience. By the end of the year, he should be past such blocks and on the road to greater things.

Characteristics: You belong to a class of people who usually have magnetism, great sex appeal and dramatic power. Yours is a strong-willed and emotional nature. When upset, you get melodramatic—an extreme you should guard against. In love you are possessive; but if you are loved in return there isn't any sacrifice too great to make for the one you care for. Despite your emotional depth, you are reserved and a little mysterious to most people.

Forecast for You: 1959 should be a happy year, when your charm is at its height and good fortune and popularity come readily. You should have a little extra magic when it comes to putting yourself across, especially if you were born in October. Your poetic and intuitive abilities should be strong. Your outlook is serious and purposeful, and you can put it to good use in grasping opportunity when it comes and in finding expression for your heightened creative abilities. Just be careful not to get too snippy with your elders, for they could surprise you by snapping back hard.

Other Scorpio Stars: Burt Lancaster, November 2; Robert Ryan, November 11; Jean Seberg, November 13.



November 22 to December 21

Forecast for Stars: This year Frank Sinatra (December 12) will more than hold his own as an actor. His popularity will continue to grow, while his love life will remain as changeable as ever. . . . Kirk Douglas (December 9), on the other hand, may find the going a bit rough in 1959. Dissatisfied with his roles or with the public's reaction to them, he may press too hard. Instead, he should relax, for by the end of the year he will enter a cycle of good fortune, expansion and opportunity.

Characteristics: The Sagittarian man (Sinatra, for example) likes women who are good companions, but he'll run from anyone who tries to fence him in too tightly. The Sagittarian girl, like Hope Lange (November 28), wants to share her man's major interests, is a loyal helpmate. You have a zest for life, a love of travel, sports and dancing. You are open-handed and outspoken; you like to do things on a lavish scale. You have high ideals.

Forecast for You: During the past few years, you've been carrying a heavy burden, but you can heave a sigh of relief as this lifts with the beginning of 1959. Interest now centers on exciting contacts made through long-distance travel, through friendships with those of foreign birth or a

background different from yours, through intellectual interests and studies. Your mind is growing and exploring new possibilities for your future development. If there is a pinch in your life this year, it falls in the money department. You may have less to spend than you like and should budget carefully. Your intuitions should be heightened. The spring and autumn months could find you feeling especially expansive and optimistic; this air of confidence will increase your popularity and attract general good fortune.

Other Sagittarius Stars: Kathryn Grant, Jeffrey Hunter, November 25; James MacArthur, December 7; Van Heflin, December 13; Jeff Chandler, December 15.



December 22 to January 19

Forecast for Stars: Fans of Elvis Presley (January 8) needn't worry about what will happen to Elvis' fame while he's in the Army. The stars say that 1959 will bring him hard work, as it will to other Capricornians, but the year should also add to his popularity. . . . Sal Mineo (January 10), too, will continue to grow in stature and popularity. However, 1959 may bring him a separation from someone he loves. He will be quite upset over this parting, but he shouldn't take it too seriously, for his real romance is several years in the future. Sal should be careful of restlessness; it might lead him to make changes too abruptly.

Characteristics: You're ambitious and practical in your outlook. Because you can organize activities and cope with crises, you often find yourself in a troubleshooting role. You have a down-to-earth sense of humor, which people sometimes find unexpected, because of your usually serious manner. You mellow as you grow older. If you're good-looking to begin with, you gain attractiveness with the years. Marlene Dietrich (December 27) has a typically Capricorn kind of beauty.

Forecast for You: You won't be able to take 1959 lightly, for it will bring you responsibilities, and you will have to work hard for what you get, especially if you were born in December. But if you pitch in and do a solid job, you should be able to make lasting progress and win the respect of those you admire. Friends will add a happy, inspiring note, as you come in contact with generous, helpful people. They should brighten your spirits, share good times and fire your ambitions. Some of them may be glamorous or artistic.

Other Capricorn Stars: Ava Gardner, December 24; Richard Widmark, December 26; Robert Stack, January 13; Cary Grant, Danny Kaye, January 18.



January 20 to February 19

Forecast for Stars: The future looks bright for the career of Kim Novak (February 13), but in love her heart could play her tricks, especially at the end of the year. She could mistake a false romance for the real thing—and not for the first time! . . . Carol Lynley (also February 13), like Kim, may mistake a fleeting love for a real one. However, this will not have a bad effect on Carol, because in later years she will look back on it as a pleasant romance. Some of her plans may be suddenly changed. But, because she is protected by Jupiter, everything should work out to her advantage. . . . Robert Wagner (February 10) has the same shadow on his chart that wife Natalie has on hers: emotional upset late in the year. In Bob's case, another person's influence enters his life about the same time, though this may not necessarily affect his marriage.

Characteristics: Yours is a rounded, balanced personality. You are interested in all kinds of people and ideas; you have your eyes on the future; but you don't go to extremes or scorn everything that is traditional. You are curious, fond of gadgets, sociable, a fine companion. You are probably good-looking, without being flashy about it, and you have an electric impact on people. Man or girl, your affections are so wide-spread that it's hard for you to settle down to one personal love above all others.

Forecast for You: This should be a most important year in your life. You are meeting new, fascinatingly different types of people—especially if you were born during the first two weeks of February—and through them you are branching out and discovering new worlds to explore. This is all to the good—but you should use moderation in breaking old ties and discrimination in choosing new companions. There are longstanding obligations or connections you haven't really outgrown, and you shouldn't try to shove them into the background. Blend the new with the old, as you are temperamentally well-fitted to do, in order to gain the most from this year's influences. You may win an honor or added prestige this year; your standing with the big brass should be tops.

Other Aquarius Stars: Paul Newman, January 26; Dorothy Malone, January 30; Jean Simmons, January 31; Clark Gable, February 1; Jack Lemmon, Lana Turner, February 8.



February 19 to March 20

Forecast for Stars: Joanne Woodward (February 27) seems to be all shook up inside. She's restless and wants to reach out for something fresh. She will seriously consider giving up her career to go into a new one, but the movies will probably hold her, because of her strong appeal for the public. She could gain new acting laurels. . . . Elizabeth Taylor (February 27) will show brilliant progress in acting ability, which could win her an Academy Award and a reputation as a great actress. Surprisingly, her horoscope and Eddie Fisher's complement each other smoothly; hers indicates that she needs exactly the sort of masculine companionship Eddie can supply; Eddie's calls for a woman remark-

ably like Liz. But it is by no means sure that their love can survive the late-year emotional upset on Eddie's chart.

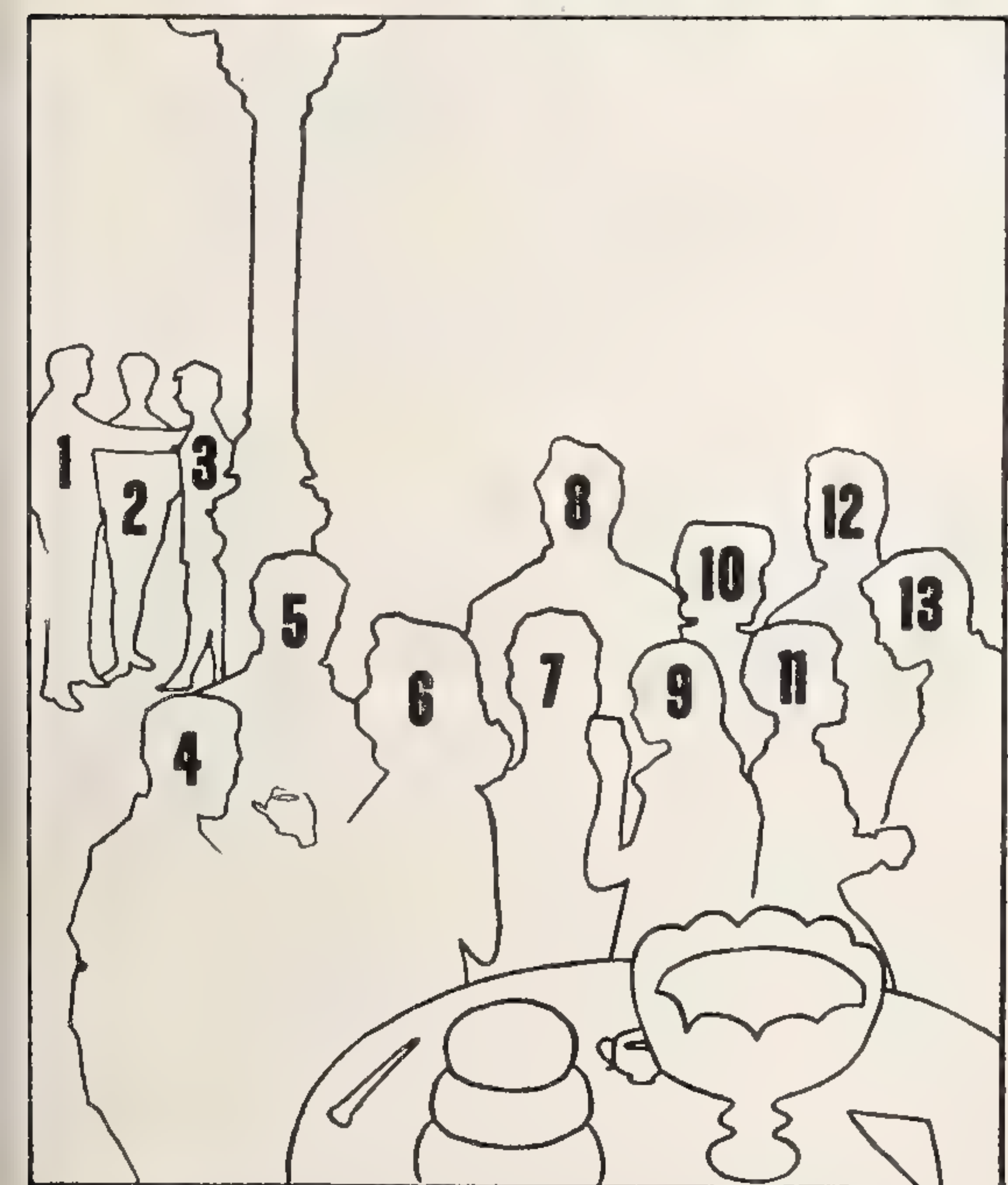
Characteristics: You are restless, intuitive and emotional, relying on your feelings rather than your mind to give you the right answers. At times sociable, the very best of host or hostesses, you have moods when you crave solitude, time to be alone and dream. You have instinctive sympathy for others. There is a mystery about you, often suggested in your beautiful, glowing eyes.

Forecast for You: 1959 should be an inspirational year. You are under less pressure than you have been in the recent past; things come to you more easily. You can form lasting friendships with older or influential people. Travel, study and religion mean much to you now, and through them you will receive encouragement and happiness. Whatever is poetic and creative in your outlook will be stressed. The only snarl may come in daily routines or in connection with employment skills. You have much to learn and a more modern viewpoint to adopt. If you try to stick with the old familiar ways, you'll be in for upsets. Your prestige should grow and your light shine brightly.

Other Pisces Stars: Cyd Charisse, Gia Scala, March 8; Jerry Lewis, March 16.

So the zodiacal year runs its course, from Aries to Pisces. As the calendar year of 1959 begins, you and the stars of Hollywood may look forward to an exciting twelve-month journey charted by the stars of the heavens. If anything goes wrong, just blame it on Sputnik.—Charts and Predictions by RUTH HALE OLIVER, as told to RONA BARRETT.

WHAT A PARTY!



Pictured on page 36, from left to right, are:

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Elvis Presley | 7. Sal Mineo |
| 2. Kim Novak | 8. Rock Hudson |
| 3. Doris Day | 9. Carol Lynley |
| 4. Rick Nelson | 10. Debbie Reynolds |
| 5. John Saxon | 11. Liz Taylor |
| 6. Jayne Mansfield | 12. Jim Garner |
| 13. Tony Perkins | |

ALL NAT TALKS ABOUT

Continued from page 69

me. Knowing Nat, I should have realized that getting married wouldn't change her relationship with me and the rest of the family.

All of the boys that Natalie dated were very nice to me, but sometimes I used to think they liked me only because I was Nat's little sister and they thought they should! With RJ it was different. He liked me right off, for real, I could tell. It's funny, but a year ago last July, when Nat told Mother and me she was going to date Robert Wagner, I didn't get too excited, at first. I'd never met him. I'd only seen his pictures in magazines and maybe I couldn't believe that he was really coming to our house.

But that first night when he came to the house to pick Nat up, it was really something! I had a friend over to dinner. We were just about through, when the doorbell rang. My girlfriend and I went to the door and opened it. It was RJ! Both of us took one look and we flipped. He was so good-looking, even more handsome than his pictures. RJ could see that we were embarrassed but he made us feel at ease right away. Nat was still getting dressed when he came in—she used to keep her dates waiting till RJ changed that! RJ came into the living room and sat and talked with Mother and Father and my friend and me. He was so relaxed and natural that we all liked him right away. He has a wonderful sense of humor. Even when Touché, our poodle, jumped on his lap and left white hairs all over his dark suit, he didn't mind at all. From that very first night I could tell he really liked me, and as for me I thought he was the nicest boy Nat had ever brought home.

Mother says I have a crush on RJ, but I don't, not really. Crushes are for kids! I was thirteen on March 1st and I'm in the eighth grade at Van Nuys High School, in San Fernando Valley, and I don't get crushes anymore, but I do sort of have his pictures pasted up all over my bedroom mirror! Natalie used to get crushes on movie stars, too.

I remember once when Nat was about fifteen. She had just gotten her Thunderbird and invited a friend and me to go driving with her. On the way home, Nat spotted Kirk Douglas in a car ahead of us. She had a crush on him and so she tried to catch up with his car. My friend and I were giggling, but we were just as eager! Finally we caught up with Mr. Douglas at a red light and we all shouted hello. He was so nice; he told us to pull up to the curb. Then he got out of his car and came and talked to us. When we ran out of things to say, we asked for his autograph. We looked all over the car and in Nat's purse but we couldn't find a piece of paper. Mr. Douglas just laughed, took out his pen and signed his name on Nat's leather jacket. Nat was so happy with his signature that she didn't take the jacket off for weeks. I still have it in the closet and now it's all full of movie stars' signatures.

My parents never believed in hiring baby-sitters so occasionally, when they had to leave me, Nat stayed with me. She was super. She'd read to me, or we'd watch TV or listen to records. She never made me go to bed too early. One time I remember my folks had to go out at the last minute and asked Nat to stay with me. She had a date that night but she

just said, "Okay I'll take Lana with me." How many big sisters do you know who would do that?

The three of us went to a drive-in movie. I sat in the back seat. It was one of the first times Nat had been out on a date and I don't think she was too relaxed. In the middle of the picture, the boy sort of casually put his arm around Nat's shoulder. Then she moved way across the seat in front of me and I couldn't see the picture and I was sleepy so I started to cry. I don't remember this event and I can't imagine myself being so silly, but it's one of Nat's favorite stories. Anyway, when I started crying, Nat told the boy she thought they'd better take me home. He did and I guess Nat was quite relieved. All I know is whenever she tells this story she says, "I started out to baby-sit with Lana and she wound up chaperoning me!" She told Mother that I had cried right on cue because she'd wanted to come home and yet she'd felt it wouldn't have been polite to her date—so I guess I really did rescue her that time!

Nat and RJ are always giving us so many presents. When RJ was first dating Natalie and then went to Japan to make a picture, he brought us back lots of things. He brought me a huge oriental jewel box—when you wind it up and open the bottom drawer a geisha girl does a dance to some tinkling music. And he gave me a clock, too. It has a girl hanging from a swing and she moves back and forth to tell the time. Nat and RJ are like year-round Santa Clauses, they always come over loaded with gifts. When Nat went up to Monterey while RJ was making "In Love and War," they brought me back a load of stuffed animals. My favorite is a mother kangaroo with a baby in her pouch. Touché found the baby kangaroo and now the mother is childless!

Our whole family is poodle crazy. When Nat got married, she left Touché at home with us and she and RJ got another poodle for themselves. Then just before they went to New York in October, they came over to say goodbye. Nat had a blanket in her arms and she handed it to me. Out popped a tiny black poodle, all my own. Her name is Coquette du Bois but we call her Qui-qui (pronounced Key-Key) for short.

Even though Natalie's busy being married, she still has time to do special things for me. A few months ago, I was invited to a party given by James Mason's daughter Portland. The invitation said "formal." I didn't have a fancy long dress and they're so expensive and impractical that I really hated to ask Mother to get me one. I didn't even know that Natalie knew about the party, but a few days after I got the invitation Nat called and asked me to go to lunch with her. While we were eating she said she hoped I wouldn't mind, but she had some shopping to do before we went home. We went to Saks and Nat headed directly for the junior department. Before I knew what was happening, she'd bought me a white chiffon dress, gloves with little pearls on them, white satin pumps, an evening bag with sequins that change colors and even a wrap for my shoulders. She spent hours getting me everything for the party and she didn't get one thing for herself.

I really didn't think I would be able to write so many pages as this story. It's easier to do an essay for school on "What I Did Last Summer . . ." than it is to put into words how you feel about people you love. Besides, though Natalie Wood has been a movie star for as long as I can remember, she's always been just my sister Nat for as long as I can remember, too.

THE END

NOTHING IN COMMON

Continued from page 51

her mother's voice turned off the tears.

Smiling tolerantly, Stewart shook his head and said, "Women!" Then he bent over, hoisted Tracy up in his arms, and kissed her tears away. "Salty," he said, making a wry face, and his daughter laughed. He perched her on his left shoulder and with his free hand gently cupped Jean's face, and then he kissed her.

"Women!" he repeated, as he set Tracy down again in the grass, and once more he shook his head. "We've got some fence-mending to do over there," he said, pointing to a distant pasture, and started towards the cowhand. He took just a few steps and then turned around and came back. Again he kissed his wife gently on the forehead, and then broke away and strode off.

Jean watched her husband, tall and tanned, as he walked across the fields, watched him until he was just a tiny shadow fading into the rocks of the Canelo foothills.

She leaned back in the grass, closed her eyes, and felt the warm sun caress her face. Far away she could hear the lowing of cattle; near at hand she could hear the little movements Tracy was making. "And to think that it wasn't so long ago I was asking: What am I doing here?" she said to herself.

And now she heard other sounds, a voice out of her past, and she remembered what the voice said, and how she'd answered, when she announced she was going to marry Stewart. . . .

"Dear, you have absolutely nothing in common with this man."

"But you forget one thing. One little, important thing," she had answered them. "We love one another."

And here she was—a rancher's wife. It was John Rothwell, their studio publicity man, who could take the credit. But, at the time, he was more intent on preventing publicity than getting it. "I know just the place for a quiet wedding," Rothwell had said. "Tucson."

Puzzled, she had asked, "But we've never even been there."

Stewart had said, "Sounds interesting."

"I'll arrange everything," Rothwell promised. And he did. The wedding went off beautifully, even though Cary and Betsy Grant finally decided not to come

for fear of drawing newsmen. With Mike Wilding, Stewart's friend for twenty years, as best man, the wedding party took off for Tucson in a private plane.

As the plane neared the Arizona city, both she and Stewart saw weird enchantment in the scenes below: the wide, tawny valleys, with curves of lush green marking the river courses; the horizons jagged with mountains. On this first visit, the ranch country remained just a picture framed in the plane windows, and in the car windows as they rushed to the courthouse to get their marriage license the moment before closing time, thereby eluding the press neatly. As they said their vows in a private home in the exclusive El Encanto residential district, the windows looked out on evening darkness.

Afterwards, they drove only a few blocks to the luxurious Arizona Inn, where they spent the first few days of their married life, then they drove off on a sight-seeing trip to Nogales, on the Mexican border, sixty-five miles south of Tucson. Ten miles from Nogales, she was leaning back in her seat, wordlessly happy. Her shoulder against Stewart's, she could feel his muscles tense and relax as he guided the car along the road. She looked at his profile and thought for the hundredth time—but still with a sense of wonder—"This is my husband." Around them now were the Canelo foothills, but neither of them knew the name. If Jean took her eyes off her husband, she admired the scenery with the detached outlook of a tourist. She had no idea that she was looking at her future home.

"Such wild country!" she said.

"Wonderful!" her husband agreed. Apparently, all this was just a lot of picturesque scenery to him, too. But, 'way in the back of his mind, it had a deeper meaning—as though something whispered, "This is home. Here I am—come home to me."

The idea stayed in the back of his mind—not to pop out till some five years later, suddenly but very casually, in the British style. She had just started wearing maternity clothes and she sat contentedly knitting in the living room of their Palm Springs house. At least, they had moved this close to the open country, but only to a resort town where desert and mountains were a decorative picture, to be glanced at through glass. Strolling into the room, lighting his pipe, the master of the house asked, keeping his voice casual, "Could you live on a ranch?"

"I never thought of it," she answered, knitting away, "but I suppose I could. If you want to. . . ."

"Good!" Briskly, he strode out of the room.

Alone, she smiled to herself. Just a few weeks before, he'd talked enthusiastically about quitting this acting business. "It's all nonsense." He spoke of settling down on a tea plantation in Ceylon. Whatever had happened to that notion? she laughed to herself as Stewart talked on the phone in the next room. When he came back, he said, "I'm off!"

"For where?"

"New Mexico. I just managed to get a plane connection to Silver City and I can hire a car there and drive to Gila."

"Heela?"

Patiently, he spelled the name. "As in Gila monster."

"Oh," she said. She thought, "Charming!" She had seen the horny, scaly, fatally poisonous creatures in westerns, and she didn't care to get any closer.

But she raised not a word of objection when Stewart returned, flourishing the deed to 60,000 acres in New Mexico. "Magnificent!" he exulted. "Completely remote and unspoiled. Practically savage country. Of course, we'll sell this place."

Dismayed, she looked around at her lovingly decorated Palm Springs home. "Of course," she said.

"And all the furniture, too. What we'll need is this heavy Spanish stuff—antiques. Make a real hacienda of it."

"I'd like to see the ranch," she told her gay ranchero.

"Ummm . . . later. Better wait till after the baby comes. It's a pretty rough trip out there."

So she waited, knitting baby clothes, shopping occasionally for Spanish furniture. Meanwhile, Stewart was buying horses and making occasional treks to his property near Gila.

Even though she and Stewart brought Tracy home from the hospital to their penthouse apartment in Bel Air, she felt no sense of permanence there. For her, it has never been more than a place to stay while she or her husband works on a picture. Tucking the baby in one evening, she said thoughtfully to Stewart, "I wish we could bring her up in a country home. When am I going to see the ranch?"

"Well . . . I wouldn't exactly call it a 'country home'—not the sort of place one dashes off to for a weekend. Matter of fact . . . it's next to impossible to get to. Impossible to live there. But it's a splendid investment! Horses. Cattle."

So there went another dream, gone with the tea plantation. She felt a little sorry for her husband, sensing his disappointment. For herself, she might have felt relief—but she knew by now that Stewart had really been bitten by the ranch bug. She made a pretty good guess at what lay ahead when he suggested one day, "Like to take a run down to Tucson?"

"Love it." For her, just the name still carried an aura of honeymoon magic.

"I've got my eye on a piece of property south of there."

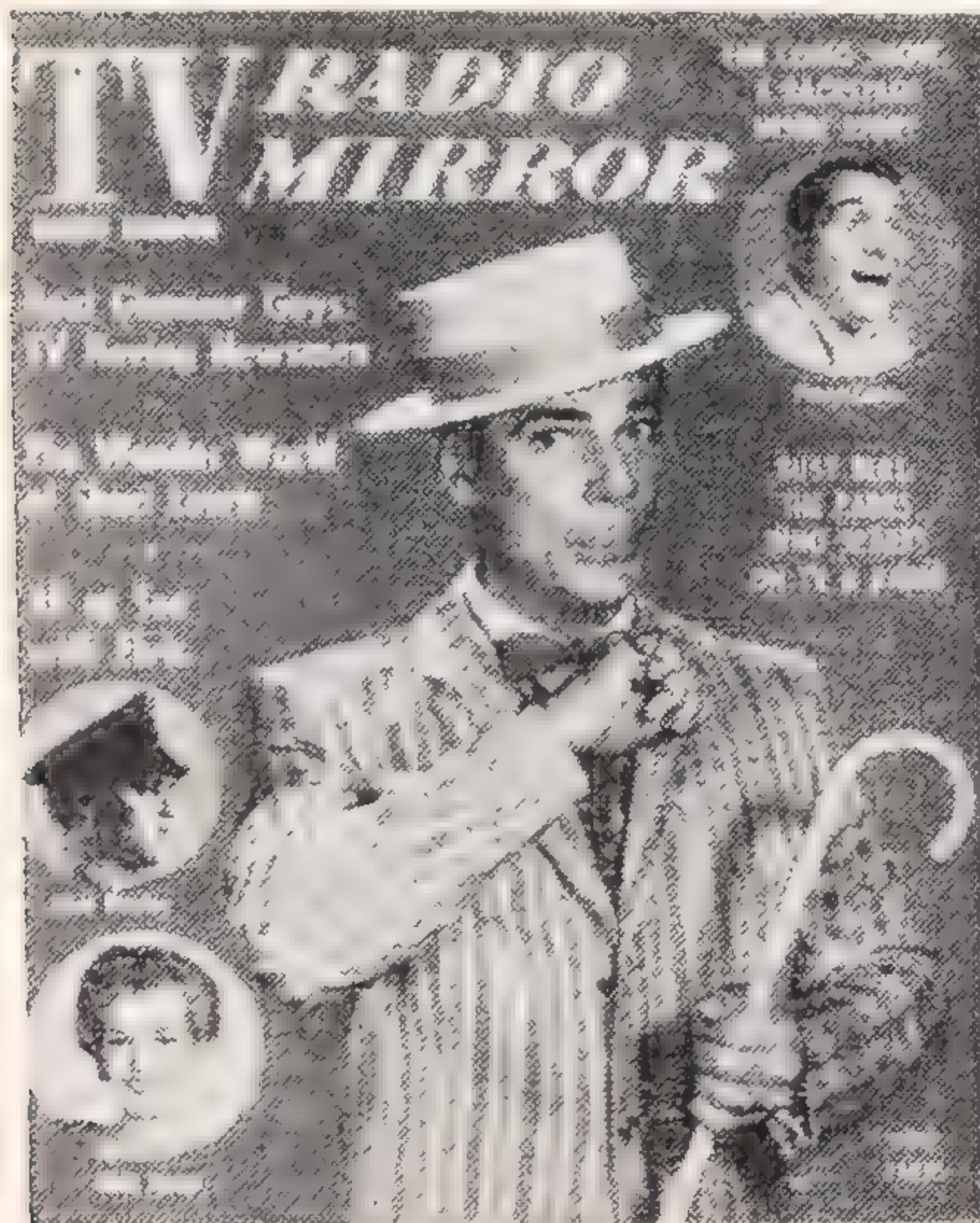
And they were on the road to Nogales again. Stewart felt that she shared his excitement, though he didn't know it was for a different reason. He began to look a little worried as the Canelo foothills came in sight. "Look—I don't want you to be disappointed. That's why I never let you see the New Mexico property. Afraid it'd sour you on ranch life forever. But this is no 'country home,' either. Right now, it's a widow-woman ranch."

"A what?"

"Neglected. You'll see."

She saw: shabby main building, tiles missing from the roof; ranch-hands' straggling cottages covered with peeling paint;

Continued on page 78



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**Once It Was My
Betrayal—but NOW—**

**MY BODY
IS MY
PROUDEST
POSSESSION!**



THE door slammed behind Marty, and slowly I crumpled to the floor. The sobs tore forth—deep and convulsive. "Marty . . . Marty . . ." I whispered, brokenly, and then his words came back and I shuddered and I shook my head violently from side to side, trying to fling what he had said away from me—trying not to hear him again. But his words hung in the room—toneless, cold, but searing my heart like dry ice pressed close against flesh. This had been Marty talking, I realized, numbly—*my Marty*—with whom I had planned our tomorrow—who would grin and tousle my hair when I insisted that the very first furniture we'd buy after the wedding would be that big, comfortable man's chair we'd seen at O'Rourke's downtown. The Marty whom I'd suddenly surprise looking at me with the special softness no one else ever saw. The Marty, whose wife I thought I was going to be—until a half-hour ago.

"I'm leaving, Maggie," he'd said. Unbelieving, I'd heard the words, but it was the deadness of his voice that made me understand what he was saying. "I'm leaving, Maggie—for good. I'm not coming around any more. And I'm sorry for you, for both of us."

"Sorry? Sorry for me?" I had flared, wildly. My voice rose in a scream. "Well, why not? Why not you? Everyone else is. The fat girl! Revolting Maggie Holland, once petite, demure Margaret and now offending the esthetic senses of her friends, her family—everybody! So why not *you* Marty?"

His words had been flat, quiet. "You've let yourself go, you've given up on yourself, Maggie. Oh, I know there was a time when you really tried. I know you've taken pills, and gone on diets—even tried reducing salons. But the brutal truth is that you've stopped trying. You were my girl and I fell in love with you and I'd still be in love with the Maggie who could take it and still come back and win. But the Maggie I fell in love with wouldn't feel sorry for herself, wouldn't feel she was the only girl who'd ever been cursed

by overweight, wouldn't snap at her friends, quarrel with her family, permit the love affair with the man she was going to marry to deteriorate into irritable days and nasty evenings. In a simple word the Maggie I knew was the one I wanted for my wife, not the girl I'm looking at now."

I couldn't talk. Fury was choking me. At last the words had come in a strangled gasp. "Get out!!" And then, as I felt the tears beginning to burn my eyes I quickly turned my back. Just before he closed the door behind him, a pale shaft of sunlight came into the room, and then he was gone, and only greyness was left and that was the way it would be forever, I felt.

I didn't hear the door open minutes later, and I turned, startled, when I heard Ray's voice at my side. Ray is Doctor Raymond Holland and my cousin, and, at 32, one of the most respected and best-liked practitioners in town. His sympathetic eyes took in my disheveled hair and tear-stained face but all he said was: "I was on my way over and ran into Marty as he was leaving. We had a talk."

"I hope he was less beastly than when he left here."

Ray grinned. "He was quite civilized." Then he leaned down and lifted my chin with his fingers. "But he was suffering, Maggie. It isn't easy for a guy like Marty to walk out on something so important."

My laugh was as unpleasant as before. "Suffering, indeed. I'll bet he was—worrying whether my fingers have gotten too pudgy for me to get his ring off to return to him. Or wondering how many people have been laughing at him all the time he's been going around with fat Maggie Holland—or suffering over—" Suddenly the bitterness ran out of me, wretchedness thickened my throat, and burying my face in my arms, I cried and Ray let me.

After a while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief. Very quietly, he asked me: "Did you really understand what Marty was trying to say?"

"The Mail Order Shopper"

"But, Ray, I have tried. You know I have. I've exercised, gone through reducing routines. Even reducing pills have failed to help me, although I've known some girls who have lost weight using them. I've tried simple dieting and have failed at that. I have tried!"

He took my hand in his, affectionately. "I know you have, honey. Marty knows it, too." He grinned as he continued. "And while you haven't lost any weight you must admit you've acquired just about the most difficult disposition in the family."

I nodded, ruefully. "That's true enough. And I hated Marty for saying it. But how would you feel—or Marty, for that matter—if day after incessant day you'd stick faithfully to what someone promises will take the ugly fat off you, only to have the scales tell you differently? Wouldn't you feel irritable enough to bite the cat—as I almost have done once or twice?"

Ray's intelligent face broke into a chuckle. "I certainly would. And that's how most overweight people feel. And that's why they stay overweight."

"We stay fat because we're irritable?" I asked.

"Uh-huh. Look, Maggie—all these advertisements you see about losing weight—they aren't phoney. They just aren't enough."

"Enough?"

"That's right. We doctors know that most of these pills have methyl cellulose in them and that they can do as they promise—fill the stomach so that an overweight person won't feel the rumblings of hunger. That's simple and logical enough. But despite that, these products fail more often than not to do the trick."

I asked: "But why, if what you say is true?"

"It's true, all right. The trouble is that most reducing products don't take into account the most important element of all—the unbearable tension, the irritability, the feeling of all's wrong with the world that a girl like you has hanging over her all the time she's faithfully following instructions—or thinks she is. Maggie, my darling, tell Doc Holland—isn't it true that for the two months you were taking the pills that you bought in Marshall's drugstore you continued to over-eat even though you weren't hungry?"

Understanding broke over me. "Why, of course. I remember asking myself why in the world I kept going to the refrigerator when I wasn't hungry in the least. And yet I had to eat. I simply had to!"

"You see?" Ray said quickly. "You had to eat when you were taking the pills and weren't hungry for the same reason you got fat in the first place—by over-eating when you were hungry. In both cases tension, nervousness, irritability drove you as they drive most people for whom weight becomes a problem."

"Now see here, Doctor Holland, are you telling me that somebody—some firm—that understands this has come up with an answer to my problem?"

"That's just what I'm telling you, Maggie. A short time ago an important pharmaceutical house sent me several packages of their new product, SLIMTOWN. Doctors continually receive samples of things that are new. What these people had to say about SLIMTOWN made sense. They had combined 3 important ingredients into their capsule. One was *Antipatin* that lets you continue to enjoy all your favorite foods but the craving for them diminishes. . . . The second was *Gastrofilin*—tried and true—the ingredient that fools your stomach—makes it feel half-full to begin with even before you sit down to eat. . . . And the third—wonder of wonders—made the job complete and sold me immediately. That was the sensational new ingredient called *Pacifin* and its function is to remove completely the tension, the high-voltage irritability you and I have been talking about. They guaranteed that SLIMTOWN would melt off the pounds because the user would not only not feel like overeating—he would feel calm, easy-going, at peace with himself while the pounds dropped off. Clara Jenkins came into my office later in the day. You remember Clara—she weighs 200 pounds—or at least she did. I told Clara to take the SLIMTOWN I had received—told her to eat all she really wanted to eat and to take SLIMTOWN as directed. Clara pooh-poohed it. But finally she took the capsules. That was four weeks ago. Yesterday Clara was in my office. She had lost 23 pounds and had come to my office to kiss me and almost did right there in front of my patients."

I confess that if it had been anyone other than Ray Holland telling me this I simply wouldn't have believed it. But Ray is the most confidence-inspiring doctor I know—young enough to have been in recent contact

with the newest in the medical world and old enough to tell the gilt from the gold. My hopes began to rise like a rocket.

I said: "Let me get this straight. The pills I've been taking haven't helped because I was wound up like a clock and couldn't keep from nervous eating?"

"Correct," said Ray.

"And SLIMTOWN will have the calming and soothing effect on me that will let me eat what I want to eat and not go hog-wild?"

"That's right."

"And I'll be able to eat the things I love—steaks, desserts? All I really want?"

Ray nodded vigorously. "Absolutely."

"And the pounds will drop off in bunches?"

"As much as 7 to 10 pounds per week," Ray said.

"And Marty?" I asked, smiling for the first time.

Ray grinned back, "SLIMTOWN guarantees Marty, too, I'll bet."

"Well, what are we waiting for, Dr. Holland? Let's get over to your office and get those SLIMTOWNS before they're gone"

"They are gone," Ray said sheepishly. "My enthusiasm ran away with me and there's Jane Morgan and Mrs. Orikoff and several others who were simply made for SLIMTOWN. But you can buy SLIMTOWN. They cost only \$2.98 for a full 10-day supply. And \$4.98 for a big 20-day treatment. \$6.98 for 30-Day Supply."

Here's the address:

SLIMTOWN, Dept. H-42, 11 E. 47 St., New York 17, N. Y.

They're sold with an absolute money back guarantee if they don't do exactly as they say they'll do: take the fat off you quickly and agreeably. They really don't guarantee you'll get Marty back. That's up to you." And with a light kiss on my forehead, Ray left.

How can I tell you what Ray did for me? When I thought of the courage it had taken for Marty to talk to me the way he did, and of how I had screamed in return, my face burned with shame.

My impulse was to rush to the phone and call him, but I decided to wait, to surprise him. However, I hadn't reckoned on the meddling Dr. Holland. Because when 3 weeks later and 18 pounds lighter, with an elegant dress that showed off my figure and a sunny, smiling face to match I led Marty into the living room, he didn't look surprised one bit.

He said, right off: "I've arranged for my vacation in June. We can be married then. Okay?"

Just like that. I couldn't find words. I nodded.

He said: "I've found an apartment. You'll love it."

Ecstatic, I nodded again.

"We'll be able to get all the furniture except the couch. That'll take three or four months more."

I finally found my voice. I said demurely: "Not every girl gets two proposals from the same man. Isn't this one rather abrupt?"

The creases around Marty's eyes highlighted their twinkle. "I love you," he said.

Mischievously, I waved my hand at myself. "My dress too?"

"Love you," he repeated. "Know all about your figure. Knew about it first day you started. Doc Holland told me. SLIMTOWN, great stuff."

We've been married 3 years now. A wonderful marriage. Marty, me, little Martin. SLIMTOWN'S there too, any time I need it.

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NOTHING IN COMMON

Continued from page 74

brown, burnt-dry grass all around. "It . . . has possibilities," she finally managed to say.

He turned to her eagerly. "You see them, too? Great!" Heavy-hearted, she wished she actually did have the same hopeful picture in mind. "The Yerba Buena ranch, it's called," he went on. "Means 'Green Mint.' People around here say Father Kino named it. He was the priest who came up from Mexico in 1690 and founded the first mission in Arizona. Yep—our place goes all the way back, Jean, to the Spanish Land Grant days."

She looked at her rancher husband. He wanted Yerba Buena; in his mind, it was already his. Again, she looked at the houses—and closed her eyes.

"Good rich farmland on the property," Stewart said. "Seven lakes on the property. Let's see—can you spot any of them from here? After all, it's 10,000 acres. Maybe we can pipe water in and have a couple of artificial lakes nearer the house."

Opening her eyes, Jean found the same sad bunch of buildings, same dry grass. But she suddenly felt happy as they jounced back toward the highway, along the dirt road. Stewart wanted to live here, so this would be her home. "You know," he said, "I fell in love with Arizona first time I saw it."

"That trip," she said, "I think we both had stars in our eyes."

"I knew we'd come back some day. We're going to reorganize our whole lives!"

"Well, this air will be wonderful for the baby. But what about the children? We can't have them going to school so far away from us." Toward Stewart's son and daughter by his first marriage, she felt a warm, big-sisterly devotion.

"Oh, I've looked into that, found two good boarding schools in Tucson. Jamie'll go to the Southern Arizona School for Boys—a really good school—and there's St. Joseph's Academy for Lindsay. Weekends they'll spend here with us."

"When we're here," she said drily. "After all, we still have to make pictures."

Stewart grunted. "We certainly do! Know what the asking price for Yerba Buena is? \$400,000! We've got to pay for it before we really start enjoying it. So we'll commute between here and Hollywood—and we'll be working hard at both ends of the trip."

That, Jean decided later, was the understatement of the year. For it did take a whole year to transform Yerba Buena into the ranch that Stewart demanded. This time, he was determined, there'd be no repetition of the New Mexico boner; this place was going to be easy to reach. When she saw the road-building equipment he'd assembled, she gasped, "What are we going to have here? A high-speed turnpike?"

"Don't worry your pretty head about it," Stewart said. "Just leave it to me. I've got another project in mind for that bulldozer."

And presently Jean saw the bulldozer shoving down the mesquite trees around the ranch-house. She saw a growing hole gouged out of the earth, and she realized, "The lake—he really meant it!"

Then the first of Stewart's Charolais herd arrived. As she watched the first of them come down the ramp from the truck, she admitted, "They are beautiful."

But then she learned the price of all

this beauty: from \$5,000 to \$15,000 for each of the thirty heifers—and \$50,000 for the prize bull Argus! Again, Stewart had a ready explanation: "I've got to think I have the finest Charolais bulls in the country, or I'd blow my brains out."

"And you used to be a Londoner!"

"But my father had a farm in Cornwall—wonderful times I had there as a boy. Always loved animals."

Her own big-city background made her very wary of four-footed critters. The cows looked mild enough; the bulls she regarded with sensible caution; but the horses just plain scared her. "No way around it," Stewart finally said. "If you're going to live here, you'll have to learn to ride."

She agreed to try a small paint horse, which stood with head lowered as she was helped aboard. Flapping the reins, she complained, "It won't go!" Stewart slapped the pinto's rump, and the horse promptly went into a diagonal dance step that had her slithering around the saddle and clutching at the pommel.

"Don't let go of the reins!" Stewart commanded.

Obediently, she grabbed the reins and hauled on them. The pinto stopped dancing, but tossed its head irritably, then flattened its ears and turned a sinister, white-rimmed eye toward her. "It doesn't like me," she said, and Stewart helped her down.

"That one's just a little balky. But I have an idea." Stewart's voice took on a mysterious tone. "Next week I'm going to Texas again. You can give it another try when I get back."

Soon after his return, his "idea" arrived: a bay gelding, carefully selected especially for his wife on his tour of several Texas horse-breeding ranches. "It's terribly handsome," she said, giving the shining

red-brown muzzle a cautious pat. She began to dodge away when the horse poked its head toward her; but it only rubbed its muzzle across her shoulder, and she relaxed, with a delightful smile. "This one likes me! Hello, Harry . . . For *Harry Black*," she explained, naming the title character in a Granger movie.

Stewart grinned his approval. "Now can the three of us get to work? You and Harry and I."

Her riding lessons weren't as grueling as she'd expected; she'd always admired the easy way Stewart sat a horse and he taught her. And when, several months later, she went to Stockton, California, to location for "The Big Country," Harry went with her and joined the cast of the picture.

Slowly, hardly realizing it, she was falling under the spell of Arizona. Though Stewart had been sold on the state from the beginning, he had to learn some of the local ways, too. On one of their first trips from the ranch into town—Tucson—they both sported dashing new western outfits. People seemed to be looking at them, she noticed. Nobody asked for autographs; Tucson has long been used to vacationing or locationing movie stars. Finally, she overheard two teenage girls whispering.

"Look at his yellow boots," one girl said. Said the other, eying Stewart's profile and the famous touch of gray at the temples, "Who's looking at his boots?"

Also glancing appreciatively at her husband, she began a sly smile, but it faded. Stewart's face had reddened; he wasn't amused. Suddenly, both of them felt self-conscious, conspicuous in their bright shirts and broad hats. Most of the passers-by wore city clothes; the occasional pair of cowboy boots were well-worn, subdued in design and color. "Let's get back to the ranch," Stewart said.

After that, they dressed for town on their shopping trips. These jaunts were rare, because they spent every possible moment between pictures working at the ranch and overseeing the alterations. When they finally settled in, Tucson night life didn't lure them; they did no more socializing than they'd done in Hollywood. Fourteen-year-old Jamie did persuade them to go to a parent-student dance at his school. And Saturday movies in Tucson soon became a regular treat for her, Jamie and twelve-year-old Lindsay.

On one of their excursions Lindsay insisted on sitting in the front row—because Elvis Presley was there on his last personal-appearance tour before his induction. And Elvis almost missed a beat when he looked down and saw Jean Simmons among his adoring fans. After the show, she told her husband, "You know, Jamie has eyes exactly like Elvis'. It's marvelous."

Jamie's kid sister hooted at the idea. So did Jamie, but she had caught his sheepish smile the moment before.

Each time she was away from the ranch, she found herself more eager to return. For there had been quiet compromises. Stewart had his ranch, his prize herds—but she had her country home, too. Made of adobe brick, with a roof of rough shakes topped by many chimneys, the rambling, six-bedroom house fitted into the landscape. Yet it had somehow taken on the look of a one-level English manor house. Grass seed had been sprinkled, and a green lawn—the talk of the neighborhood—sloped down to the first of the two artificial lakes, which calmly reflected the giant cottonwood trees around it.

Most houses in the section had the heavy Spanish furniture that had once been Stewart's ideal. But her own housewifely eye saw the intricately carved pieces as

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dandy dust-catchers. "We don't want anything too modern, though," she told her husband.

"None of those sugar-scoop chairs," he agreed. "Just solid, comfortable stuff."

So they furnished their house in an amiable variety of styles. Between pictures, she likes to do some of the light cleaning and takes care of Jamie herself; the only full-time house servant, they decided, would be a cook. On the cook's day off, Stewart, who fancies himself as a master chef, volunteered to take over the small kitchen.

"Okay," she said, never having claimed to be a good cook. "You cook, and I'll do the dishes." At times, she has regretted the deal. When Stewart tried out a curry recipe he'd gotten from an old India hand, she took one taste and rustled up some ham and eggs. Like most husbands, Stewart tends to use every pot and pan in the place and half the dishes when he cooks; evenings, while he's watching TV, she can only run in for an occasional look, dish towel in hand.

She opened her eyes suddenly to find Tracy perched on her stomach. "Here, Mommy," the little girl said, leaning forward and handing one of the blue flowers to her.

She laughed and stuck the flower in her hair. Then she cuddled the child in her arms.

Yes, it is wonderful country, she thought. Who cares about a few snakes? Taking little Tracy by the hand, she started up the hill, through the green grass. Hot in the summer? Yes, but the house is air-conditioned, and evenings are cool, with the incredible stars overhead—no city lights near enough to dim their glow. Now that it was winter there'd be logs burning in the big fireplaces this evening, as they had all through the holidays.

Stewart's mother and her own had come over together for the Christmas season, and the two English ladies had enjoyed seeing the standard tourist attractions: Disneyland, Malibu, Marineland, Palm Springs. But the most wonderful part of their stay was bringing them home to Yerba Buena, to see New Year in at the Grangers' own hearthside.

Home? It was home, Jean realized. The New Mexico property had been sold, back in November. And Hollywood was beginning to seem almost as remote.

She remembered her husband asking, "Could you live on a ranch?"

If he repeated that question, she wouldn't even think twice about answering, from the bottom of her heart, "Yes, I could live on a ranch—for the rest of our lives."

—IRENE REICH

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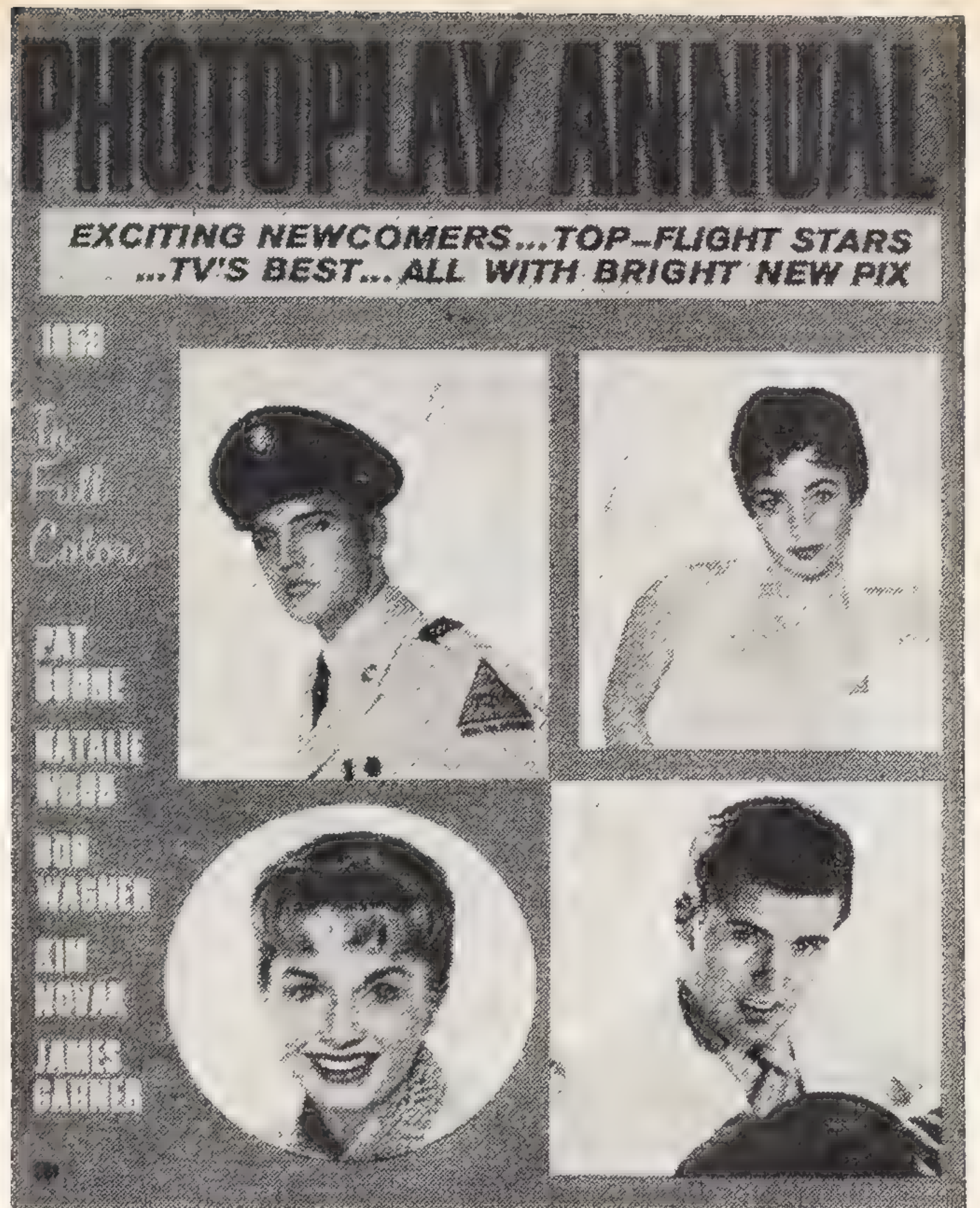
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JANET AND TONY

Continued from page 49

face. He raised his right hand. "I hereby resolve not to buy a single toy for either Jaimie Lew or Kelly unless it's absolutely necessary."

"And that's going to be pretty often," Janet laughed. "Come on. We'd better get dressed. It's almost seven-thirty."

"Hey!" Janet said entering her room. "What happened to your limp?"

"No damage. For sale is one old, battered parent." He collapsed into a slipper chair covered in ice-blue satin.

"Aren't you going to start dressing?"

Tony lounged back comfortably. "I'm giving you a handicap."

Making a pert monkey face at him, she took out her lingerie for the evening. She pushed aside the sliding door of the closet where her clothes were neatly ranged: dresses, skirts, blouses, pants, each in a separate section. "Trouble with you," Janet said, "is you're a compulsive shopper."

"Yes, doctor."

She was looking at the plastic boxes up on the shelf. "Who ever heard of a man buying his wife hats? And two or three at a time!"

"I send 'em on approval, don't I? You could always send 'em back."

"Yes, but I never do. Your taste is too good. Like the dresses you buy for Kelly's dolls. They're positively the best-dressed dolls in town."

Running a hand along the line of her own dresses, Janet paused and moved it back to a drift of pale blue. She lifted the hanger off the rod and drew out a silk dress cut in the trapeze style.

"You're not going to wear *that* tonight?" Tony said. "You've got your figure back—and cute new clothes to go with it!"

"But *you* bought this for me. Don't you remember?" Janet smiled slyly, holding the dress against her. "'About time you got into maternity clothes,' you said. The designer would have loved that! It's very high-style—last summer it was the latest thing."

"How was I supposed to know? I see it in the window—" Tony sketched its spreading outline in the air. "—Think it's good-looking, have 'em do a fancy gift-wrap on it, hand it to you. Then you look at the label and kill yourself laughing!"

The last of the smile trembled on Janet's mouth. "I'm sorry. Now I'll make a resolution: Next time you do anything that sweet, I won't laugh—even if it's funny!" Returning the blue trapeze to the closet, she took out a chiffon dress instead, nearly floor-length at the back, but with a slightly higher hemline in the front, flowing in soft folds. "I think I'll wear the yellow—'topaz,' they called it. Empire. But modified—it clings when I walk."

Arms folded, eyebrows critically bent, Tony inspected the dress. "I like it," he finally decided.

Getting up briskly, he went into the next room. Janet looked after him fondly as he switched on a lamp in his own brown-and-biege-tinted masculine domain. He paused to give a good-luck pat to a grinning, fat-bellied statuette of an Oriental god.

"And you're always buying things for the house—like that—" she called out from under her dress.

"Like what?" Tony's voice was raised over the beginning hiss of the shower. He was saying something, but now the shower was going full blast, and she couldn't understand his comeback. While she put

on her robe, she cocked her head, imagining she heard another voice—one that hadn't learned to shape any words yet, but could build up a volume to rival the hi-fi. Though there was reassuring silence out in the hall, away from the noise of the shower, she went on into the nursery.

A shaft of light touched on the gleam of white furniture and a patch of sunshine-yellow wall. Leaning over Jaimie's crib, Janet could just make out the perfect shape of the small head. As her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, she could see the tiny fist curled next to the baby's face. She leaned closer. A clean healthy, happy baby has a special, sweet scent all her own, she thought. If you nuzzle close against it—maybe at the nape of the neck, below the silky hint of hair—it smells sweeter than any flower. But Jaimie was sleeping too peacefully, and Janet straightened, drawing a deep breath of contentment.

"Thought I'd find you here," Tony whispered. He was standing in the doorway, tying his terrycloth wrap, a damp towel slung around his neck.

When he came over to join his wife beside the crib, she began, "Did I tell you—" He put a forefinger against her lips, so she waited until they were out in the hall to continue, "Did I tell you what Kelly said the day Jaimie was a month old? I happened to mention it, and she said—very hopefully—'Birthday cake?' I got a cupcake and stuck a birthday candle in it. But she just scowled and said, 'Cake?' I thought she meant it was too little, so I said, 'Darling, it's big enough for just one month. When Jaimie's a year old—' And then I realized what she wanted. You wouldn't think she'd remember all the way back to June!"

"My birthday cake," Tony chuckled. "Can you imagine?"

"Her idea of a proper birthday cake is a doughnut on a plate, with a nice big candle stuck in the middle. I'll never forget her face when she carried it in. And everybody's birthday is 'Happy birthday, Daddy dear.'"

"We rehearsed that all day. And . . ."

"What's the matter?"

Janet was caught mopping her eyes with the sleeve of her robe. "Nothing."

"If you bawl just talking about it, what're you going to do when Jaimie's a year old?"

Janet looked up, blinking the tears away. "I'll make another resolution: I *will* not cry!"

"You sure?"

"Oh, Tony, I shouldn't. We've been so lucky. When I remember how we worried before Jaimie was born. The night we were in that car crash—I was so afraid that—"

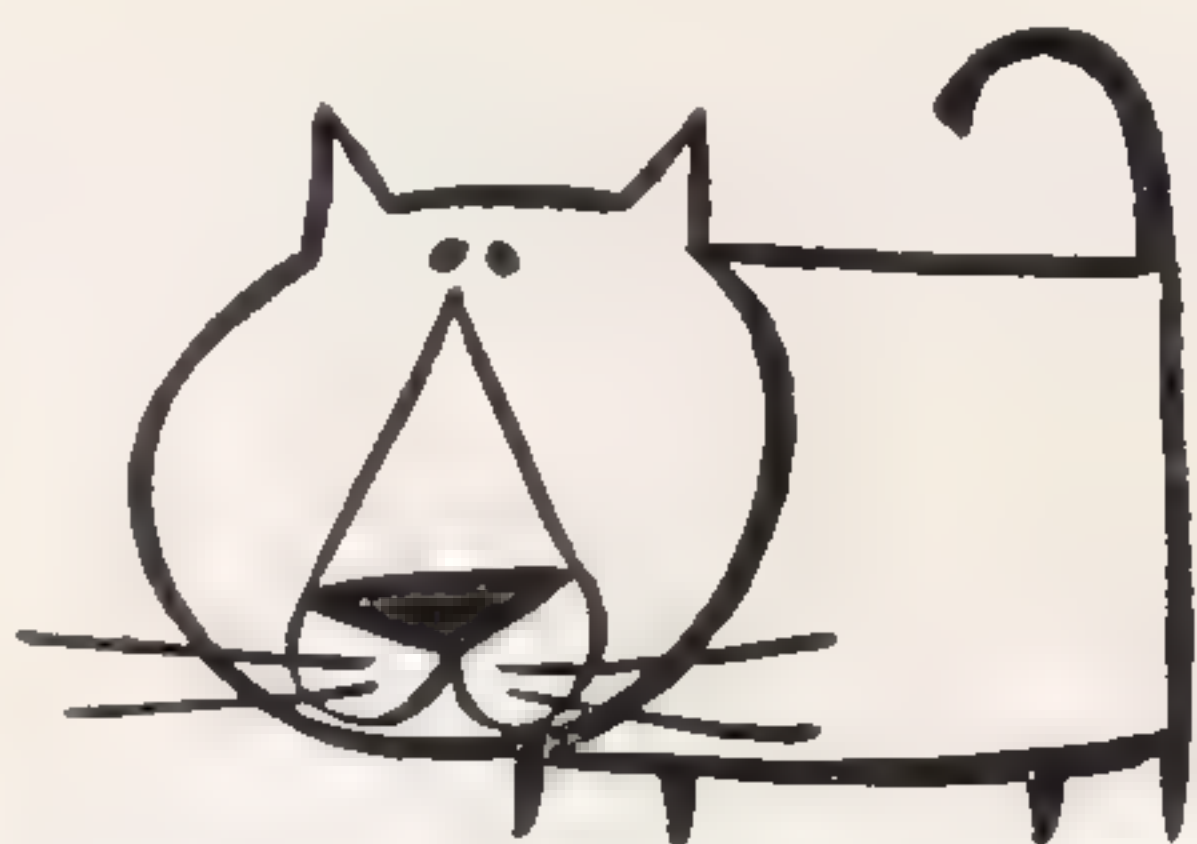
"I was pretty shook up too," Tony admitted, reflectively rubbing his hair with the towel. (Irrelevantly, Janet thought: His hair curls so when it's damp.) He started back toward his room. "If Sinatra hadn't been right in back of us. If he hadn't taken over the way he did—calling the hospital, calling the cops."

"Lots of ifs," Janet said. "That's one wonderful thing about trouble—the way real friends pitch in. Mostly, I think it's better to remember just the funny side of it. Like that fan of yours who came up while we were waiting."

Tony gave a whoop of laughter. "Was he a prize-winner! I didn't think I was hearing right. There I am, trying to talk to you as if I'm sure everything's going to be okay. Inside, I'm half-crazy worrying. And then this joker comes up and says, 'Gee, Mr. Curtis, I seen you in "The Vikings." You was great! Ya mind tellin' me—how'd they cut your hand off?'"

Applauding the impersonation, Janet hooted. "An Oscar for the grreat Mr. Curtis!"

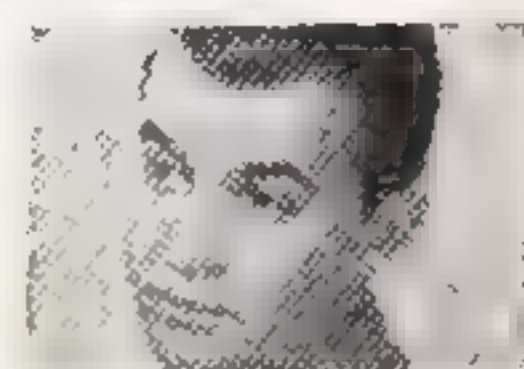
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HEY, ARE YOU HEP? DIG THAT PAGE 2

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Dick Clark, Contributing Editor.



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FOLLOW THAT BIRD DOG



RIGHT ON DOWN TO THE NEWSSTAND

FOR THE MARCH **PHOTOPLAY**. IT'S THE

MOST AND IT'S ON SALE



FEBRUARY 5.



With a deft flick, Tony tossed the damp towel at her, but she dodged and managed to catch it as it threatened to fall among her array of perfume bottles. Tony retreated to his room, where he began opening and shutting drawers and closet doors busily. As Janet went into her bathroom, she called out, "You'd better make another resolution: to stop throwing things at me, you brute. Remember those shoes?"

"I did not throw any shoes at you."
"Oh yes, you did—a pair of tennis shoes. I was so glad they missed me, because they'd really have hurt. They hit the wall and they bounced off and fell onto the floor—pigeon-toed!" Janet suppressed a giggle as she put on her shower cap, but Tony began to laugh almost as hard as they both had when they saw the pigeon-toed shoes. Beautiful, healing laughter!

"Don't insult my pitching arm," Tony said. "I did not throw those shoes at you—just in your general direction. Anyhow, you deserved it."

"Why were you mad at me?" Before turning on the shower, she waited to enjoy the silence in the next room.

Tony's puzzled answer finally came: "Darned if I can remember."

The water on, Janet smiled—smugly at first, then with genuine happiness. She couldn't remember the quarrel, either. But wasn't it fortunate that there had been no witnesses to the throwing of the shoes? After the incident had been passed from gossip to gossip—each one improving on it—the columns would probably have reported that Tony had blacked both her eyes and that she had kicked out all his front teeth. She'd have shown up next day bright-eyed and undamaged, and Tony's grin would have been as wide as ever, and then what would the gossips have said?

But it wasn't always funny. By the time Janet sat down at her dressing table to brush her hair, her face was serious. She wasn't much surprised to hear Tony's next words; their minds, starting from a given point, often would travel the same path. "Good thing nobody heard us hollering just then," he said. "We'd be reading another item about how we scream at each other at all hours."

"Ouch!" Janet had suddenly brushed with such a vigorous stroke that the bristles had hit her ear. "I got so mad when I saw that story! . . ." Glimpsing Tony in the mirror, she turned to admire the finished product, trim in a dark blue suit, hair neatly combed.

"I gave you a handicap, and I still won the race," he said, at ease in the slipper chair again.

"What race? I'm claiming a feminine prerogative, that's all." Leisurely, she turned back to the mirror. "Tony . . . I do have a bit of a temper, don't I? Do you think I should make a resolution about that?"

"No! There are some things you *should* get mad at!"

"I guess I feel the same way about you. Like the time we were in Norway, trying to get the call through to London, and the connection was so terrible. You were fuming! But if you'd stayed calm then—I'd never have forgiven you."

"No chance of that, any time the kids are concerned. Uh . . . I think I'll look in on them again before we leave."

"But Kelly isn't seven hundred miles away now. They're both right here. And I haven't heard a peep out of them." Janet found herself talking to an empty room. But Tony's sudden anxiety didn't seem strange to her, now that she had reminded him of a frightening moment in their life together. Here, in the brightness of her

room, it seemed far away and unreal . . .

Both the trip to the Norwegian location site and the life there were far too rugged for a child not yet two. So they had left Kelly in London, in a nurse's care. Without even a town nearby, they did seem to have been transferred back to the Viking era, and it was a double shock when a messenger brought word of a telephone call for Janet, on the night of their arrival. A call from London! Janet and Tony had to retrace the messenger's journey, for the phone was five-and-a-half-hours away: four hours by car, along unpaved roads, passing only an occasional sleeping farmhouse, darkened for the night; an hour and a half on a motor launch, over black, quiet water, between the steep sides of the fjord.

Their clasped hands linked the worried parents, who shared the same terror-filled thoughts—no need to speak them aloud. When they finally reached the town, they had to jangle the bell to wake one innkeeper, who had the only telephone in the area. To Janet, it seemed that her call must be wandering through all the exchanges of Europe, the line crackled with static and clamored with languages she didn't understand. Tony halted in his angry pacing and tried to take the phone, but she said, "Wait! I think it's coming through now."

She heard the nurse's voice, unintelligible at first, then shouting, "You have a sick baby!"

The words seemed to freeze in the receiver; they went on echoing in Janet's ear. At first, when she opened her mouth to answer, no sound came out. Then she managed to say, "Have you called the doctor?" She repeated the question, shouting. Through the noise on the line, it sounded as if the nurse had decided to check with the baby's mother before call-

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ing the doctor. Dazedly, Janet hung up. "Kelly's sick. And I don't even know whether there's a doctor with her." The young parents looked at each other. Suddenly, Janet said, "I'm going to call Anne!" Kirk Douglas' wife had accompanied him as far as London and was waiting there until the location shooting was over.

Two miracles happened: This call went through quickly, and the connection was clear. Just the sound of Anne's charmingly accented voice, serene though blurred by sleep, was firm reassurance. She grasped the situation immediately and said, "Now stop worrying. I'll go right over there, and I'll call you the moment I hear what the doctor has to say."

They waited. The sun rose over the dark, stony hills and touched the white, neat town. Sympathetic, the innkeeper's wife made hot coffee for them. And then the telephone rang. "It isn't the slightest bit serious," Anne's sensible voice said. "Just an upset stomach."

"But you'll keep looking in on her?"

"Of course I will."

Two weeks lay ahead of them. Two weeks in this remote place. Two weeks before they'd see Kelly again, in Dinard, France, where the nurse would take her if she'd fully recovered.

"Sound asleep—both of 'em. Kelly'd wriggled out of her covers, but I tucked her in again."

At the sound of Tony's voice, Janet was startled into realizing where she was now and what she was doing: standing in front of her mirror, putting on a last touch of lipstick, wearing her new dress.

"Turn around. Let's see this great creation." Obediently, she turned, and Tony nodded approval. "Good color—goes with your eyes and your hair." The subtle shade accented amber highlights in her hair and golden sparkles in her eyes. "It's topaz, all right. If you'd dropped a hint, I'd have gotten you some real ones for Christmas."

"I like this better." She flickered her hand so the light would catch the facets of the diamond Tony had given her, a carat for every pound Jaimie weighed at birth (6 pounds, 12 ounces). Engraved inside the cocktail ring was the date of Jaimie's birth, "November 22, 1958." Affectionately, Janet curved her other hand over the precious ring.

"Let's go. Are you ready?"

"I just have to get my wrap."

Downstairs, the children's nurse was waiting. "Both asleep," Tony reported.

"Enjoy the party," the nurse smiled.

Against the color-accented black and white of the modern living room, the tree and the Christmas greens struck a note of the traditional. Janet brushed a hand across a glittery gold ornament as she passed. "When we take these down, we'll have to figure out something to keep Kelly's mind off it."

"She can look forward to next year."

"A whole year, Tony? That's all of eternity to a little girl, no matter how fast it'll go for us."

"Faster all the time. Sometimes I wish we could kind of slow down and appreciate everything."

As he closed the front door behind them, Janet turned to look at the wreath, at the graceful, New Orleans-style grillwork around the doorway, upwards at the darkened second floor. "Everything we have," she said. "Our children, our home, our friends . . . each other. Tony, I want to make another resolution: not to forget all the ways God has blessed us."

"I'll go along with that," he said.

—DOROTHY DAY

TONY AND JANET CO-STAR IN U-I'S "THE PERFECT FURLOUGH," AND HE'LL BE SEEN AFTER THAT IN U.A.'S "SOME LIKE IT HOT."

BOB HORTON

Continued from page 68

I had remembered to pick up the key from a hook in the kitchen where it was always kept when Creighton—he's my older brother—was away at school, medical school in Philadelphia. I got in, slammed the door, and turned on the ignition. They let me drive the Ford when Creighton was away. I had a driver's license and also a credit card for gas stations.

The first thing I did when I got out into the open city road was to look in the mirror to see if anyone was following me. Somewhere in the back of my mind I could picture Roberta rushing to the telephone and calling my father. But there was no one behind me; no one I knew, that is. I expect she just thought I was kidding. I was always saying things like that.

I drove past all the "nice" houses in the Los Angeles suburb where I lived; thinking how dreary everybody seemed doing the same things on the same days in the same way, year in, year out. They brought their children up to that way, too. And that was the way my parents wanted me to be.

"Sure I have everything," I mimicked my father. But nobody really understood me or cared how I felt about things. They tried to dominate me, to make sure I would grow up into the type who would be a credit to them. How I hated that phrase! Creighton was already like that and they were always comparing him to me. It was always Creighton-this and Creighton-that. No matter what I tried to do Creighton did it better. Creighton, six years

older than me, had left a trail of success that haunted me everywhere I turned.

In school the teachers always said, "So you're Creighton's brother. Well, you'll have to study hard to get the high marks he had." It made me want to scream. And it was not only in school. When I came home after school my mother would say—and she said it so many times—"Now how did you manage to get so dirty? When Creighton was your age, he could get through the day without getting so messy." Creighton-this and Creighton-that. Thinking it over I was getting madder and madder. And the madder I got the faster I drove.

What made me start remembering this all over again? I guess I had almost forgotten about it until, not long ago, I made that stopover in Washington, D.C., on my way back from New York to Hollywood and my current TV series, "Wagon Train."

I was standing in line with a crowd of other sightseers waiting to get into the Washington Monument. Just in front of me were a nice-looking couple wearing blue jeans and sweaters. He must have been about seventeen and I guess the girl was sixteen. Everybody else seemed relaxed, on a holiday, but this pair stood there looking so tense and worried.

Then I guess they must have felt my stare and they turned around. The boy looked belligerent, as though he wanted to fight me for just looking at them and then the girl recognized me. She smiled and we started talking and I found out their names were John and Susan.

"Do you live here in Washington?" I asked.

"Yeah," the boy said, "but we're leaving, we're running. . . ." He stopped himself short and hitched at his pants, em-

barrassed at having given himself away.

I didn't say anything then, but I tagged along with them as we went through the monument and then I asked them to have a Coke with me. They seemed so mixed-up and I felt so sorry for them.

"Our parents don't understand us," Susan said. "You don't know how it is. . . ."

But I did know how it was and I wanted to help them. So I told them about the time I had run away. I told them how I could still remember climbing into the car and driving away from home, driving fast and feeling as though someone were thumping me in my stomach.

I could hardly control my anger. Suddenly I became aware of the road again and that I was driving eastwards from the city—fast. But to where? I had planned my walk-out but not where I was going. Well, what did it really matter? I was getting away and that was all I cared about.

I drove and drove until all of a sudden it was cold. I hadn't noticed that it was beginning to get dark and cold. I only had on an open shirt and a light sweater.

I turned on the heater and rolled up the windows tight until it became stuffy and hot and I felt drowsy and the road looked like a never-ending snake. There was only one thing to do. I was angry but still I knew I had to stop. I pulled over by the side of the highway, turned off the heater and took a nap.

It must have been about an hour later when I woke up. The car had become cold again. I started to drive and then noticed that I had almost run out of gas. I put my hand in my pocket for money . . . only 75 cents. Not enough for much gas. I was lucky I had that credit card.

I stopped at the next gas station and

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told the attendant, "Fill her up." Over on the left I could see a Coke machine and candy machine by the side. "Can I have a Coke and candy on my credit card, too?" I asked. I felt kind of foolish, but by that time I was really hungry.

"Okay," said the attendant. Then he eyed me suspiciously.

"Where are you heading for, bub?"

"Oh . . . ah . . . East . . . Salt Lake City," I spluttered.

"You got 600 miles to go, bub."

"I know. I make the trip all the time," I boasted.

Back on the road I didn't feel so confident. Salt Lake City was more than 750 miles from Los Angeles and I was alone, cold, broke and hungry. And I was beginning to figure that maybe my running away wouldn't solve anything anyway.

Maybe turn back? I thought it over, but then I got angry. "Got to show them I'm not a kid . . . I'm a man . . . I can handle myself," I decided.

That was another thing I was sore about. The folks always thought I wasn't able to look after myself. It was always, "Be careful, dear." Other fellows got messed up in football, but their mothers didn't get hysterical about it.

But my mother was different. She was always fretting over me. And, I guess, from the day I was born, I seemed to have been plagued with one illness or accident or something.

There was the time when I was ten. I woke up screaming one night. Mother hurried into my bedroom and after putting her hand on my forehead, said, "You've got fever." I was sweating like mad, too, and doubled up with a pain right in the middle of my stomach.

The doctors came—one by one—and examined me and said something about kidneys. Then they gave me some medicine to ease the pain. For two years from that night I had to visit the doctor twice a week, every single week. When the treatments didn't help, finally an operation was ordered. I was nearly scared to death.

It was okay and I was feeling better after that. But for months I was cooped up in bed. Finally, when I was able to go out and play with the kids, I lasted about one month. I needed another operation, quickly—an emergency appendectomy.

By the time I reached fourteen I had three major operations and felt like a surgical guinea pig. I also knew what it was to feel lonely. Those weeks of pain and loneliness, when I didn't know a single kid. I don't think I'll ever forget them. When I'd be half-wake and half-asleep . . . the nurses and the doctors and the relatives . . . and then the lingering days which sometimes stretched into months at home where I would sit, day after day, propped up in bed or by the window, not allowed to go out with the kids. And always being careful. It didn't seem as though I was ever going to be able to have the fun the other fellows had.

One day I spoke to dad about it. "I'm tired of staying in bed," I told him. "I always seem to get the bad breaks."

Dad explained that boredom and not having fun are all part of living. "It's part of the struggle for survival," he said. "Nothing comes easy in life . . . you don't get stronger by walking downhill . . . so we all have our struggles to strengthen us."

"But I always seem to walk uphill."

No, that wasn't quite true, I thought, as I glared at the road ahead of me. In many ways I had been blessed with a great deal other fellows didn't have. There was this car, for instance. Most of the other kids didn't have the use of a car.

Still, ironically enough, when I did get well again and was able to mix with the

other kids, I always seemed to be getting injured, knocked over or something like that.

Twice I was knocked down by a car. Once Creighton accidentally gashed me with a knife. Another time I broke my arm playing football and I broke my arm again while I was playing baseball one day. I just seemed to have a knack for that sort of thing.

Worse, there was the embarrassment of it all, like the time I was passing a football to a pal after school and the football coach said, "Horton, why don't you try out for the team?"

I remember wishing at that moment that the ground might open up and swallow me so to save me from having to tell him, in front of the others, that I had a kidney ailment and that I had to "take it easy." Because I looked so big and healthy.

"Ah, maybe Mom has reasons to feel like she does," I thought to myself, and swung the car a little as the road began to rise uphill and I realized I was approaching the mountains. Soon I would be entering Nevada. Over the high Sierras, then the stretches of plateaus and then the deserts; through Nevada and into Utah I drove completely alone and with all my resentments screaming at me as though there were a thousand people in the car.

The trip made no sense, I guess, and I know that now. But I couldn't turn back. It had become a matter of pride more than anything else that was urging me on. I kept thinking over and over about Creighton, about my parents, about my being sick, about the other kids.

Maybe I just wasn't like the rest of the Hortons. I liked sports cars, bright colors and sporty clothes. They all preferred big black Cadillacs, dark colors and conservative clothes. I began to feel sure I was far more suited to being an artist, a racing driver or a professional football player than a doctor, lawyer or educator. Maybe even an actor.

Sure, I had always enjoyed excitement, action, adventure, laughs and an actor had plenty of these. But truthfully I can see now that at that time I just didn't know what I wanted. And the journey wasn't helping any. And the more I brooded the more I felt the bridge between me and my parents widen.

Then I remember saying out loud, "I'm a rebel, that's all."

What about the time when I was six, I thought. Even then I was so keen to think for myself and be independent that I stood on a street corner and tried to sell lemonade. I had bought the lemonade from a store near the school with money I had saved up for weeks. I had also bought some little wax-paper cups and was doing a roaring trade with all the kids in the neighborhood.

Then someone shouted that my folks were parked in the family limousine around the corner, watching me tolerantly. I became furious. "Why can't they let

me alone?" I thought. But they were only watching, they didn't try to stop me.

Then I began to think about school again. Actually, studies had never interested me. I was always bored and found all sorts of ways of sneaking out of class and back again without being caught. Then the principal found out and warned me that he couldn't tolerate such behavior. There were more harsh words and my father was called in and warned that I would be expelled if I didn't change my ways.

At home Dad threatened me with a "tougher school." A military academy.

I thought back to that morning and the "final warning" the principal had given me because, despite all the rows, I had not improved and my marks were still far from good. It had been enough to make me really blow up and convince me that all those plans I had been storing up about running away should be put into action—now. Had that all only been a few hours ago? I couldn't believe it.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, I came to Salt Lake City. I must have been driving for fifteen hours. All I could think of was to find a piece of property I knew my dad owned and to park in front of it. Somehow I felt safe, knowing it was Dad's. I must have fallen asleep almost immediately because I can barely remember even pulling the car by the side of the road.

I woke fairly early, about seven, and felt numb with cold. I had to get a hot drink, something to eat. I could go to my cousin, a doctor, who lived in town. Then I noticed a luncheonette on the corner. I had enough for coffee. And I can remember cupping my hands around that cup of coffee as though it contained the only heat left in the world. Should I go on to my cousin? I began to feel alone and very small.

The coffee had warmed me but I still felt very hungry. I dug in my pockets and found forty cents, and then I ordered another cup of coffee and a toasted muffin to go with it. That made me feel better, good enough, at least, to go and see my cousin.

When I got there, he told me Dad had called and that he and Mother were very worried. He led me to a chair in the living room, put through a call to my house and then handed me the phone.

"Bob," my father's voice came through, "are you all right?"

"Sure, Dad, sure," I answered. "I'm sorry if I worried you."

"Well, I kept telling Mother you were a good driver," he said, "I knew you could take care of yourself." I didn't know what to say and there was a kind of uncomfortable pause. Then Dad said, very quietly, "Well, Bob, what do you want to do?"

"I want to stay here, through next week anyway," I told him.

"All right," he said. "Whatever you decide. But I've got to tell you that your principal says he'll expel you if you're not back in school by Monday. I don't say that to pressure you, Bob, but I think you ought to know."

"All right, Dad," I said. I hung up the phone, feeling relieved that he hadn't lectured me and wondering if he'd really meant that part about believing I could take care of myself. If he did, maybe we could be friends, but I'd have to go home to find out. Anyway, when I faced up to it, I really didn't want to be expelled from school.

I got some more sleep at my cousin's house, then woke up, showered and had some breakfast. Then, feeling terribly deflated, like a champion going down with his first blow, I started the trip home.



Here I am, at fifteen, at military school.

I was hardly out of the city when I noticed a stalled car with three men standing around it waving. I stopped and asked what had happened. One of the men came slowly towards me. When he thought he was at a point where I couldn't see him, he made a dash around the car.

A trap. I was sure it was a trap and, alarmed, I jammed my foot down on the accelerator. Soon I had left them far behind. That's when it struck me quite hard that there's no end of trouble just waiting around the corner for a young guy miles from home. Anything could have happened if I hadn't spotted the trap.

No one said anything much when I arrived home. Dad just said again, "Now what do you want to do?" And I didn't have an answer for him. All I knew was that it was nice to be home.

Dad had asked me what I wanted to do, but I guess I didn't have the answer to that one until after I left the Army. That was in 1945. I was twenty-two and had received a medical discharge. Those Army years had helped me to grow up and had given me a direction. I came out knowing definitely that I wanted to be an actor.

From then on, with the help of my parents, I studied hard, first at the University of Miami, where I majored in dramatics, and later switching to U.C.L.A. Then I went on to Yale University for drama courses, didn't like them and switched to the American Theater Wing and private classes under Lee Strasberg in New York.

My parents were wonderful all the way through but I took jobs where and when I could. Often it meant not even having time to sleep at night, but I'd never gotten over not wanting to be completely dependent on them.

Then I landed a role in TV's "Suspense" and won a Warners' movie contract. From Warners I moved to 20th Century-Fox and then free-lanced.

During this time I married Mary, a brunette script girl I had met and fallen in love with. We were divorced six years later and in 1953 I married again—Barbara Ruick, the blonde actress. We eloped. But three years later we got a divorce. In marriage, when you're up against problems you can't seem to solve and so you get a divorce, maybe that's a kind of running away, too. I don't know. But I do think that now I'm a lot wiser, that now I could solve some of the problems that I couldn't seem to find an answer to then.

Now, with "Wagon Train" such a success, I feel I'm more steady and certain of myself. I have been praised for my acting in many other roles, too, and I'm grateful for that praise and for the feeling of security it gives me. I feel I have mastered myself better, too, where women are concerned. I am far more in control of my emotions. I've come quite a way, in fact, since those mixed-up years, and I can see more clearly than ever that running away never does any good. In fact, I guess I'm lucky I decided to turn back when I did.

It seems a long time since then, when I was a kid, stranded, not knowing what to do. But meeting those runaways in Washington, I knew just how they felt and I wanted to do something to help them. I keep wondering what happened to them, and if they happen to read this, I hope they'll write to me, care of NBC-TV in Hollywood, California, to tell me what they finally decided. I'd like to think my story made them realize that running away doesn't solve anything, that it only creates new problems.

—AS TOLD TO PAUL DENIS

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DICK CLARK

Continued from page 60

in the cabinet, he'd have filed it under "A"—for Alligator or Animal. I'm sorry to say that we were wrong—we usually are where The Boss is concerned. In answer to our frantic wire he explained he had carefully put it under "R"—for Return. And then he said just what he'd said when he closed the door of the office and took off. "Remember, everyone, You're supposed to know what you're supposed to do while I'm away, so try, huh. Try."

And that's why, though this is supposed to be Dick's monthly column for Photoplay, we're doing it instead. We're pinch-hitting for Dick and we know what to do. At least, that's what Dick told us—twice.

I guess we'd better introduce ourselves. There's Marlene Teti, "Teti-Babe" for short. (I'm Dick's gal Friday and he just couldn't do without *me*.) Then there's Joann Malfi. (I'm Teti-Babe's assistant and she can't do without *me*.) Next is Frances Gomel who opens the fan mail along with Christine Beteljeskie—(no one can do without *us*) and last is Tony Mammarella, the producer of the show (*I'm indispensable*.) Oh yes, there's also Richie Kenny, who helps Dick with the show and generally gets in everyone's way. (Thanks for including me in. My pals!)

That takes care of that. Now that you know about us, we suppose you'd like to know about the show or how it runs or something. Great! If you ever get this information would you be so kind as to send us an air mail-special delivery letter care of Station WFIL, Philadelphia, Pa.? We've been trying to find out how this show gets on the air day after day for quite a while now. It's all because of this fellow, Dick Clark, The Boss.

Take for instance a few weeks ago when, twenty minutes before show time, Richie Kenny slips on a tuna-fish sandwich (we think) and all the records he's carrying for that day's program are not only all jumbled and not in order but they are somewhat jagged (what with the scratches and downright smashed appearance of the entire lot).

What does The Boss do?

He scoops them up and makes a mad dash for the camera just in time to make the opening announcement that—"this afternoon is dedicated to those records that are pretty plotzed and they originate from Clark's Cracked Corner. Won't you spend the next few hours with us?"

Man, did we ever have a time trying to keep up with the telephone inquiries on that show!

Then there was the time Franny Gomel was opening some boxes that had come in from fans—all gifts for Dick—and she came across this one in particular from New Mexico. It had holes at each end and there was something rattling inside. We knew it just couldn't be, so we told Franny to go ahead and open it and she did. That's right. It was a real, live rattlesnake. Somehow the attached scribbled note saying it was "friendly and playful" and the boy's "best friend" didn't make Franny feel any better.

Franny was going to quit there and then but Dick came in and convinced her the snake's rattle was probably worse than his bite. This didn't really carry too much weight with Franny, she was pretty shook up, so Dick went out and bought her a pair of heavy gloves and a welder's mask.

She looks pretty silly sitting at her desk in this get-up but Dick always introduces her to visitors with a straight face and never bothers to explain her appearance.

You'd be surprised how quickly people leave the office. We've gotten used to ole Franny looking that way, day in and day out, but to tell the truth we've sort of forgotten what she really looks like.

Dick says she can come out for Valentine's Day but we're kind of worried. There's no telling what Franny will do. The whole thing has really unnerved her.

It's really not that we don't appreciate The Boss, it's just that he has a pretty strange sense of humor. One thing sure. Any other job would be awful dull after being exposed to the Dick Clark personality. Who else would have two clocks in his office—one that tells the real time and the other that tells the time Dick *wishes* it were?

Dick hates all the things that go into getting a show ready but he *loves* the show. Therefore he has the hands of this one clock turned to the time the show goes on the air. There's been more than one member of the staff who's walked by Dick's office (this being an old battered wooden desk in one corner of the two-by-four room we all share), glanced at that darn clock, and almost fainted away. There it was show time and everyone was out to lunch.

Or that terrible day Christine found the alligator in the filing cabinet. Well, she threatened to quit, too, but the rest of us convinced her Dick couldn't have done it as a practical joke.

Christine is still with us and as the days pass she becomes less bitter. Like all of us—she's resigned.

You'd think from the way we talk we were running a zoo or something, but that was just a time we had a run on "crawly" things. Dick is efficient in other matters, too.

When Dick took off on vacation he made it very clear that he wanted all of us to work just as hard as if he were here; to be pleasant and helpful to all visitors to the office; to make sure that every phone call was answered promptly; and, above all, to clean up the place.

We have tried!

But there is a limit!

People have been dropping by and we've been so "pleasant and helpful" no one will leave and the office is getting pretty jammed. As a matter of fact Richie had to move his desk outside.

We have seven phones in the office and we're trying to answer them all promptly, without letting the little red lights flash too long, but there's a definite bottleneck and it's Dick's fault. More than half the calls are from Dick's buddies calling to say they're "just checking, at Dick's request," to make sure we're on the ball and answering the phones. If it weren't for Dick and his methods, we might be able to talk to those other people who have something to say.

As for "cleaning up the place"—Dick will never recognize it. It used to be a real crazy purple, which gave the room a cave-like appearance and no one could see anyone else, but Dick said it was "soothing." We couldn't get him to change it—not even when he spent fifteen minutes dictating a letter to Joann only to find out she wasn't there. He maintained we wouldn't have to dust it as much as no one could see anyway. But that's all changed in his absence.

The room is now a beautiful flat white and although it doesn't show as much imagination, at least we don't bump into one another any more and we can see things like one another's faces. We had to introduce ourselves all over again but really—it's more friendly this way.

We've had what might be called one major mishap in Dick's absence but we're sure it can be straightened out just as

soon as The Boss returns to our mixed-up midst.

It all started innocently enough when Eddie Cochran stopped by a couple of days ago and we all had an impromptu session on that guitar of his. Anyone would consider this a part of the business even though it did shoot most of the afternoon. Unfortunately, it was about this time that some strange man stuck his head in the door and then made a hasty retreat muttering under his breath. The gentleman, we hope, doesn't turn out to be the sponsor. We don't think it was seeing Eddie Cochran strumming away as much as it was the rest of us. Franny was standing on top of a desk throwing mail up in the air and keeping perfect time. Joann and Richie were doing a very expert cha-cha. Christine was waltzing around the room with an oversize picture of Pat Boone, and "Teti-Babe" and Tony were taking turns on the guitar with Eddie and clacking a pair of false teeth in A-1 harmony.

We never did find out who the teeth belonged to.

Anyway, knowing The Boss, he'll straighten the whole misunderstanding out when he gets back. He'll just tell the "big boys" upstairs we're a hot, new singing group he's discovered and that our particular style of rendition will add "spark" to the show. He's done it before and he'll do it again. One thing about Dick—he's *loyal*!

The only other misadventure we've had since The Boss took off was that, while we were redecorating, a little bit of paint splattered on the records and we can't read the labels very well. However, Richie and Joann are playing each and everyone of them and re-labeling them. This takes quite a bit of time but it's certainly nice to have the musical accompaniment as we type away. Actually, it really isn't necessary for the kids to go to all that trouble because we had a similar accident a couple of years ago and Dick told everyone not to worry.

"This afternoon's show will just be a complete surprise to everyone and it will save me the trouble of announcing what's coming up next," said he, as he slunk into the studio.

If we're giving the impression that "American Bandstand" is run in a haphazard manner—we don't mean to. It just comes out that way—so to speak.

The Boss is a tireless worker and we try to be just like him. Sometimes, however, it's a little difficult to "follow in his footsteps." Tony Mammarella got caught in a tight squeeze once when he tried—and we mean tight squeeze.

It was about the time Dick had taken to sitting *under* desks. Not that he was *really* comfortable in this position but he said he could "think better when I'm away from all the hustle and bustle of all the activity up there." It was amazing how much work he could get done squatting there on his hind legs (you'll excuse us if we make him sound like a retriever or something, but he really did look kind of forlorn down there all by himself).

Well, Tony decided that what was good for The Boss was good enough for him. We tried to discourage him 'cause we thought it might turn into a fad or office rule and *everyone* was going to end up sitting under desks and it's quite difficult if you wear a dress but Tony insisted and wedged himself in. The only trouble was that Tony is a good fifty pounds heavier than Dick and somewhat taller and we nearly had to call the fire department to get him out.

After this Dick made a valiant attempt to stay up in the higher altitudes with the rest of us—just to set an example—but he does have times when he can't stand it

another minute—and back under he goes. So now you know if you ever come into the office. Don't be fooled by the person behind the welder's mask. That's only Franny. Dick's under desk—thinking.

About here we really should mention "the boys." There are so many of them it would be impossible to mention them all by name. "The Boys," as we like to think of them, represent different record companies and come in daily with new releases they want Dick to use on the show. Officially they are called "record distributors" but we call them "platter-pushers." Among our favorites are two guys by the name of Harry Ascola of Columbia Records and Ted Kellem of Marnel.

Just to show you what an understanding boss we've got—Harry and Ted once sent a note to him which arrived by messenger. This was most unusual because both of them are usually in the office every day, anyway. The note read:

"Dear Dick: It's not that we really mind lugging in a new batch of records day after day only to have your staff use them in a game of touch-football; nor did Ted really object to having his little toe almost bitten off by that alligator you've got running around; even the rattle of that snake doesn't bother us very much anymore; and the fact we can't hear a word Franny says behind that welder's mask is not too important; but honestly, fellow, is it really necessary that we get down on our hands and knees and bark every time we want Tony or 'Teti-Babe' to listen to a new recording?

Your friends,
Harry and Ted."

Well, let us tell you Dick was pretty mad at us but, as we said before, he's one of the most understanding bosses you could ask for and he saw both sides of the situation. It didn't take him a minute to scribble a reply and send it off immediately to the boys by the same messenger. The boys were back the next day and it wasn't long afterwards that we found out what The Boss had written.

In his straight-forward and understanding way Dick had solved the problem in ten words. "No barking. The office is much too noisy already. Dick."

All in all it's really not a bad job and we've got a lot to be thankful for. The hours are long, half the time we don't get time enough to go out to lunch, the place is a madhouse, the phones ring constantly, there's a steady stream of "platter-pushers," visitors, and top brass, we're always weeks behind on the correspondence, the packages that arrive daily are becoming more and more evil sounding, we have to step over strange bodies to get out every night and the building authorities are threatening to tear the place down because it's illegal or unhealthy or something to have so many people in so small a space. But it's a job and once you've worked for "Bandstand" you couldn't work anyplace else. Anyway, probably no one would hire us on the theory we'd had too much experience.

Through it all The Boss stands like the Rock of Gibraltar—always calm, always understanding, always sympathetic and above all—always willing to enter into the spirit of things.

As a matter of fact, you might say he's responsible for what we are today.

P.S. Just got another wire from Dick. He says to make sure you all know that we have a tendency to exaggerate.

P.P.S. Dick says to tell you he'll meet you right here in Photoplay, next month.

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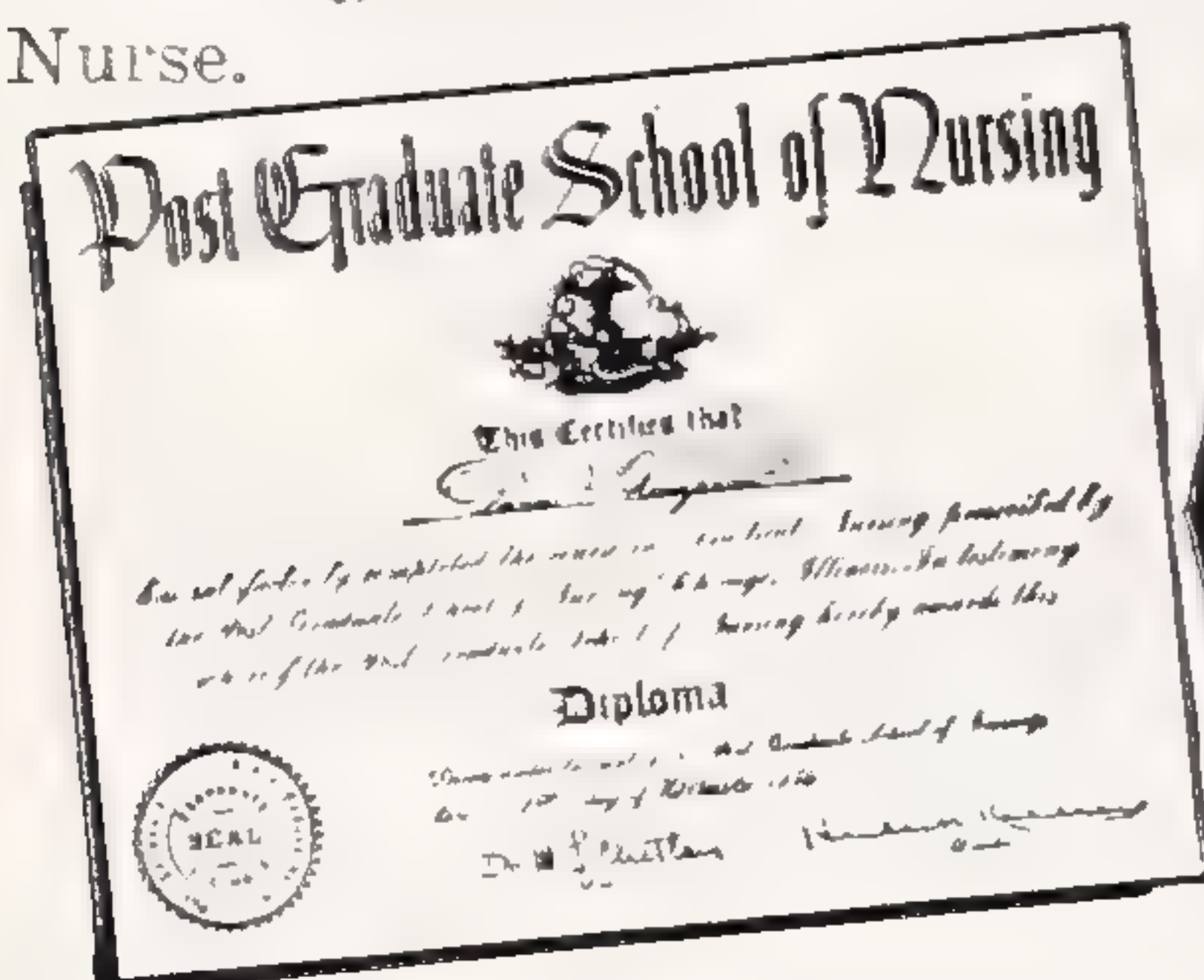
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EVERYBODY'S LAUGHING

Continued from page 38

light, it becomes a much different story.

"How can they keep printing those things?" she suddenly asked. "I try to tell myself I don't care and that I'm not going to get upset any more, but . . ." she broke off wearily.

It was quite clear she was still upset from the little things she did. "I can't sleep and when I do I even dream about it now. Like last night. It was such an awful thing . . . I dreamt I was allowed to use a stadium to talk to people. It was a big place, an arena like those in the Roman days where they'd let loose lions on an unprotected man—that kind of place. Huge . . . tremendous . . . like the Colosseum.

"In my dream I was led into the center of the stadium and I shouted so as to be heard, 'Listen, everybody, I want to tell you something. Everybody, please, I want you to understand the truth about me.' I started to explain—and all of a sudden there were rocks being thrown at me! From all those seats up above, people were throwing rocks. I kept shouting just the same, trying to make them hear. . . .

"Then, suddenly, they stopped throwing the rocks. It was very quiet and I thought, 'They know I have something important to say. They're giving me a chance!' But when I looked up," and unhappiness filled her eyes as if all this had been more real than a dream, "everybody was gone. They'd just thrown their rocks and left. . . .

"When I woke, I had to turn the light on to convince myself I was in my own room—that I had only been asleep. Without thinking, I put my hand up to my eyes and my cheeks were wet. I was still crying."

Kim's voice was heavy as she went on. "In a way, it wasn't a dream, though, and I can't wake up because this is just the kind of thing that's been happening to me in real life. I felt exactly that way a few days ago, for example, when I was looking at the newspapers. It was in the evening, and I thought I'd read a while before I went to bed. So I poured a glass of milk and curled up in a chair and began glancing at the news, when all of a sudden my own name jumped out at me. It was in a gossip column—an item about an actor who'd just gotten divorced. It said he was my latest boyfriend. The whole thing was sort of jeering, and I could imagine hundreds of people sitting home in their living rooms, just the way I was, and reading the item.

"It gave me the most awful helpless feeling. It was just like the dream. I wanted to say, 'But it's so foolish! I've only met that man once—and that was for a picture-story in a magazine.' But there I was, by myself. I couldn't make any of those people hear me.

"And when I talk to the press," Kim said wearily, "whatever I say gets all twisted around by the time it comes out in the papers. Or else the reporters refuse to really listen to me—like the one who called up a few weeks ago. I was dressing, I was in a hurry because I was going to have dinner with my agents at Romanoff's. The phone rang, and when I answered it I heard this cheerful voice: 'Miss Novak, are you going to marry So-and-So after his divorce comes through?' He was talking about a director I've known ever since I came to Hollywood. A story in that

day's paper had said I was 'interested' in him.

"As politely as I could, I answered, 'No, I'm not. I don't know him that well.'

"The reporter said, 'Do you mean you don't even know him?'

"No, I don't mean that,' I answered. 'He's an old friend.'

"The reporter just said, 'Oh. Thank you, Miss Novak.' You know how you can sense somebody is smiling, just from the sound of their voice? Well, it was like that—I could hear him grinning. And it hurt, because this director's friendship means a lot to me. He did the very first picture I was in. I was so frightened then, with no acting experience. I'll always be grateful to him, because I don't think anybody would have noticed me if he hadn't done such a fine job on the picture. He directed my latest movie, too—'Bell, Book and Candle'—and I'm happier about that performance than anything I've ever done. All along he's given me advice and encouragement. A real friend, one I could trust. Now this. . . ."

"Do you think perhaps you're taking it all too seriously?" I asked.

Kim smiled wistfully. "I guess that's what my agents thought. They could tell I was upset, and they tried to cheer me up. The director was at Romanoff's that night, and he stopped by our table to say hello. I tried to look amused when I asked him, 'Did you read about us?'

"He laughed and said, 'I certainly did. Why don't you tell me these things are going on?' Everybody else laughed—in a kind way, not ugly like the dream—and I tried to join in. But it wasn't funny to me. There've been so many stories—I no longer can take it all as a joke.

"And the worst part of it . . . I think my fans believe it." She got up and began pacing the room almost distractedly. "How could they know what the truth is? I can't talk to them—I can't get through to them. You see, I know what some of them are thinking, because I've had letters. There was one from a girl in Kansas City, a really nice girl. That is—I've never met her, but I feel as if I know her, because she began writing me when I was brand-new in movies.

"You know what? In her last letter she said she'd been terribly disappointed to read *this* about me." Kim stood still, and her voice was grave as she repeated the unpleasant words. "That I'd been seen around town at little out-of-the-way places with different movie executives—all of them married men. She'd never thought I was that kind of woman, but since I hadn't denied the story . . ."

Kim spread her hands hopelessly. "I had told the studio people but they just said that I shouldn't say anything, because rumors and gossip die faster if you just ignore them. But you see what happens? I'd hurt a good friend of mine by keeping quiet. Well, I wrote to her, of course. I told her the truth: that it was a case of mistaken identity. The girl who'd been going around with these men was new in town; she wanted to be an actress; it just happened that her hair was about the same color as mine, cut the same way.

"And yet when I sent the letter I had the same helpless feeling. It's not possible for me to answer every single letter I get—and what about the people who don't write—who just feel I've let them down? I owe these people so much. They've given me their support from the very start. Most of all, I owe them the truth. But how can I give it to them?" The words were a question, but as Kim spoke them her voice sank to a note of utter hopelessness, pathetically expressing her belief that nobody

could answer the question she'd asked. "The newspapermen don't want to hear the truth from me—it isn't funny enough. They want headlines that will make people laugh. Like 'Kim Novak Gets \$8,500 Trunket.' Do you remember that? That was General Trujillo's Mercedes-Benz. I can still see a certain reporter's face after he asked me about the car. We'd been having what I thought was a perfectly friendly interview, so I answered him honestly. I explained that the general had ordered the car while he was at the Army Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth. I was just keeping it for him.

"The reporter got the most cynical look, and sort of chuckled. 'Come on now, Kim,' he said. 'You're a grown-up, glamorous movie star. What's with the starry-eyed, trusting act? You know that car's yours—a straight-out gift.'

"At that point, the reporter opened an envelope he was carrying and pulled out what looked like a photograph. I just had a chance to see it was a copy of some sort of paper—document, I mean—when he pointed to the signature at the bottom and asked, 'Is that your writing?'

"It looks like it," I said. "Yes, I guess so."

"And he grinned and said, 'That's all I wanted to know.' The next morning, the picture was on the front page—a copy of the bill of sale for the car—with my signature." Kim sank down on the couch again and was silent, as if she still felt the shock.

"Was it really your signature?" I asked. She nodded. "But how did that happen?"

Lifting her head, Kim said softly, "Thank you for asking me. Nobody did then. Nobody wanted to know the truth. The afternoon the general's car came, I was home. I had just started to shampoo my hair. And as I was rinsing it, the doorbell rang. The housekeeper answered it and came and told me, 'They've brought the general's car. They say you'll have to sign for it.' I went to the door with my hair a mess and wringing wet. Somebody stuck a paper in my hand, and I scribbled my name. I thought it was just a receipt, to show that the car had been delivered. If I'd thought it was an official paper, I never would have written 'Kim Novak.' I sign all official papers with my real name, Marilyn Kim Novak.

"But I never got a chance to explain!" she said despairingly. "And when the news came out that the general was married . . . when I saw that headline in the paper . . . 'Kim's Ramfis—Father of Six.'"

"Nobody would believe I hadn't known about it all along," she murmured softly. "But I didn't. There is proof—a little incident I'd almost forgotten, until a friend reminded me about it the other day. She remembered spending an afternoon at my house once, when the general dropped in. Well, she was talking about some mischief her children had gotten into, and I laughed and turned to him and said, 'Of course, you don't understand these things, General. Since you've never been married, you've never had a taste of it.' He just smiled—didn't say anything . . ."

Still bewildered, Kim shook her head slowly. "But I don't believe he would have even asked me to go out with him if he hadn't already had his interlocutory divorce decree.

"That's all over with but there's something else they do talk about," she said. "Little sly remarks here and there. That story was the most terrible hurt of all," she added. "Because my family was dragged in on it—my mother, my father, my sister. It started with blind items, about a 'famous entertainer' and me.

"If Kim Novak marries the guy she's been romancing, she'll make even greater news than Sputnik," one news item said.



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Another said, 'All of Kim's reported boy-friends of the past months have been window-dressing and a cover-up for this one, whose name would rock Hollywood on its very foundation!'

"I know how the story began." Her voice strengthened. "And why! It was during the holidays a year ago. I'd gone to Chicago, to be with my family, and a columnist invited me to a New Year's Eve party. 'I'd love to come,' I said. 'May I bring my sister and brother-in-law?' We'd spent Christmastime very quietly, and I knew Arlene and her husband would enjoy the party."

"The columnist said that would be all right. It was later that he mentioned his television show. 'By the way,' he said to me, 'you can stop off and say hello to my television audience on the way to the party.'"

"I'm sorry," I told him. "I can't do it. The studio doesn't allow me to go on television without their permission. You know that." But he was furious!

"The entertainer has offices in Chicago. He flew into town briefly and called me about a script that was in the wind—a possible part that he wanted to discuss with me. I was staying at my sister's, in a suburb, and he came out to talk to me. Arlene's family and our parents were there, too, and Mother asked him to have lunch with us. Later on, I remember Mother—so sad, so puzzled—saying, 'Is it a sin to ask a fellow human being to break bread with you?'"

Kim was pacing the room again, her body tense with indignation. "The items began coming out in the columns—not mentioning the entertainer's name. Then there was one that did mention it—about the entertainer discussing a script with me. The papers began to link all these nothings together, but to me it was too ridiculous to take seriously. I went ahead and took the train back to Hollywood to begin 'Bell, Book and Candle.' I didn't know..."

In her restless pacing, she had stopped beside a chair, and now she gripped the back of it. It was an entirely unconscious gesture, for Kim was concentrating deeply on each word she said, reliving a scene that she hadn't even witnessed. "I didn't know what I was leaving my family to face. My mother told me about it. She didn't want to at first, but I made her tell me. And now I can't forget it. I can see it, every moment..."

"It must have been a little after midnight, they figured out later. The doorbell of our house on Sayre Street rang. Mother was half asleep, and she said, 'Who could that be? A telegram, maybe...?' Dad was just getting ready for bed, so he went down to answer the door."

"Mother sat up and listened, and she could hear a man's voice. But she didn't recognize it, and she couldn't make out any of the words. Finally, Dad called up the stairs, 'Blanche! Can you come down? There are a couple of men here from the newspaper.'"

"Her heart started to thump, Mother says. All sorts of wild ideas went through her mind while she was hurrying to put on her robe and her slippers. An accident? She knew I was on the train. Had something happened to the train? She found two strangers in her living room—one of them with a camera. It was the other one who spoke up, and she was so relieved to see the cheerful look on his face that at first she hardly took in what he was saying. It started out something like: 'Sorry to get you up, Mrs. Novak, but this is kind of a special occasion, isn't it? We hear Kim's getting married.'"

"Mother did get that, and she must have looked absolutely amazed, because the

reporter said, 'Well, the train she's on goes through Las Vegas, doesn't it?' He said it as if it was a most reasonable explanation.

"The reporter finished by saying, 'If you don't mind, we'll just wait here until you get the news.'"

"Meantime, while Mother had been trying to take all this in, she'd noticed the photographer kind of circling around the telephone. Before she could open her mouth, he pointed to the chair beside the phone, and he said, 'Oh, Mrs. Novak—we'll want to get a picture of you right here when Kim's call comes through.'"

"Then Mother burst out, 'This is ridiculous!' She knew I wouldn't wake her up in the middle of the night unless it was a real emergency. She was expecting to hear from me in the morning, because I always call up when I get out here, just to let them know what kind of a trip I had."

"But they wouldn't leave right away. There was my mother in her robe. And my dad was tired. And it was getting later and later. Finally, the reporter and the photographer did go, and Mother and Dad went on up to bed. Of course, they were upset, and they had to talk it over, and it was a while before they got to sleep. They'd just about drifted off when the phone rang."

Kim's hands had been pressed against her cheeks. Now they slid to cover her ears. It was the same gesture she had used to shut out the remembered laughter of her nightmare. "They made it all sound as if it was a game. A joke. And that wasn't the last phone call. They kept checking, hour after hour. Mother and Dad gave up any idea of sleeping. They got dressed. By six o'clock in the morning Mother was so nervous that she put in a call to Norma—Norma Kasell, that is, my personal manager. It was only four o'clock out here, so Norma was waked out of a sound sleep. And then she got up, too, so she could meet the train and tell me."

Kim drew a long breath and slowly crossed the room to sit down on the sofa again. She was shaken, but obviously she had finished what was for her the most painful aspect of her story. "You see, while all that was happening I was on the train. I didn't know a thing about what my family was going through. When I got off, the newspaper people were all around me before Norma could reach me. I just didn't believe they meant what they were saying. There was one wire-service man that I'd respected for a long time. I said to him, 'You're always making jokes. What do you really want to know?' Then I turned to the group of friends around me and said, 'Isn't this the funniest thing you ever heard?' But nobody was smiling..."

Kim's head was bowed; her voice was hushed. "The days after that... The nights... Oh yes, I know what my dream meant, because in those weeks I was in a nightmare while I was awake. I couldn't sleep. The gossip kept snowballing. I discovered my phone was tapped. When I went out, I was shadowed. And the lie kept growing. There was no way to stop it."

She lifted her head and clenched her hands together in her lap. "When such things happen, you feel you've got to do something about it. Your family is hurt. Your friends are hurt. And you're advised to say nothing. But I want people to know the truth about me. I want to tell them myself. It's just like in the dream. I'm so anxious to explain—I get all excited—and then I'm stopped. How can I get through to them?"

"You just have," I said. "Photoplay will print it."

And here it is.

THE END

KIM'S IN COLUMBIA'S "BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE."

THE BIG BEAT

Continued from page 66

guitars slung over their shoulders. The girls surrounded them, waving their blue souvenir programs and ballpoint pens. Don and Phil grinned and obliged with autographs.

Both boys were wearing blue blazers edged with cool white piping, striped ties and neat-fitting Oxford grey pants.

"Darn," lamented Sue, "I wish I had my Brownie camera with me."

Don, 21, the older of the Everly Brothers, chuckled. "I bet backstage looks weird to you, but to Phil and me it's practically home. It has been ever since I was eight and he was six and we started touring with our folks."

"Gee, you fellows dress so great," Kathy was saying to Phil, who's 19, "my steady dresses like a mess! How do I get him to dress like you?"

"You can lead a horse to water, as we used to say in Kentucky," Phil answered in his quick way of speaking, "but you can't make him drink."

Don's usually the quieter of the two, but today he was feeling talkative. "Only one way," Don offered. "Power of suggestion. It usually works. Make your guy think it's his idea instead of telling him he doesn't know what he's doing. That's the way my wife wins me over every time."

Debbie sighed, "Gee, I could stand here all day listening to you."

"Later on," Phil said, "we're going to have a backstage jam session. Why don't you all come?"

"Who, us?" the three girls cried out.

"Yeah. You might get a kick out of it. Right now, I'm hungry," Phil continued. "I'm going to the cafeteria across the street. How about you, Don?"

Don nodded. "Phil's the big eater but I wouldn't mind a good piece of steak and some French fried potatoes myself."

"Maybe apple pie à la mode for dessert," Phil added.

For a moment, the three girls seemed rooted there, only their eyes moved to follow Phil and Don. Debbie came out of the daze first. She spotted Jimmy Clanton, in a pebble-grey silk suit, picking out notes on a battered upright piano in a corner.

"Girls!" Debbie commanded, and Kathy and Sue rallied to Jimmy's side.

"Autographs, please," Sue asked. Jimmy looked startled. "Gee," he said. "You kids are even backstage. This is the greatest turnout I've ever seen anywhere for the Big Beat." Tall, chubby-faced and with bright dark eyes, eighteen-year-old Jimmy Clanton spoke with a soothing Louisiana drawl. He ran his fingers over his long brownish hair, glinting with gold from the glittery backstage lights.

"Where d'you ever get that haircut, Jimmy?" Sue questioned in a timid voice. "We all flipped!"

"Funny you ask," Jimmy said, shaking his head from side to side, "because, you know, a bunch of barbers have called me up about it. Lots of guys seem to want the same trim. Some of the Brooklyn barbers even came out here for a close-up inspection. The haircut's called a Balboa, only my girlfriend used to call it The Waterfall. Don't ask me why. Maybe it's because the front part falls over like Niagara. What do you think?"

"Oh, Jimmy," Kathy interrupted with a long sigh, "we're just crazy about your haircut, and gosh, we're crazy for your song, 'Just a Dream.' Did you really write it yourself?"

"Sure did," Jimmy said. "I wrote it when I was suffering from a broken heart. My girlfriend and I stopped going together,

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just last year, and I was upset, busting inside from sadness and I kept hearing this song in my head, so I said, 'Let it out, Jimmy, it'll do you good'; and, you know it's the best thing that could have happened to me. I love her still but the song, it makes the break-up all easier somehow—if you know what I mean. Maybe it'll all be over when I go to L.S.U. to study geology." The girls just stood there, as if waiting to catch Jimmy Clanton on the rebound. They were so quiet all you could hear was the sound of Debbie cracking her gum. Jimmy began to fidget under their stares, then he spotted relief.

"Hey, here's little Jo Ann Campbell!"

It was Jo Ann all right, tiny doll-like Jo Ann, with her pale blond hair and cornflower-blue eyes decked out in a bulky-knit sweater and red toreador pants. Jo Ann was carrying her big guitar.

"Say honest, Jimmy," she laughed, "Who's the harem?"

Autographs first, introductions later. "How about a little Elvis music?" Jo Ann asked and before you had a chance to snap your fingers, she was slapping her guitar and singing a medley of "All Shook Up" and "Hound Dog" and "Jailhouse Rock." For such a little girl, she can sure belt 'em.

Kathy, Debbie and Sue tapped their toes to the rock-rhythm of Jo Ann's music.

Jo Ann and Jimmy sang a little harmony and swivel-hipped all through the singing. Suddenly, running down the stairs in a white jacket, black frontier pants and white buckskin loafers—flashing a smile big enough to see anyone through a long school day—was the "Ginger Bread" Kid himself.

As if on cue, the three girls chorused breathlessly, "Frankie! Frankie Avalon!"

"Hi, gals," he said while he signed the blue program books. "Say, how'd you kids sneak in?"

They pointed to me. "Wait'll I tell the doorman." Frankie laughed, "Hey, you want to see the upstairs? Come on," Frankie motioned to us, "have a look!"

No prodding needed. The three girls walked right behind Frankie, following him up the steel stairs to the second floor.

"We don't have any star dressing rooms," Frankie told the girls as he showed them the cream-colored room he shared with Jimmy Clanton. Kathy, Debbie and Sue stared in fascination at the low-ceilinged dressing room with its mirrors bordered with naked light bulbs, the long wooden makeup shelf.

In a corner was Frankie's gleaming golden trumpet.

"Play it for us," Sue begged. "Please, Frankie, please."

Frankie obliged with sassy snatches of trumpet music, and all three girls sighed and leaned against each other for support. Through the open dressing-room window came loud cries and catcalls of "Frankie! Frankie!" from the gangs of guys and gals waiting on the street, all of them hoping for a peek at the stars of the Big Beat.

Frankie walked over to the window and smiled. One wave from his hand was like lightning. A roar of teenage thunder followed.

"I love 'em," Frankie said to the three girls in the dressing room. "If it weren't for all you fans liking my kind of jive, I'd be nowhere. I'd be back home in Philadelphia, practicing the trumpet and playing 'Tenderly' to the four walls in my bedroom. And that's no fun. A musician likes to make people happy with his music."

"You know," Frankie went on, "I lived real close to St. Edmund's Convent, and there was this Sister—her name was Sister Marita—who loved to hear me play, especially 'Tenderly.' The other Sisters used to compliment me, too, but Sister

Marita always went out of her way to encourage me. We had a grouchy neighbor who used to say I practiced too much, and, lots of times, I'd feel guilty about bothering the people on the street with my trumpet-playing and so I'd knock off practicing for a day, and then, if Sister Marita saw me the next day, she'd say, 'Frankie, you're not practicing!' in a kind of scolding tone of voice, and I'd go back to my trumpet that afternoon and practice an hour longer."

Frankie showed the girls his Big Beat costumes, all of them hanging on a long pipe across one wall of the dressing room. There were red flannel blazers with coin buttons, tiger-striped sweaters, button-down pink shirts with yellow bow ties.

Then, Frankie asked, "Hey, you gals, you met the Poni Tails yet?"

Kathy, Debbie and Sue nodded their heads.

"Come on," he shouted. "You'll love them!"

Next thing we knew, we were all marching through the second floor corridor to the last dressing room. Who popped their heads out of a doorway? The Kalin Twins!

"Hey, Frankie, who's the company?" one of the Kalin twins asked.

Frankie made proper introductions and then Kathy, Debbie and Sue asked for autographs.

Herbie Kalin, the skinnier of the two, asked the girls if they'd like discs of their new record, "Forget-Me-Not."

"I'm Hal," the other twin said after Herbie gave the girls their gifts. "He's married but I'm not, so let's leave Herbie out of this while we have a talk!"

"No fair," Herbie hollered.

"Maybe you can talk later," Frankie interrupted. "I want the Poni Tails to meet them."

"All right," Hal said, "but don't forget. We're having a jamboree backstage. Why don't you join us when it starts?"

"Okay," the girls answered. We continued down the hall and found the door of the last dressing room open.

There they were, the Poni Tails, all three of them wearing their flowered-silk chemises from the show. The tallest, LaVerne Novak, was tidying up the makeup shelf. Patti McCabe sat on a stool studying some sheet music, and all-smiles Toni Cistone was painting her fingernails a pale coral color.

Ballpoint pens and souvenir programs flourished in mid-air, "Oops, don't spill the nail polish," Toni cried out. Frankie excused himself to check on the backstage jam session, leaving the girls to get acquainted.

"Come on, girls," LaVerne urged, "sit down. Sorry, all we have are folding chairs," she said. "Gee, I'm so glad you stopped in. It's a good excuse to take a break. I was straightening things up."

Toni, pointing the nail-polish brush toward LaVerne, said, "LaVerne, she's crazy for housework!"

"You are, too," LaVerne smiled.

Toni peered upward through her glitter-framed eyeglasses. "You know, every time we finish touring and we go back to Cleveland, guess what I get a kick out of? Doing the dishes! It's crazy, I know, but I stand by that kitchen sink and wash away and daydream, and I just have a ball."

"Me," Patti joined in, "I love to catch up on all my letter-writing. I do the dishes, sure, but I can't wait to answer all the nice letters we get. It's fun to write to fans and get to know them through the mail."

Sue piped up, "How'd you kids get started, all of you singing together?"

LaVerne smiled a wide Doris Day-smile, "Well, nobody believes it but we were all

friends at Bush High School in Cleveland, and we liked to babysit together because we got a chance to sing. We used to sing for ourselves, just for the fun of it, and one night some parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jewett, came home and heard us harmonizing, and they asked if we ever thought about singing professionally. We said no. So they asked us to meet some people who could help us. At first, we sang in Veterans' hospitals and at big banquet parties for experience, and, gee, before we knew it, we sang at one of Joe Finan's record hops and everybody said we were ready to make records—and so, here we are . . ."

Debbie asked sheepishly, "I have a question! Isn't it hard to keep your own personality and still be a part of a group like this?"

Patti looked at the other two Poni Tails. "Well," she ventured, after a minute's thinking, "it's like this. Look at LaVerne, she's got green eyes and likes a good time, but it's Toni who's the real whoopee girl and live wire. I guess I'm the reserved one. We're different to begin with, and when we have time to ourselves, we give in to our own personalities. When we go back to our hotel rooms after a show, for instance (we all share a suite together when we travel), Tony'll turn on the radio, and maybe LaVerne'll wash her hair and I'll take a nap. We do whatever suits our own particular moods. We don't believe we have to do everything together. But I will say we're always picking up phrases from each other. Toni's always saying, 'Oh, my gosh!' and now she's got LaVerne and me saying it all the time."

"I never thought about it," Toni said, "but, you know, we get along pretty well. We were friends to start with, but maybe it's because we can laugh at each other, and nobody gets offended."

"That's one thing we do a lot of," LaVerne commented. "Laugh—and tease!"

Bouncing into the dressing room, Frankie Avalon announced that Phil and Don Everly had come back from the cafeteria across the street, and "... we're all getting wound up for the backstage jam session."

Buzzing with excitement, Kathy, Debbie and Sue walked alongside the Poni Tails to the other end of the long corridor where the Big Beat gang had gathered—The Everly Brothers, Jimmy Clanton, Jo Ann Campbell and so many others, everyone full of skyrocketing spirit, everyone waiting for Phil and Don to start the music-making.

S-t-r-r-r-u-mmm! and the Everly Brothers' guitars rang with music. In a minute everybody was stompin' their feet, and singing about Johnny being a joker . . .

Kathy, Debbie and Sue exchanged Seventh-Heaven looks.

"Come on," LaVerne of the Poni Tails coaxed. "Sing!"

Next thing you know, the three girls shrugged their shoulders, as if to say "Why not?" and their voices sang out in that let-yourself-go rhythm and pretty soon everybody was just listening.

"Hey," said Herbie Kalin, "that's a solid sound."

Frankie Avalon and Jo Ann Campbell exchanged looks. "Not bad," he said.

"People have gotten started on a lot less," said LaVerne.

"Anybody got a contract with a dotted line?" asked Phil Everly. THE END

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FRAMED

Continued from page 63

"To understand how and why Greg Bautzer and I married, I must go back five years. I've never talked about our courtship . . ." Dana looked up, startled. "Say, how did we get on this subject? Have I been framed?" She laughed. "Well, here goes . . ."

And this is Dana's story . . .

On a brisk November afternoon in 1953, a pretty young English girl boarded a north-bound city bus in New York's theater district, tired and dejected after a long, unsuccessful day of job-hunting and visits to theatrical offices. She had been in the United States only a few weeks, and on this day particularly, she felt lonely and lost, finding the usual Times Square crowds not exciting but unfriendly.

"Thousands of people," Dana was thinking, "and not one could possibly care about me. I really could die right here and I don't honestly believe even one person would stop. Where are all those friendly Americans I've been told about?"

Inside her beautiful English leather handbag, she had some small change. Her family was in Africa.

"If I can't get a job . . ." She caught her thoughts. "Don't think dreary."

The bus lurched and she caught onto the leather strap to steady herself. She noticed it was almost Eightieth Street and decided to get off to do some shopping. Dispiritedly, she walked towards her neighborhood marketing section. Not honestly caring about food, giving up lunches hadn't been a problem. She didn't like to cook and often found herself "dining" on one item for a week at a time: one week mushrooms, the next doughnuts, the next asparagus, then a week of baked beans. On this day, she was ready for her fourth dinner menu of hazelnuts.

Stopping at the Jewish delicatessen, she waited for the owner's usual clucks of disapproval as she ordered another tin. She wasn't disappointed. "Hazelnuts! This is a dinner? A young girl like you, you should eat! Don't worry about the job. Tomorrow you'll get one, you'll see."

Leaving the delicatessen, she glanced at the German baker's window, and he, seeing her, beckoned her in. "I save a little piece of strudel. No—no money. Just something for you."

"Danke," Dana murmured, and they began chatting in German, which she'd learned as a child.

Suddenly, the baker switched the conversation back to English. "Tomorrow will be your day. You see."

Across the wind-swept street, Dana huddled her wool coat closer around her and went into the shoemaker's to pick up a pair of shoes that had needed new heels and half-soles. They were ready for her, because she had told the shoemaker that she must wear them the next day for an interview. For a while, Dana talked with him in Italian. Then, with obvious pride, as she left, he said in halting English, "Tomorrow you will get the great job of acting."

"I don't know when it began," Dana says now. "There I was, laden with brown paper sacks and parcels, thousands of miles from home when suddenly I stopped, came to a halt. I realized I had just fallen in love."

Across the years, past all the exciting successful things that have happened to her since, today's Dana can still remember exactly how that girl felt. "When I got off the bus I was depressed, yet there

I was twenty minutes later full of enthusiasm and belief in tomorrow. Why? What had happened? Suddenly I turned around and looked at that little community of stores, where foreign-born Americans lived their new lives. Each day they gave me—another immigrant—warmth, concern and honest interest. I was not alone after all. Nowhere else in the world, I realized, do you find people so generously interested in a newcomer, so willing to help a stranger. Right then I felt a deep passionate love well up in me. I loved America and everything it stood for. As I climbed the stairs to my room to munch hazelnuts and neaten my clothes for my next day's interview, I knew I had come home in every sense of the word. I wanted to become an American citizen and I wanted to earn the right. And I hoped that, when I married, my husband might be an American.

"The next day, on my interview, I lied my head off. You'd have thought I was England's gift to America's live television. I could tell he wanted me for the part, but it seemed to take a little doing. A few days later I heard I had it.

"I appeared at rehearsals, outwardly calm and composed, inwardly shaking. The director had accepted me, but you don't fool cameramen, grips and assistant directors. Very quietly they would come by and say, 'Listen, kid, look a little to the left on that line,' or 'Keep your chin up.' Americans! They knew and they were helping me.

"Then, remembering how I'd knocked up against the stuffy wall blocking off opportunity in England, I recognized their tremendous waste of young people. It was felt one should be aged and mature and spend years learning one's craft." Dana's Latin-looking eyes flashed fire. "I'm sick and tired of being tactful. I'm not knocking England—it's no less a great country—but it makes America seem more exciting by contrast. The prejudice against youth everywhere except America is fantastic!

"I thought to myself, 'Where else in the world would men be so considerate?' If you want to really know a country, meet its men. At sixteen, I was romantically inclined toward an Italian medical student in Venice. Later I had a near thing with an English artist. Then I was almost engaged to a French baron.

"I had one black dress (which I made myself) and one mad blue dress. I varied them so much I wore them two seasons without anyone recognizing them," she recalled. "I was amazed when I found myself named one of London's three best-dressed young actresses. That fame certainly backfired. My friends reported people were wondering who 'kept' me," Dana laughed. "I didn't bother to tell them I might have starved if my parents hadn't sent me an allowance."

Dana went on, "The man I became involved with in England, I'm afraid, was typical of the English male. I found him enchanting at first, perhaps because it was my first real grownup experience. Everything he did was wonderful. Sunday after Sunday I trailed him around eighteen holes, listening to golf talk and stuffy English jokes, trying to convince myself I loved the game." With a look of being caught in a sand trap, she continued: "The whole English attitude toward women and courtship is the dullest in the world. Englishmen are embarrassed if women wear modish gowns or colors. One must never stand out; it's not well-bred. Wife, girlfriend or fiancée must be mousy. Oh, chic women are admired by Englishmen. Their heads swivel in admiration when one walks by, but they wouldn't think of marrying her." Dana drew an exasperated breath. "I swear,

there's a conspiracy among English families to make English girls as unattractive as possible. They are supposed to have the largest feet in the world. Why shouldn't they look that way? They're crammed into walking brogues as soon as they can walk. They never wear make-up. At seventeen they are allowed a pale pink lipstick; they are still in school uniform, wearing colorless nail polish. At the age when they're just becoming pretty and might have an urge to find out how they look out of uniform, there are only two talents that will bring them plaudits from parents: robust health and being very good at hockey.

"Now the Frenchman is another cup of tea," she said. "He courts in a grand manner. He treats a woman as a feminine object. Actually, there is no equality; the law gives everything a woman owns to her husband. She is not considered an individual. She dresses well, but more for show, in a slightly extreme fashion. And after the marriage? The object of his affection is expected just to be displayed and to bring up children. When she has over five she is given a ribbon and an allowance by the government."

Dana thought a while, and then continued her musings. "Italian men are more naturally romantic than the French. The Italian is passionately involved with every love affair. He courts with music, flowers, little gestures, infinite care. The Italian's love song is for everybody, the poor, the wealthy, all to share. Even after marriage, the husband will burst through with romance occasionally, but he is much more involved with his business, the bambinos and the lusty living of the Italian male.

"But the American man!" Now Dana was started on her favorite subject. "American men like women, they like to have them around and they spoil them wonderfully. They care about their clothes, they treat them as equals, and still as women. They try to relieve them of all the tedious things of married life, with wonderful gadgets in kitchens and homes. They want an attractive companion, rather than just a woman to feed them. It's a good thing Greg feels that way, for my cooking specialty is brandied peaches. On the cook's day off I made brandied peaches until he finally admitted he'd had enough to last him a lifetime and suggested we find a reliable cook to replace the cook on her day off."

Dana smiled fondly. "When I was new in Hollywood, I really didn't know very many American men—as dates, that is. I lived quietly near my studio, 20th Century-Fox, in a small apartment. My only real friends were Bill and Edie Goetz and Sam and Frances Goldwyn. When I wasn't working I dined with them in their homes.

"On one of my few social gaddings, I was at Cobina Wright's cocktail party. Greg and I were introduced. Immediately he asked me for a dinner date. I'd heard all about this glamorous Mr. B. and the glamorous movie stars who fell madly in love with him. I felt the whole situation was far too fast and sophisticated for me. I'd always been wary of handsome men anyway, especially men that women fell for. I was sure he'd be insufferably conceited. Well, sure of himself he was—he's a man who makes up his mind fast. He told me much, much later that he decided to marry me the moment he saw me. I remember I refused his invitation rather curtly, first informing him that I had a date, and second, that when working I never went out nights. That, I thought, was that.

"The next day Greg Bautzer was on my unlisted telephone asking for a date. I changed my unlisted number six times. Six times he found it. Each time I refused. Then I went to New York to do some

publicity for 'The View from Pompey's Head.' He called me at the hotel. He too was in New York. I informed him coldly that I was dining with Lord Rothermere. I didn't know Greg was playing gin rummy with Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer. They heard his end of the conversation, and Charlie, who is now our best friend, turned to Ben and said, 'I don't know her, but I don't think I'm going to like this girl.'"

The conversation had gone something like this:

"Where will you be tomorrow?" Greg asked.

"I'm going to Philadelphia."

"I'll meet you in Philadelphia," Greg said.

"No."

"Then you go to Denver? I'll meet you in Denver."

"No."

"Boston? San Francisco? I'll meet you there," said Greg.

"No," she said definitely, and hung up.

Dana smiled ironically at the recollection. "While I was in Denver my phone rang, and Greg's very abrupt voice said, 'Your plane gets into Los Angeles at eleven o'clock. I'll meet it.' He hung up. Well, I thought, I can always say I have a headache. But when he met me at eleven my head didn't ache, so we went to The Traders. Sitting at a corner table, he turned his attention and full charm on me. I was smitten. After that I was showered with thoughtful gifts: a basket of flowers, with my first Yorkshire terrier in the middle; a Toastmaster I had discussed, with an orchid sitting on it; ten-pound boxes of chocolates delivered on the set—the crew and I gorged. Flowers, little gifts—and always one red rose for me. Greg has excellent taste. When he was traveling he'd pick me up a beautiful Italian sweater or one of the mad hats I adore.

"The more I saw of him the more I realized that Greg had all the qualities I'd been looking for. I was wooed and won in the best American tradition. We decided to be married months before we were. During that time, I was mentally trying to adapt to living in this town. I had fallen in love with America; still, I'd been trying to duck the social life here in Hollywood. Greg is popular; he enjoys people; even his law practice often involves meeting clients socially. I knew it would be difficult for me to change and keep up with him, but I was sure it would be worth the effort.

"And gossip became a real problem, too. While we were both trying to get away to Africa for my parents' permission, the nasty little folk were placing bets on whether or not we would marry." Dana made a grimace of distaste. "I finally went to South Rhodesia alone. I had to change planes nine times in six days to spend two days with my parents. Greg called every day. When I finally landed back in New York with parental blessings, I was met at the hotel by a little orchestra playing 'I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face.'"

"Aha!" I said.

"You noticed?" Dana glanced at the hi-fi. "I suppose it wasn't very much of a coincidence—I play that song so often. When I heard the tune then, it was like a love letter and a welcome-home, both at once. So Greg and I were married, in June of 1956. Now my first American love affair and my last seem like part of the same emotion. I have the feeling that all along I was meant to be an American—and the wife of an American." THE END

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THIS PAGE IS YOURS

Continued from page 54

of poured from him, like a dam being opened.

We all three walked over to the library to get the book. I remember that night very clearly because of the way I felt after he came and during the months that followed. And there was another reason too. When she got inside the library, Mother started to pull the ladder over to the section where Tony's book was shelved.

"Hey, Mrs. Cameron! Don't do that," he said. He walked right over to the shelf, reached up and got the book for her. "Sometimes being tall comes in handy," he said, half-blushing when she thanked him. I could see how pleased Mother was. Most of the boys at the college weren't so thoughtful.

That was just one of the nice things he did. I don't believe in love at first sight or anything silly like that, but I knew I liked Tony very much right from the beginning. That tall, thin, sweet, shy boy was my first love. And this is a story about us, but mostly about him.

After that first night, I couldn't help hoping I'd run into Tony at the drugstore, or the post office, or just on the street—or even better, that he'd call for a date. But I didn't hear from him for a week. One day, though, I saw him riding by the house on his bicycle. As he went along, pedalling very fast, he kept his eyes straight ahead and didn't even glance at the house. I guess I didn't have to worry, after all, that he'd see me standing there in the window.

Maybe it wasn't just accident that Tony rode past my house. The next day, as I walked by the drugstore, he sort of tumbled out of the door and grabbed my arm.

"Doris! Gee! It seems like I'm always asking you or your mother for a favor. But I want to buy my mom a birthday present—her birthday's next weekend—and I just don't know what to pick out. I've been in there looking at all the candy and perfume and other stuff, but I just can't decide. Help me?" He grinned down at me with the brownest possible brown eyes and his wide, frank smile. I wouldn't have been able to refuse—even if I hadn't been holding my breath for more than a week.

That was the beginning. Somehow, Tony and I never had to look very far for things to talk about or do. For one thing, we both loved books and music. We talked a lot, but we did other things too. I remember one afternoon in particular. After lunch, we biked out to the beach to fly model planes. (Another interest of Tony's. To my surprise, it was even more fun than he said!)

It was a fall day. Even though seasons don't change in Florida, we could tell it was fall. We were both excited and happy and raced along on our bikes as free as if there weren't homework to be done, housework waiting, or grades to be kept up so Tony could hold onto his scholarship. With Tony tearing along beside me, I was able to forget those two long years since my father died—years without much fun and with much more responsibility and loneliness than they should have held.

"Hey, Dody," (That was his pet name for me.) "I'll race you—but you can have a headstart."

"Okay." I laughed and started off, pedalling as fast as I could—which wasn't very fast compared to what Tony's long legs could do. Sure enough, he passed me before long, reaching out to give my ponytail a jerk as he whizzed by.

"Remember that little tiger we saw in the drugstore when you helped me pick the perfume for Mom?"

I certainly did. It was one of those adorable stuffed ones, all curled up and funny looking with its red felt tongue hanging out of its mouth.

"I'm going to get it for you," he yelled back over his shoulder. "I'm going to get it for you just because you're so nice and so much fun to be with and because you're wearing a pink sweater today." (I usually wore darker colors. But when I found out Tony preferred them, I began adding pastels slowly—very slowly because I couldn't afford many new clothes.)

We had a wonderful time flying the model planes. (We seemed to have fun no matter what we were doing.) And after we finished, we lay back on the sand and watched the white clouds that looked like big balls of cotton pasted up in the sky. "You know," Tony began slowly, "it really won't be long before Christmas comes. I love Christmas! Don't you? Somehow, it's never the same as when I was a kid though. But I just can't get over it anyway—I still look forward to it just as much every year."

Tossing his head in that funny way he had when his hair fell into his eyes, he said, "I'll tell you what—" But he broke off, suddenly looking very serious. "Say, you don't have a date for New Year's already?" He seemed worried, but I couldn't really be sorry. If he was worried, it meant he liked to be with me as much as I hoped he did.

"Of course I don't have a date for New Year's, Dopey!"

"Well, you know. Some guys make dates for New Year's months and months ahead. I guess it's because they don't want to be alone. No one wants to be alone on New Year's. There's something special about it—I guess it's because it's the start of so many—" Then he stopped quickly, as though what he said next was a surprise even to him. He reached out for my hand. "Dody, will you go out with me this New Year's?"

I smiled my answer. That was enough.

Then there was another wonderful day, the day I got to know the real Tony, or at least one part of the real Tony he'd been too shy to show before. Imagine having your phone ring at seven o'clock in the morning! I had been sound asleep. If it had been anyone but Tony at the other end of the line, I think I would have rolled over, gone back to sleep and stuck the phone under a pillow or something.

"Hey," he began like a naughty little boy. "I'm imposing again. But—gee—well—do you have any cold milk? I've just got to have some, and the kitchen here's still closed." I don't know whether his voice convinced me or the sight of Perkette, the little stuffed tiger Tony bought me.

"All right," I answered. "Just give me fifteen or twenty minutes to wake up, and you can have all the cold milk you can drink."

What a crazy breakfast! Tony couldn't eat eggs or cereal or any of the other things people usually have in the morning. Oh, no! He had to have some weird thing called "Potato Chip Joy!"

"What?" I yelled when he began to describe it.

"Dody, it's really easy," he assured me. "You just go over to the stove and get a big frying pan, the bigger, the better. I'll hand you the stuff and tell you what to do."

I obeyed. Even this was fun since I was doing it for Tony. I stood there, stirring and stirring, and trying not to look too closely at the combination of things in the pan. I did think it was worth protesting, though, when he handed me the Swiss

cheese. "Swiss cheese!" I yelled. "Isn't it bad enough now?"

"Aw, Dody! Gee, I thought you had more imagination. This is *it*; this is the final touch."

"Okay, okay." I threw in the cheese, taking a gulp of black coffee to fortify myself for what was coming next.

Finally, there it was—a huge, steaming, smelly mess with potato chips all over the top. Tony seemed to love it. Mother had a few spoonfuls, too. "Very good, Tony," she nodded approvingly. But I couldn't help noticing that she left for the library fifteen minutes earlier than usual. Even I ate some. It must have been love.

After Mother left, we sat around, just doing the dishes in our own sweet time and talking. I'm afraid we were both late for class, but it didn't seem to matter.

Tony began talking about his family, and particularly about his father, Osgood Perkins, who had been a well-known and highly respected actor. "I only saw him in one play," Tony said a little sadly, "'On-stage,' and, you know, I was so young I had to be propped up on pillows to see!" He tossed his head with that little motion that was so much "Tony." "Dody," he leaned across the table, looking at me with those warm eyes that no longer seemed shy. "More than anything else, I want to be an actor."

I listened quietly, not saying much, but trying to encourage him. This was a more intense, a more determined side of Tony. But I felt that it was just as real as the relaxed, fun-loving boy who raced me to the field where we flew model planes. Behind his glasses, his eyes glowed with excitement and determination.

And yet, it *didn't* seem like Tony—not as I usually thought of him—running over with a new record I just *had* to hear, or a book he thought I'd like as much as he did, Tony in faded old jeans zooming around the campus on his bike, sounding like a lovable little boy one minute and a dignified old professor the next, cracking his knuckles when he was embarrassed or nervous, and throwing back his hair the way he so often did. But there were many sides to Tony, and being allowed to see this one—his dream side—made me proud and very, very happy.

It might seem like Tony had a habit of calling me early in the morning, but that isn't really true. It *did* happen again though—about two weeks before Christmas. "Dody! Dody!" He shouted breathless.

"They called, Dody! They really called! Honest. I can't believe it, but they want me!"

"Who?" I tried to sound calm, but there was a funny quiver in my stomach.

"Hollywood! The studio! Gee, didn't I tell you about making a screen test last summer? I just won a part in 'The Actress!'"

"Oh, Tony! I'm so glad! It's wonderful, just wonderful!"

"There's one bad thing about it though, Dody." His voice became low and serious. "I have to leave this afternoon and I won't be back at least until February. I'm afraid I won't be able to keep our New Year's date."

I said what any girl would have said, any girl who loved a boy like Tony. "Missing the date's not important, Tony. What's one date compared to the beginning of your whole career?" But, of course, I was disappointed. "Besides," I added, "I have Perquette to keep me company. And both of us are so puffed up with pride we look silly."

"Gee, Dody, you're a wonderful girl! Okay if I come right over?"

There was only one possible answer. I

watched for him from the window. He tossed his bike down at the curb and sort of skittered up the sidewalk, his arms full of packages he couldn't quite manage.

"Here, Dody," he said breathlessly, shoving the packages at me and trying to hug me all at once. "This is our whole holiday season rolled up in one morning." He squeezed my hand. "Gee, I'm sorry about New Year's!"

"Never mind, Tony. Don't worry about it—please. It's nothing compared to the wonderful thing that's happened to you."

I sat right down on the floor to open the gifts. Two of them were big and bulky and still had the wrapping paper from the store. Of course, Tony didn't have time to wrap them in special paper. I could see that the third package was a record album, but what were the other two?

I tore the paper off like a little kid who just couldn't wait until Christmas morning. A dozen tall, beautiful poinsettias! They were lovely—and Tony had been as thoughtful as usual. He had chosen flowers that would last for weeks, right through the holiday season. But the second package was the best! It was a huge, woolly, white lamb—the most lovable snowy lamb I ever saw! And he had an enormous blue bow around his neck. Right away, I named him Tonette. Now I had Perquette and Tonette. Silly? I guess so. But important, too.

"Here," Tony said, "let's put on these records." He was so excited he couldn't even find the record player even though he'd used it dozens of times. "Dance?" He smiled down at me with the brown eyes I loved so much. And we did dance.

That morning, with the sun streaming in the window, wearing sweaters and worn out dungarees, we danced and danced. We danced just as though it really *were* New Year's Eve. At ten to twelve, Tony ran over to the phonograph and put on "Auld Lang Syne." Maybe it wasn't very original, but for us it had a special meaning, a *very* special one. With glasses of milk, *cold* milk, we toasted Tony's success in Hollywood. And at twelve, twelve *noon*, Tony bent down and gave me a long, sweet kiss. "Dody," he whispered, "I'm going to miss you very, very much! How about next New Year's Eve?"

But next New Year's Eve Tony was doing a television show. Now show business believed in him as much as I did. That New Year's, I stayed home with Mother. At twelve, of course, the band played "Auld Lang Syne." I must have looked very sad at that moment. Mother glanced at me. "Thinking of Tony?" she asked gently. I nodded, wiping away the one little tear that started to roll down my face. She understood.

Now it's three years later. This New Year's Eve, I have a date with the wonderful boy I'm going to marry—just about the same time that Tony has his second anniversary of movie-making. Today I'm happy that Tony and I had our New Year's date after all. I'm proud that Tony is fulfilling his dream—the dream that I was able to share for a while. But, of course, I'm proudest of all that Tony Perkins was the boy who was my first love.

This New Year's Eve, when it's three minutes to twelve, I'll be with the boy I'm going to marry. And when they play "Auld Lang Syne," I don't think I'll be untrue to him if, just for a moment, I think of Tony. Of Tony, and that crazy wonderful morning when we had our New Year's Eve date. What do you think?

THE END

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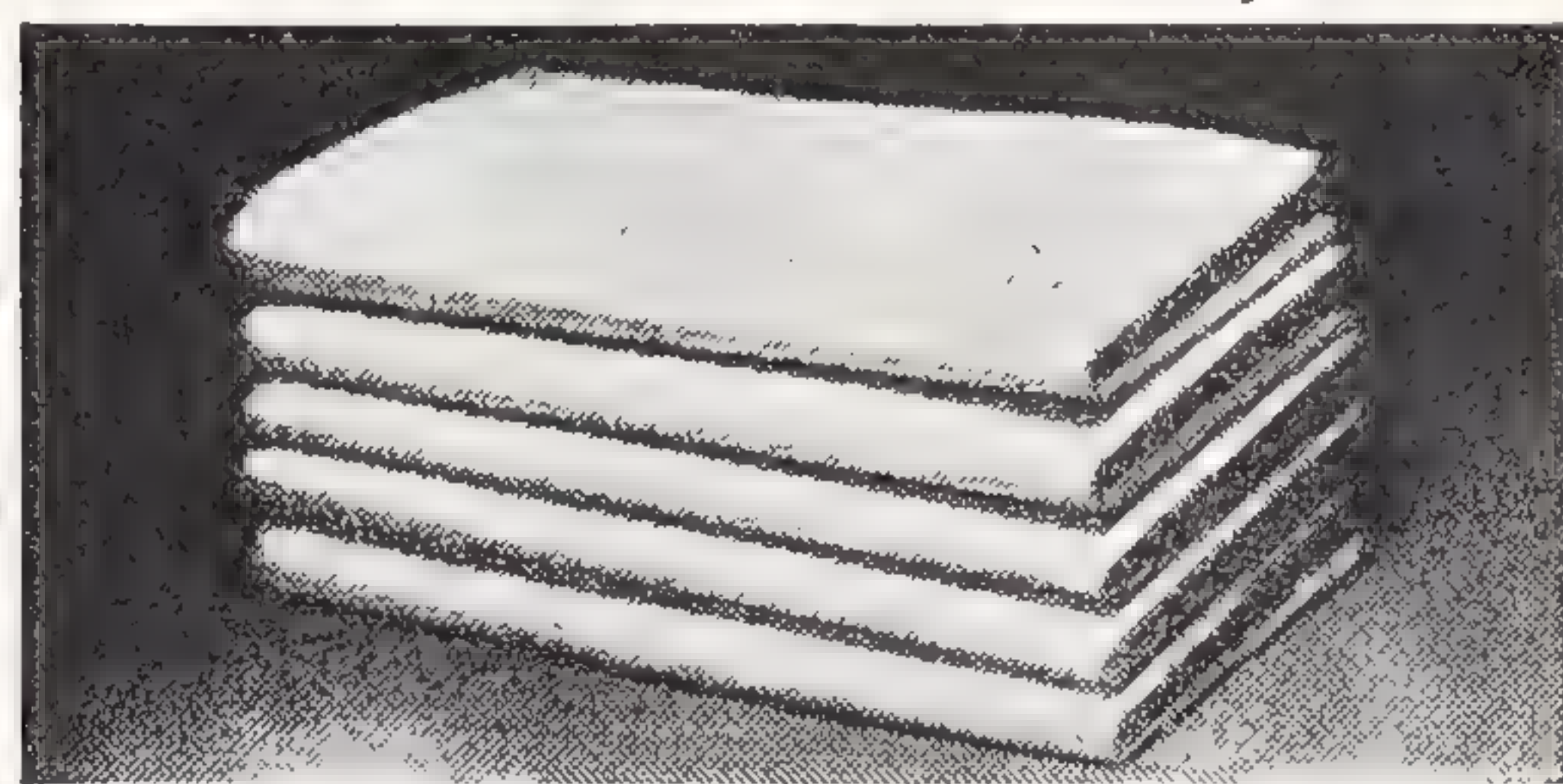
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TYRONE POWER

Continued from page 35

"We're going to have a baby," Ty persisted. "Debbie and I are going to have a son."

"It's not that we're tired of girls," Ty smiled. "I could have a dozen girls, and I hope we do." Then, very seriously, "But there has to be a boy, too. At least one. There's got to be another Tyrone. You know, I'm the seventh Tyrone Power, actor. There's always been one in my family and it's like a trust, an unbroken line for seven generations, that one boy will be named Tyrone and that he'll act. You'd be amazed at how much of my life is wrapped up in that idea. I'm the seventh. And now, at last, there's going to be an eighth."

Two days later, at the age of forty-four, Tyrone Power was dead.

The morning of that terrible day, Ty had kissed her softly as he left the hotel for the Madrid sound stage. Through half-closed eyes she had watched him go, smiling a little, as he tip-toed out. "Prospective mothers need their sleep," he had said the night before. "Don't get up to see me off. I'll be very quiet..." But of course she had awakened anyway, and had pretended not to, even when he kissed her, even when he turned at the door to look back at her and she had seen him smile again.

And then Ted Richmond came to her hotel room and told her that that smiling man, so alive and healthy, was dead. She had fought against belief and, to make it real to her, they told her the rest. How Ty had been in the middle of a duel with George Sanders—"You know, Debbie, the one where he was supposed to fall to the floor and writhe around..."

Yes, she knew.

"Well, all of a sudden, he waved his hand to cut the cameras and started to walk off the set. He looked very pale..."

They thought he was having another attack of dysentery; he had had one only a few days before. Or maybe a chill—it was a joke on the set about Ty, who always wore wool socks, summer and winter, having to play the entire movie barefoot on the cold concrete floor. Ray Sebastian, his makeup man and friend for twenty years, started towards him.

"I'm going back to my dressing room," Ty had called out.

Debbie listened. It was like a story, like a film plot. It was very interesting, but it had no connection with her, or her husband or her life.

"I don't know now at what point Ty left his trailer but he did," Gina Lollobrigida told her, "he must have been feeling better, because he came over to my little trailer to talk with me... and he was just like usual, just like usual... we talked, then he said he had to get back to work. He laughed and said, 'Life goes on,' and went back to his room. So a while later, we went over to see him, Martha and me, and he was standing in the middle of the floor with his hand on the breastplate he wore for the movie, and he... there was such a strange expression on his face..."

Martha Labar, Gina's dialogue coach, picked up the thread. "I never saw such a look. A sort of mixture of surprise and pain—but with such depth to the surprise. I knew. I don't think he understood, but I did. I prayed without even thinking, 'Holy Mother, help this man.' I got Gina out and then I started back in to him, but just then Ray got there, with Ted Richmond right beside him..."

When they opened the door and walked

in, Ty was leaning helplessly against a wall. His face was contorted. Before Ray's frightened eyes, he began to choke, to gasp for breath. With shaking fingers, Ray loosened the breastplate. "Ty—?"

Ty shook his head. He retched. Ted ran over, and he clung to him. Then his face began to lose its ashen shade, to red-den in splotches. He retched again. "Ted," he said. "Ted—what—?"

"Get a car!" Ted Richmond shouted out the door. "Hurry!"

They hurried. They half carried Ty into the auto. Ted slid behind the wheel, pressed his foot to the gas, turned toward the nearest hospital. But on the seat beside him, Tyrone Power slumped, unconscious—and died.

And because Debbie Ann Power had to believe it and couldn't, they told it to her over and over again, until Gina had to leave the room weeping, "It's terrible, terrible...," until Ted's wife arrived to help Debbie to bed, until a doctor came to give her sedatives and troubled sleep. Until at last she woke up with belief in her eyes and said, "I want to see him, Ted. Take me to him, please..."

So they took her to Torrejon Air Base ten miles away because Ty's body was there now, in respect for his wartime service as a Marine pilot—and there she saw him, and knew it was true.

After that, there was a blur. A blur in which she moved about, going where people told her to, signing the papers they put before her, nodding to the arrangements for the flight home, the funeral in Hollywood.

She had been married for six months, and it was over.

She had gone to Europe with her husband, and now she was bringing him home.

And they told her to think of something else.

"I can't," she said.

"I don't mean you shouldn't think of him," the stewardess said. "I only mean—remember the good things. Remember the beginnings, not the ends. You must have had such wonderful times..."

"I can't," she whispered. "I can't..."

Later in Hollywood, her friends had said the same things. "Try to remember the good things. Remember him alive..."

"My son won't have any memories at all..." she answered them.

And with an odd look on her face, she had walked out of the room. Behind her, her friends looked at each other.

"Doesn't she ever consider that the baby might be a girl?"

"Before Tyrone died, she did. But now—"

"Now it has to be a boy. I don't know why, but it has to be a boy..."

But Debbie Ann Power knew why. Knew it, and clung to it. It was that knowledge, that dream, that began from that moment to bring her back to life. It was that that gave her the strength to live. It was that that got her through the funeral, enabled her to sit during the services beside the coffin, touching Ty's hand with her fingers, praying—and not breaking down.

Because suddenly she had work to do during the six months ahead. Work that left her no time for other thoughts. Almost no time for sorrow.

"I think," someone said, "that she's building a world for her son."

It was absolutely true.

Her own words: "My son will have no memories..." had stayed with her.

They echoed over and over in her mind. And Ty would have hated them.

He had such strong memories himself. He believed in a past. In linking your-

self with a tradition, becoming part of it. He believed in his own past—in the good things, say, that had kept him friendly with his first wife, Annabella, had made him bring Debbie for a lunch with her in Paris. And she had been glad to go, for Annabella was part of Ty's past and therefore precious. He believed in remembering his father and his grandfather, had loved to tell stories of them. One of his dearest possessions was a recording of his grandfather's voice—one of the first records ever made—reading "Hamlet."

He believed in the past the way he believed in the future. And to Ty Power—his future was his son.

So for a while it seemed to Debbie that even greater than her own tragedy was the tragedy of their son—who would have no memories. She had carried that grief with her across the ocean, unspoken, the worst of all. It had been hard for her to say it out loud.

But she took a great step when she did. For in that moment, she knew what she should have known all along.

She could give her son his past. It was in her power to do it. "Remember the good things," the stewardess had said, and she had wept, "I can't." For herself, perhaps not—perhaps they hurt too much. But for the sake of her son, for the sake of her husband, she could do it very well indeed.

So through the long months of waiting, Debbie Minardos Power collected in her mind the stories she would tell her boy. The stories that would make him know his father, feel the link with the Power men who had been named Tyrone and had grown up to act on the stages of the world. The stories that would re-create the man who would have loved him so much, the life he had lived . . .

Stories like the one of how they met, his mother and his father . . .

"You see, I had been married once before and your father had been married twice. Now, his second wife—her name was Linda—had a sister, who had a husband who was a friend of mine. Well, I guess this friend knew that your Daddy and I were both lonely so one day he asked your father if he could bring a friend to lunch with him. And your father said yes. So he brought me. And you know what was the first thing your father ever said to me in the world? He said, 'Good grief, you look just like me!' Later on, when we would go out on dates together, people thought we were related to each other. But I didn't think about that then. All I thought about was, 'That's the man I'm going to love.' And he—he was thinking about someone else. You know who? He was thinking about you. Yes, you. That very day, when we hardly knew each other, he started telling me how much he wanted you, how he wanted a son who looked like him and carried his name, and would be a great actor. And who would sail on the boat he wanted to get and go all over the world with him. Even if he did die before you were born, you had just as much love as some children get in a whole life. Oh yes, your father loved you very much indeed . . ."

She could give him that, for a memory.

And more—so much more. Stories of their one summer together—for that was all they had had, really—six months of marriage, a spring, a summer, a little bit of fall. But six wonderful, wonderful months. They had been married quietly in Memphis with just a few friends. Debbie's mother gave her in marriage and her stepfather was Ty's best man. They had honeymooned in Dallas and she had been so proud—her face was always one perpetual blush at the way Ty talked about her to others. With awe in his voice he would say, "She's unbelievable. She doesn't want to be an actress. She doesn't care about expensive clothes and jewels. You know what she cares about? Me! My success, my welfare. Isn't that amazing? She's—impossible." So she would blush. Because when he told her she was beautiful or brilliant she could laugh and deny it—but it was no use denying the other. Ty was all she cared about.

And it was a wonderful six months. Ty took some time off for the first time in years. They bought the boat he wanted, a 45-footer with sails and a motor and an automatic pilot—all the latest gadgets. They docked it at Newport and every weekend they'd get there as fast as possible. They spent a lot of time with Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner, and Claire Trevor and her husband—with everyone who had a boat. Ray was with them of course, and Martin Steckler and Bill Gallagher, two other good friends who worked for Ty. One day Ty went out with Nat and Bob on their boat and around noon a friend called by to pick Debbie up in a motor boat and take her out to join them. They took off from the dock, racing through the waves, and suddenly Debbie heard her own voice shouting above the motor, "If you don't slow down I'm going to have my baby right here!" And, just as suddenly, she knew it was true, for sure. She began to picture how Ty would react—would he laugh, kiss her, faint, call her folks—what?

She never dreamed she would see tears in his eyes.

That too would make a good memory.

Six months they had lived together. Six months of laughing and loving. Not long, compared to the lifetime most people had. But long enough, if it had to be.

Through the long grey days while she waited alone for her baby to be born, Debbie Ann Power went over those six months time and time again, sorting her memories, weaving them into a story.

A story beautiful enough to erase the nightmares from her mind—to make her forget, almost, the other stories of pain and death. A story long enough to keep her son-to-be from being born into a void, into a featureless past.

A story that would make of him the Tyrone Power IV his father had dreamed of for so long.

Because, of course he would be a boy.

If—by any chance—the baby were a girl, she would be loved. Loved by Debbie with all her heart, the way Tyrone would have loved her, the way he did love his two daughters. And she would mean that Ty's death was meant to be the end of the Powers, that it was God's will that the dream should not come true, the line should be no more.

But waiting for her baby, Debbie Power does not believe that that can be. Counting over her memories, she believes they are for more than one child—for the generations of babies still to be born with the Power name, the Power tradition, the Power ties to the past.

The ties she is fashioning herself out of memory and courage, for the son . . . the son she is praying to have . . . the son Tyrone Power prayed to have. THE END

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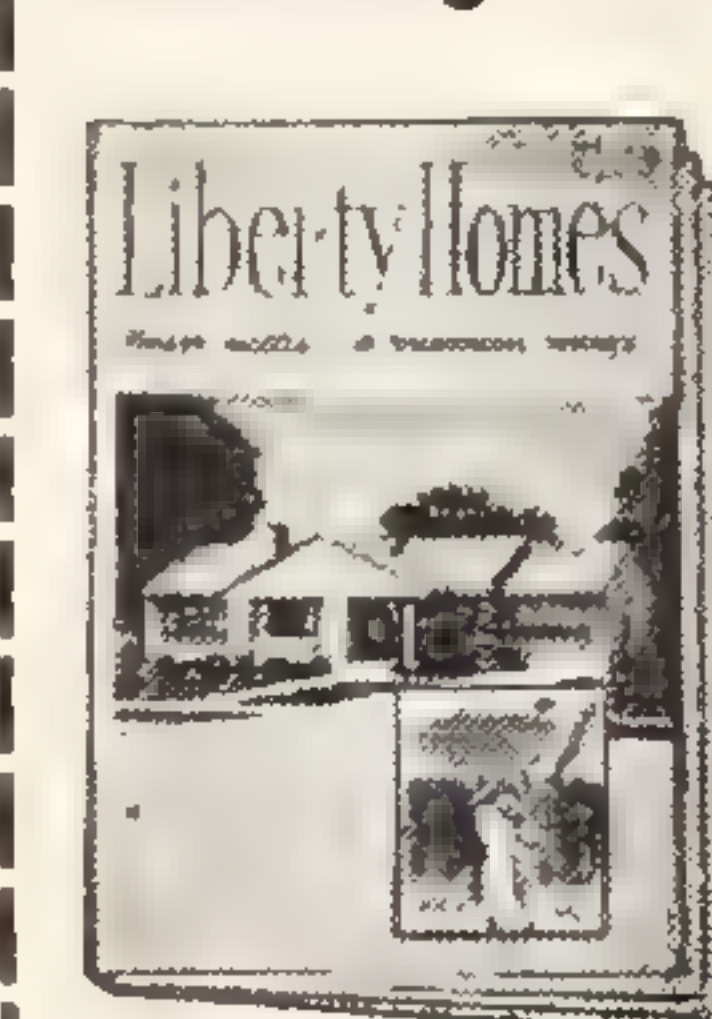


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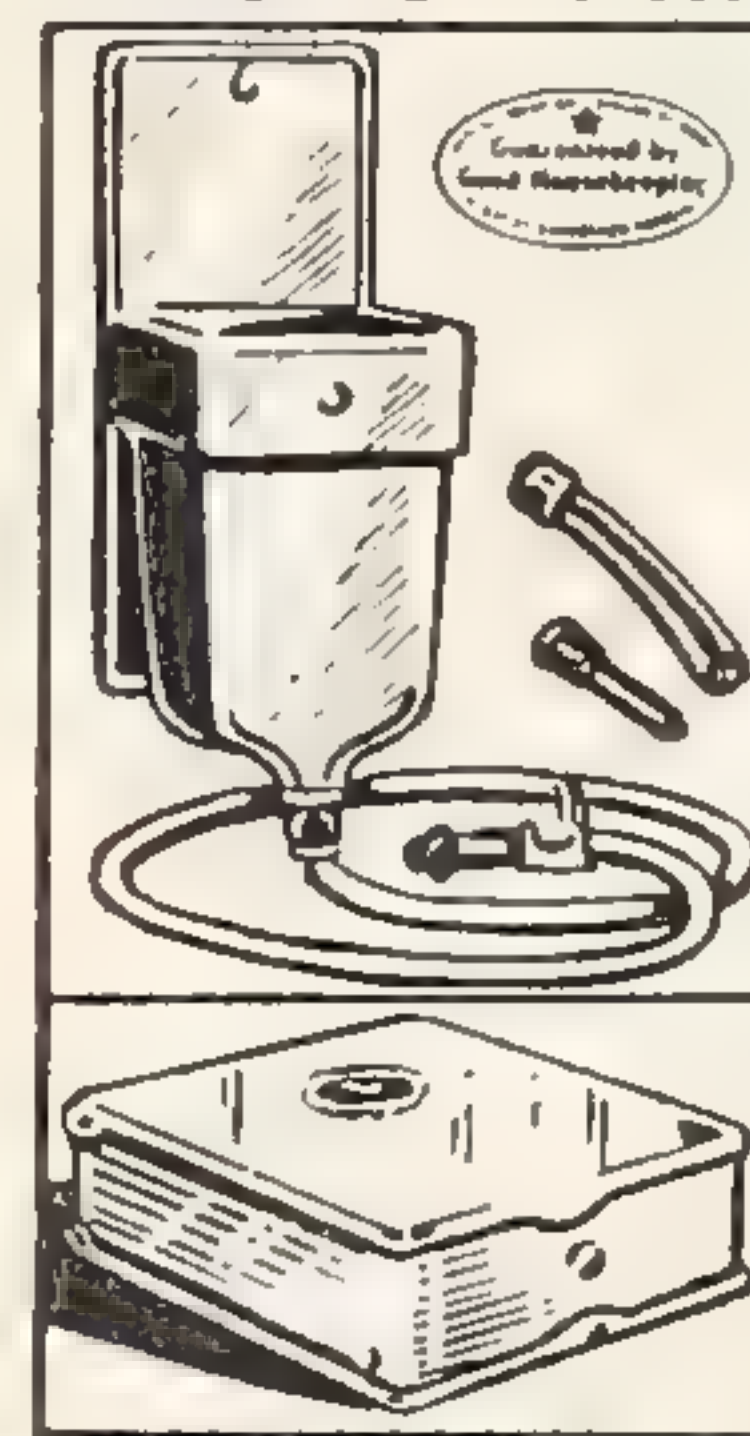
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DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Continued from page 46

this M-G-M studio here in Culver City."

She turned to Mary. "Mary," she said, "I got a letter the other day from a girl at Monticello high school. She wrote and asked me if she could visit me here on the set of 'The Mating Game.'"

"I wrote her back and said, 'by all means, yes.' And she's coming at four o'clock today. Can you take care of the arrangements?"

"Certainly, Debbie," Mary said.

"Debbie," I asked, "Do you call home every morning from your dressing room?"

She smiled. "I call home all the time," she said, "even when I know the children will be visiting me here later in the day."

"Does Eddie?" I asked.

"He does. And he comes over to see the children every day while I'm here at the studio. Eddie loves both of the children very much."

"But you don't see him?"

"No."

"Do you think there's a chance that he will come back to you?" I asked

"You'll have to ask Eddie about that," she said. "That's one thing I will not discuss. Ask me anything else."

Mary returned from the telephone just then, saying, "There's a call from the Thalian office. They want to know if you can call them later this afternoon. It's about the benefit dance."

"I will," Debbie said. Turning to me, she said, "We're up to our ears in work for this dance. It will help pay for the new clinic we are building on the grounds of Mt. Sinai hospital."

"We have raised almost \$40,000 And that's a good start," she said, rather proudly, but was interrupted by a knock on the door. "Miss Reynolds, Miss Reynolds Call on set."

"Ah," she laughed, putting on her shoes again. "Excuse me, I'll see you later."

"Can we watch?" I asked Miss Mayer.

"Yes, but let's give Debbie a chance to get ready."

When we arrived on the set, brilliant lights were trained on the rough boards that created the illusion of a complete building. I couldn't see any organization in the swarm of technicians, the babble and clatter. But Miss Mayer just said serenely. "We're in luck. They're waiting for a camera set-up."

We were almost on top of a tiny figure in a camp chair before I recognized Debbie, absorbed in the daily newspaper. At the sound of Miss Mayer's voice, she looked up. "I've studied my lines," she explained like a schoolgirl caught not working in study hall. "I know them." And she folded the paper. I caught a glimpse of an unfortunately appropriate headline, heralding another Hollywood divorce case, though a long-expected one.

"Do you mind talking, just before going into a scene?" I asked.

"No," she laughed. "Not at all."

"You've been in the hospital for a five-day checkup recently? Are you sure you're not rushing it, coming back so soon?"

"I'm much better, thank you. Couldn't wait to get back!"

"Who visited you while you were in the hospital?"

"Nobody," she said firmly. "Except my mother, of course. You see, I was supposed to be resting, and the doctor thought it best not to allow any visitors. They did let me receive phone calls, though. I think everybody I've ever known called me or tried to call me!" she laughed.

Turning serious, she continued, "But I

was there to rest. And I did. If there was ever a time and place to reconsider things, it was then and there, in St. Joseph's. And I had so many things to think about. . . ."

She was silent, so I tried to draw her out. "No flashbulbs, no interviews, no headlines—you must have appreciated those five days of privacy."

"I did indeed," Debbie said. "And when I came out, I knew that I had decided to live my life happily, no matter what may happen."

"Then you've decided . . .?"

"To be happy with what I have," she finished the sentence for me.

"And that is?"

"Carrie and Todd. My chief concern is my two children. They are the new life, the thing I pin all my hopes on. Oh, I'm still going to work, though—"

"Miss Reynolds!" the voice called out. "Ready on the set, Debbie!"

Director George Marshall, wearing the jaunty baseball cap that has long been his trademark, quietly began explaining the scene to her.

A hairdresser came and fussed over her coiffure—a casual style—and for a few minutes she seemed lost in thought. When Marshall's voice rang out "All right!" I saw Debbie's head turn toward the hairdresser and her lips frame a quick "Thanks."

The hairdresser spotted Miss Mayer and came to join us while Debbie went into position for the scene. Introduced as Ann Kirk, she told me quietly, "I love to make up Debbie's hair. It's easy to manage and easy to change. She has a remarkably pretty face. She's getting better looking as she matures, you know."

The familiar shout "Quiet!" cut off our conversation, and I settled in Debbie's abandoned camp chair to watch her work. Her co-star Tony Randall stepped into the scene. Tony's a real comedy pro, famous for his sense of timing, and he batted the saucy lines at her in his best smooth style. Debbie batted them right back, matching him all the way.

"Print it!" Marshall said at the finish, while Debbie finished the last steps of her dance routine, collapsing into director Marshall's arms, laughing.

"Debbie, you're a trouper!" the director smiled broadly. "And troupers gotta eat. Let's break for lunch."

"Lunch!" bawled a loud stagehand's voice, and all the fine orderliness of the take broke up into chaos again.

I was ready when Debbie came toward me, but she went right past me, arms outstretched. It wasn't a snub; I turned to see her bending over with her arms full of Carrie Frances, giving the youngster a mama-bear hug. "Going to eat you up!" she growled.

Giggling, Carrie said excitedly, "Mommy danced!"

"Were you there all this time, love?" Debbie turned to the smiling woman who held little Todd in her arms. "Marie, you certainly managed to keep the two of them quiet. How's my boy?" She kissed her son, then told Miss Mayer and me, "Come along. We'll all have lunch in my dressing room."

As we trooped off the set, past stacks of assorted props, Carrie pranced ahead, announcing, "See? New shoes!" She pointed to her sturdy, conspicuously clean sneakers.

"Are they dancing shoes?" her mother asked.

"Yes!" Carrie crowed, promptly putting on a demonstration, ending affectionately by hugging her mother's leg.

By the time we finished our walk far toward the back of the Metro lot, Carrie had lost a bit of her steam, and Marie was carrying her, while Debbie took Todd.

"Milk to drink for me," Debbie reminded the waiter who had arrived with the lunch. "And for the children."

"Yes, Miss Reynolds. Their orders are all ready, too."

"Good." Turning to me, Debbie said, "I'm famished!" She kicked off her shoes and sat down on the floor beside the table. "Do take off your coat. And sit down."

The waiter reappeared, bringing the grownups salad and New York-cut steaks, each done to succulent perfection, medium rare. Seated on the floor beside us, Carrie bravely tackled a small hamburger and carrots and peas. Marie chose the couch, where she could divide her time between eating her own lunch and keeping Todd from scattering his over the chintz. Luckily, Miss Mayer picked a seat near the telephone, because it rang as soon as we started eating.

"... I'm sorry," she said. "She's having lunch now, and she's due back on the set at one sharp. I'll give her the message." She didn't give the message then for Debbie was busy listening to some whispered confidence from Carrie while turning around, not to overlook Todd, to compliment him on his progress with lunch. During the afternoon she'd have moments to talk more freely, I knew; so I just watched her and the children and noticed how perfectly all her words and actions fitted the picture of Debbie drawn by her friends.

Lita Calhoun had told me: "She's a very considerate person brought up to appreciate the things that have come to her," Lita went on. "She's not accustomed to having things handed to her on a silver platter. She has moral strength and is in fact a real, normal girl. That's unusual for a person in this business. I must say she is much more level-headed than either of the other two people involved in... this thing."

Suddenly, Debbie looked up at me. "Want to go on?" she asked.

"Uh-huh," I answered. "You say you're going to continue to work, Debbie, but isn't it going to be tough? I mean isn't it going to be difficult having to be both a father and a mother to your children?"

Her green eyes flashed, though she betrayed no other emotion. Quietly she said, "My children have two parents. Eddie is still the father of his children."

And then she repeated what she had said earlier. "Eddie loves his children very much." For just the briefest moment she turned away. And I thought back to Lita Calhoun's remark to me: "I believe Deb-

bie feels that once Eddie gets Elizabeth Taylor out of his system, there might be a reconciliation. But she is not counting on it too heavily. She had made up her mind to face the future and to work hard at her career." Then she looked back at me.

"There is one thing I should say," she said. "I suppose I'm the sort of person who trusts everyone. I think you have to be that way to be happy. But when I find that someone whom I have trusted has disappointed me—then—then I guess I just start building all over again."

"That's really all you can do, isn't it?" I thought of how a child will play at the beach. A child builds a massive sand castle. It becomes a symbol of the happiness in his tiny world.

But then a wave, larger than the rest, comes crashing in, and sweeps the castle away. One child might run in fright; another might burst into tears; a third might pout in anger.

But Debbie can do none of these things, even though her very real symbol of happiness has crumbled and ebbed away.

For Debbie, there is nothing to do but "build all over again."

The phone rang, interrupting my thought. Mary answered it. She listened for a moment, then said, "All right, George. Yes, I'll tell her." She hung up.

"They want you back on the set, if you're ready, Debbie. That was George Marshall. He says he'd like to start shooting at 1 o'clock sharp," she said.

"I'm ready," Debbie said. "But wait. Where's Rocky?" I had completely forgotten about the little dog. We looked around the room, but he wasn't in sight. Nor was he in the adjacent room with its makeup table.

"Rocky," Debbie called.

There was a growl from beneath the sofa. And there he was, munching on a piece of steak he had filched from one of the plates.

"Rocky," Debbie said. "Come out of there." And he did. "You know we have to go back to work," she said. Rocky wagged his tail happily. Debbie snapped the leash onto his collar, then started for the door.

At the door, she stopped. Looking at me, she said, "There's happiness somewhere for everyone, don't you think?"

"Yes, Debbie," I said. "I guess there is." She smiled quickly. "Bye," she said.

And then she was gone. THE END

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INSIDE STUFF

C'mon along, we're on location this month in Utah with Tab and Rita.



The scene is St. George, Utah, where Columbia is shooting "They Came to Cordura." It's rugged, but he-men Van Heflin and Richard Conte love it. "Imagine," said Van, "Brigham Young lived right next door to where we're staying."

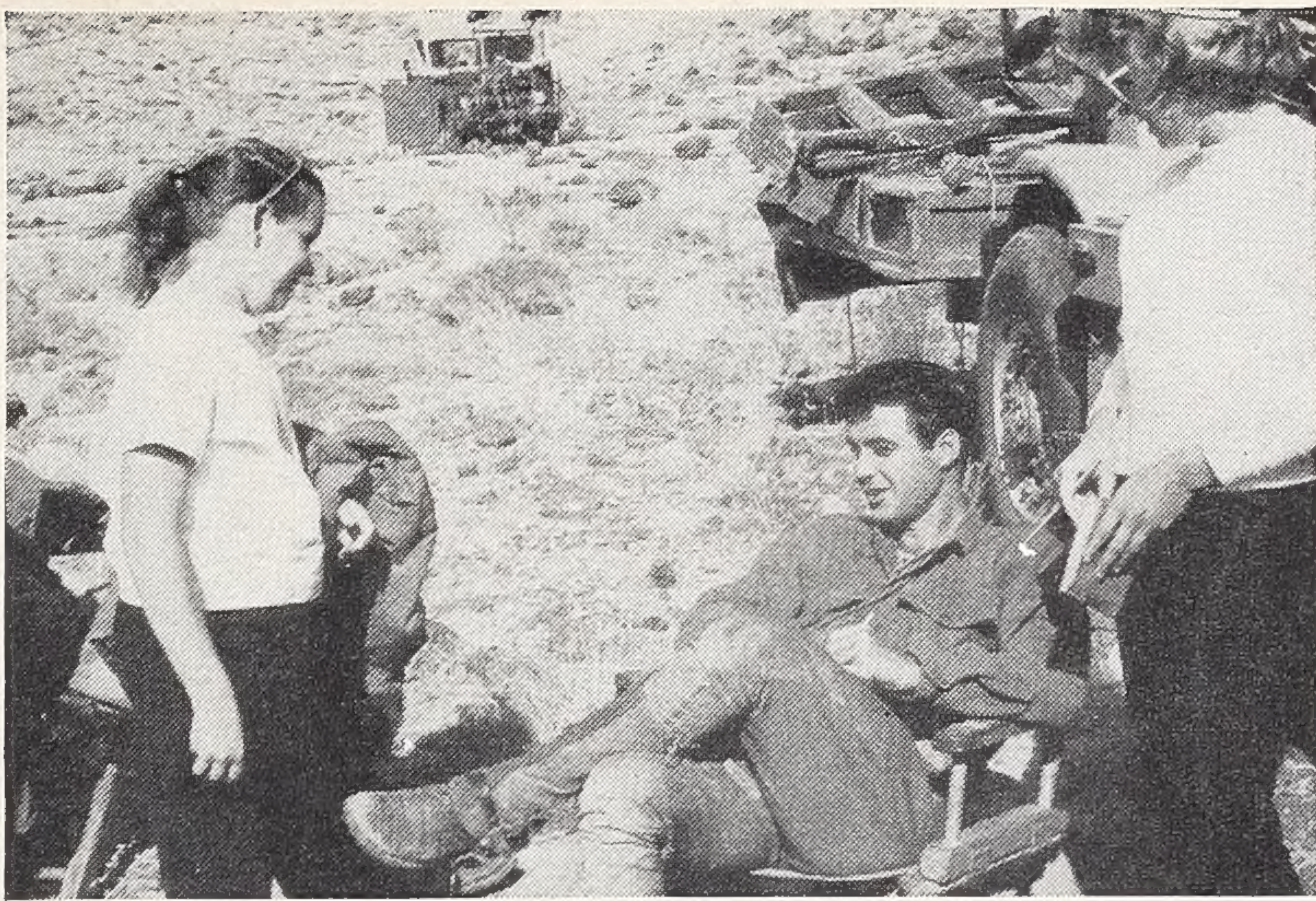
Parties: I almost flipped my permanent at the party **Rock Hudson** and **Jean Simmons** gave to honor **Henry King**, director of their co-starring Universal film, "The Earth Is Mine." There on the sound stage was an exact replica of a garden scene from the picture, pool, fountain, greenery and all. . . . Guest **Sandra Dee**, in a royal-blue trapeze frock, cagily prowled Rock's vicinity till finally it happened. "Oh, Sandra," someone asked, "have you met Rock Hudson?" She hadn't, she wanted to so badly, and she all but swooned when she did. "This one I'm growing up for," she whispered to me later. And I really think she means it. . . . **John Saxon**, in a bulky olive-green sweater, khaki slacks and sporting a beard for his role in "The Big Fisherman," brought his best girl, **Vicki Thal**. I would not be surprised if these two head for the altar.

Little Jayne Marie ooh-ed over the baby shower gifts mother **Jayne Mansfield** was given by **Barbara Nichols**, **Terry Moore**, **Noreen Nash** and **Sheila Connolly**, who looked lovely despite her marital vacation from **Guy Madison**. My contribution was a pink nursery lamp for the unfurnished house—so Jayne can find her baby in the dark.

Photoplay spent two days on a cloud, only they called it St. George, Utah, where "They Came to Cordura" is shooting. Working hard and loving it were **Rita Hayworth**, **Gary Cooper**, **Tab Hunter**, **Van Heflin**, **Richard Conte**, **Dick York**, **Michael Callan** and **Robert Keith**. The cast of this Columbia film lived at the El Paseo Motel, adjoining the former winter home of Brigham Young—and we did, too. It's a quiet town, but St. George does have a movie house and the local people could see Tab Hunter for nothing. He



Does Gary Cooper like the film? "Yup!"



Fans help Mickey Callan forget New York—and that girl.



Tab Hunter's a loner, heads for western movies and long walks by himself. The gal for him will be an offbeat one. That's the word, too, for Rita Hayworth's role in "Cordura." No "glamour" this time.



was a regular patron, seeing more westerns there than TV ever dreamed of. When Tab didn't join the rest of the cast for dinner in director **Robert Rossen's** room, he ate early at the local restaurant and then walked the length of the town, alone, before turning in for the night. . . . **Rita Hayworth** has one of the most dramatic roles of her career in this film and though her clothes and makeup are anything but glamorous, her glamour comes through, which producer **Bill Goetz**, who is an amateur photographer, is happy as a clam to take advantage of. **Michael Callan**, the young Broadway star of "West Side Story," is making his Columbia screen debut in "Cordura," but he's anxious to get back to New York soon, "or I'm going to lose my favorite girl."

That Certain Triangle: Twenty pounds plumper, **Liz Taylor** is in self-imposed retreat from the world in gen-

eral and sees few people beside **Eddie Fisher**, his coterie of business pals and her doctor, **Rex Kennemer**. When her small daughter **Liza Todd** developed a bad case of pneumonia, it was Eddie who drove them to the hospital. And it's Eddie who scolds when Liz makes an impulsive statement to the press. He encourages those telephone calls to and from her old friend **Montgomery Clift**, realizing this is a friendship between two insecure people who desperately need each other. . . . And there's one thing about Liz, she keeps her ex-husbands as friends. When **Nicky Hilton** wed teenage **Patricia McClintock**, Liz wished them well and Nicky telephoned his thanks. When **Mike Wilding** and his new wife arrived from London to visit his sons, he carried with him a life-size Bavarian doll for little Liza and spent the morning with Liz. (Continued)

INSIDE STUFF

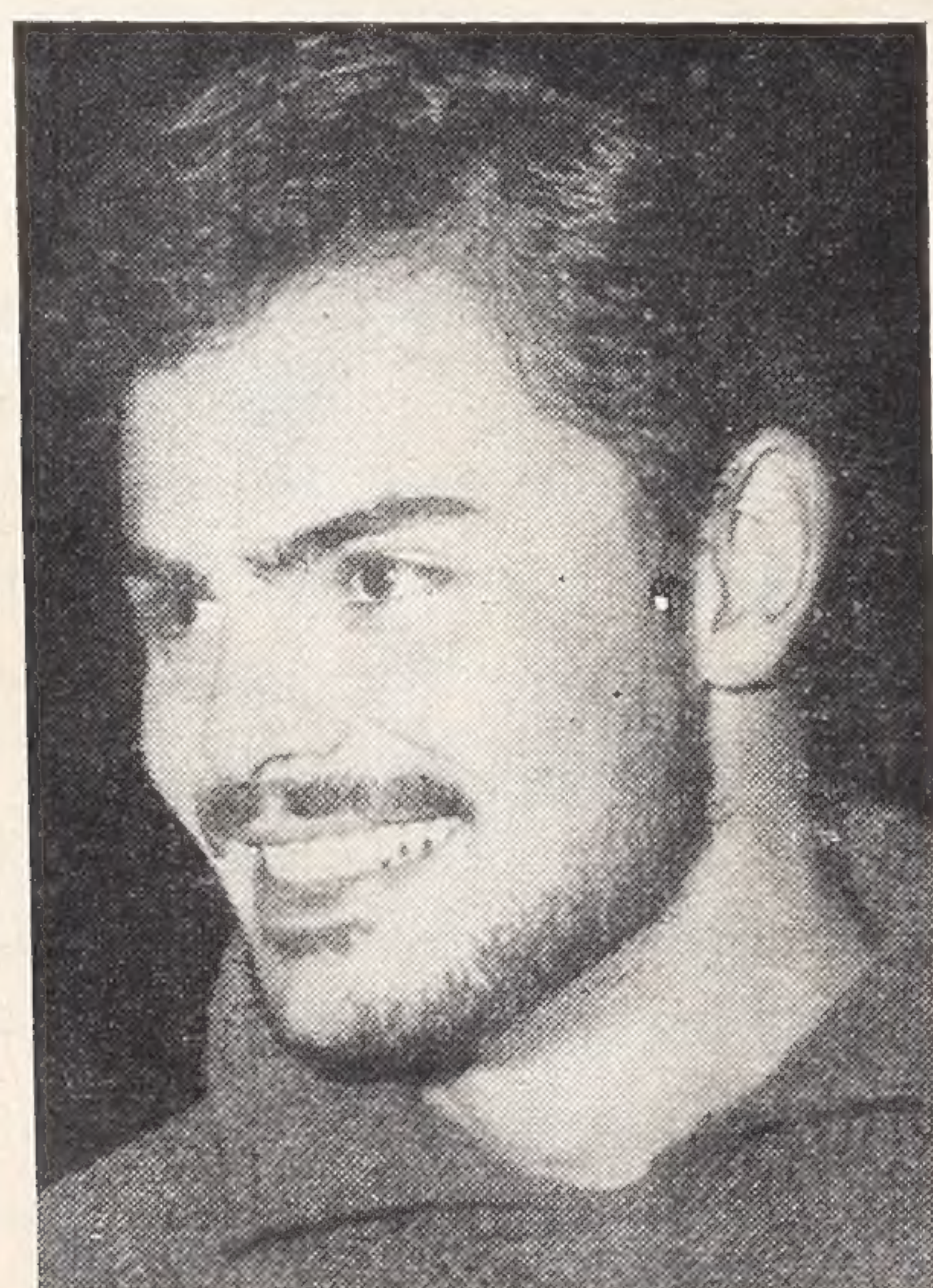
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Not too well? MM and husband Arthur Miller.



My baby gift for Jayne, a pink lamp, had Jayne Marie ooh-ing.



Like John Saxon in a beard?

Intimates: A glimpse of Senator **John Kennedy** tenderly holding the **Peter Lawfords'** baby, Victoria Frances, during its christening ceremony, would have melted the heart of even the sternest Republican. Senator John is Peter's brother-in-law and the "Frances" part of the name is for Pete's close friend, **Frank Sinatra**. **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner** played cupid without knowing it at the party following U-I's preview of "The Perfect Furlough." An established star turned to his wife and said, with a nod toward the Wagners, "Honey, let's try to be more like them." "Let's," she agreed softly and reached for his hand. . . . **Dean Stockwell** and **Millie Perkins**, two individualists against the trite and the trivial, are happiest in each other's company. And they're so right for each other. . . . The **John Gavin** heir is expected in late Spring. . . . **Mark Damon** has fallen for **Diane Varsi** but, alas, Mark's ardent poems of praise and gifts of posies get him nowhere. "I'm too relaxed to fall in love," Diane explains. Which leaves Mark—and me—completely bewildered. . . . June is now the month they're quoting for **Marilyn Monroe's** baby. Marilyn hasn't been feeling too well.

Eddie Takes a House: . . . The lease was already signed on the two-bedroom house before Eddie casually dropped in to inspect his new home. From an entire glass side of the house, Eddie viewed the sights of Hollywood far below, inspected the high-style decorations, approved the small guest house as a rehearsal room and overnight stopping place when his manager Milton Blackstone comes to town. The following day Eddie and Joey Foreman moved in. Rent, including the guest house, is \$400 a month. . . . Willard, Eddie's combination valet-cook-butler, arrived that same morning. . . . Eddie's first evening was spent with **Elizabeth Taylor** in a M-G-M projection room where they sat through three movies, including "A Place in the Sun," which Liz had made with **Monty Clift**. A few days later Eddie himself answered the door to find a neighbor on the doorstep. Unaware that Eddie had taken the house, she started to speak, stopped dead, stared, stammered her surprise and asked, "But what are you doing here?" Eddie regarded her kindly. "Lady," he said wearily, "that's a good question."

Cal York's Jottings: The news from Germany is that **Elvis** has a girlfriend and that she has blond hair, blue eyes—and a dictionary. She's seventeen-year-old **Margrit Buergin** of Frankfurt and Elvis allows that he's dated her "more than any other girl around here." They don't go "steady"—how could they when the Germans just don't have a word for it? El doesn't speak much German and Margrit doesn't speak much English, so, for "Little Puppy" or "Hündchen," as he calls her, I've jotted down some basic words and phrases:

Hound dog—jaghund	Guitar—Guettarre
Colonel Parker—Oberst Parker	Sideburns—Koteletten
Cool—Kühl	Dig—Das mag ich
How about a date?—Können wir uns mahl treffen?	

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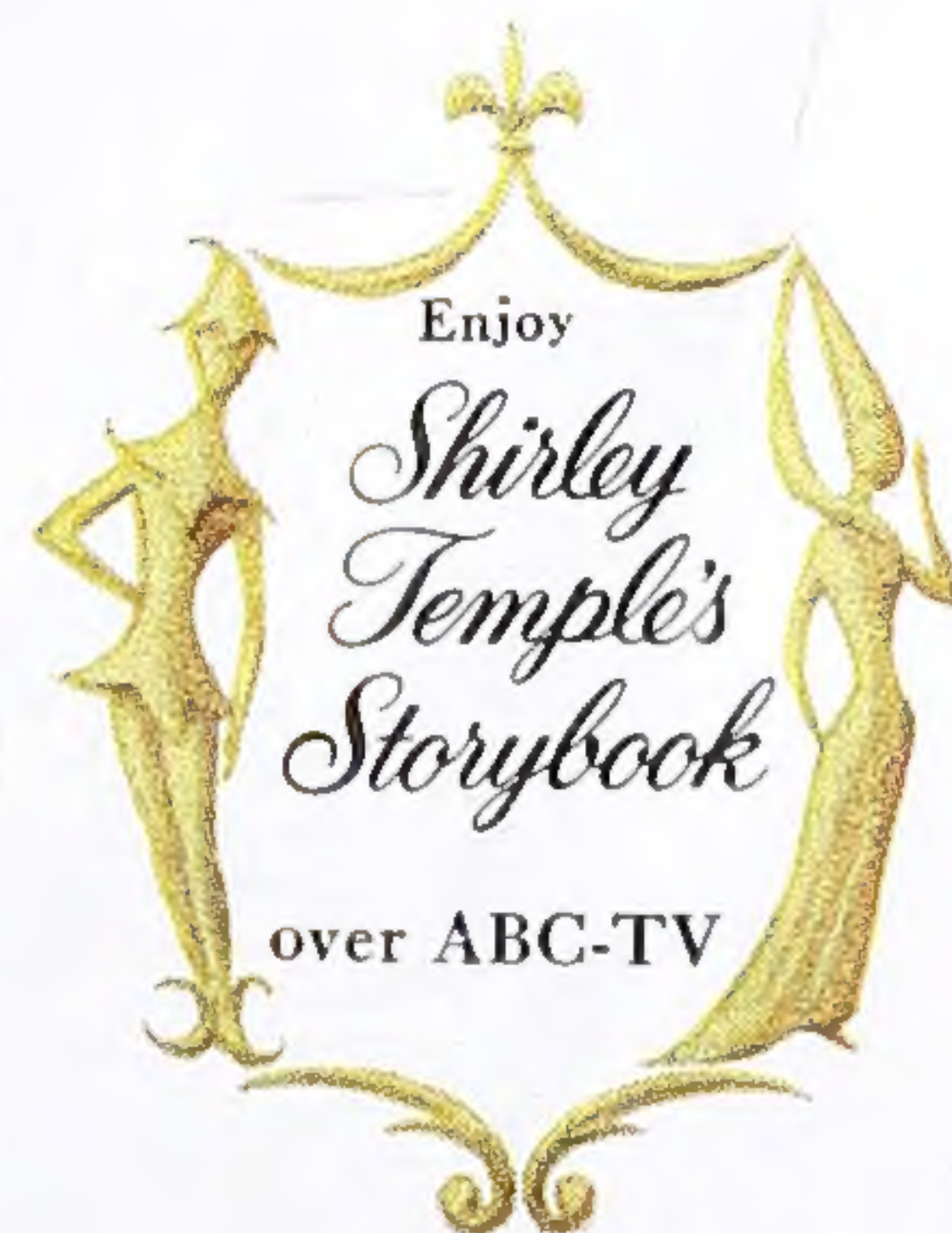


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